

The Chatelaine

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A Magazine for Canadian Women

August
1930



Prizewinners in The Chatelaine's Snapshot Contest

VISIT THESE CITIES! BOYS!

At the Expense of The Young Canada
Boosters' Club of *The Chatelaine*



Minaki Lodge, Minaki, Ontario

—Courtesy of Canadian National Railways.

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pies across babbling mountain streams
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from the valley floor, some great
peaks looming mammoth-like above
their fellows; and lifting their
tremendous crowns of snow and
ice to exalted heights ... often far
above the clouds ... the very em-
bodiment of majesty and strength
... swift running rivers lashing
themselves into a fury of im-
patience, seething, boiling and
rearing themselves in great foam-
crested waves, dashing themselves
in vain against their relentless
walls ... the charm and appeal of
great cities, with their beautiful
buildings and famous parks ...
cities of entrancing interest.

YOU MAY VISIT

MONTREAL—the city of charm and piquancy. The principal gateway to French Canada is bewitching and delightfully different — is picturesque and unusual — a great cosmopolitan metropolis.

QUEBEC—the old, historic, gray-walled city that spells quaint romance and charm, with its picturesque French architecture, cobbled streets, monasteries, cathedrals and chiming bells. The walls built by Frontenac, the old forts where history was made are but a few of the interesting reminders of days of yore.

TORONTO—the Queen City, capital of the Province of Ontario, has much to offer the visitor. A very modern city. Sunnyside Beach with its amusements and board-walk is recognized as "Canada's Coney Island." Toronto is an educational, financial and business centre of great importance. It has much to interest the visitor. The Island, Hurler's Point, the Humber River, all do their share in providing entertainment. New sky-scrapers are constantly being built and Toronto now boasts the finest buildings in Canada.

OTTAWA—capital of the Dominion, is a most entrancing city. Our Parliament Buildings are of more than ordinary architectural beauty and crown a small hill in the heart of the city. The graceful Chateau Laurier which towers above the beautiful Rideau Canal adds dignity to one of Canada's premier cities.

HALIFAX—with its magnificent harbour laden with ocean liners from all parts of the world, is one of the most interesting cities on the continent. It is the chief British naval and military station on this side of the Atlantic and is strongly fortified. The North West Arm is one of the most famous aquatic playgrounds in the world. The beautiful Public Gardens are recognized as one of the finest public parks on the continent.

SAINT JOHN—is also a world famous port, open the year round. The Saint John River, after running its long course of 450 miles, finds its freedom in the sea

at Saint John. There are numerous points of historical and scenic interest, including the LaTour and Martello Towers which were built hundreds of years ago in defence of the city.

SYDNEY—at the extreme east end of Cape Breton Island is another famous port for ocean going vessels. This is sometimes known as "the city of steel" and thousands of people are employed by the British Empire Steel Corporation, which works day and night. It is a wonderful sight to see the sky illuminated for miles at night from the huge furnaces of the steel plants.

JASPER NATIONAL PARK—of all the playgrounds in the world, and there are many, Jasper National Park, Alberta, in the heart of Canada's Rocky Mountains, is the largest. Its area is 5,300 square miles and within its boundaries are to be found, with the exception of geysers, all and more than any other national playground in North America has to offer.

VANCOUVER—is a city of entrancing interest, the principal seaport of Western Canada, and rapidly becoming one of the leading ports on the Pacific Coast and of the world. It is a city of wonderful scenic surroundings. No other city on the continent has a mountain range over a mile high within its

suburbs. Stanley Park is renowned throughout the world for its beauty.

VICTORIA—the capital of British Columbia and situated on Vancouver Island, will delight the visitor. Beautiful private and public buildings, extensive public gardens, the delightful Malahat and Marine Drives give to the "City of Sunshine" a charm and appeal not found elsewhere. (Follow the birds to Victoria.)

BANFF—nestled in the foothills of the Rockies, it is famous for its magnificent scenery. The wonderful Banff Springs Hotel is known the country over.

EDMONTON, WINNIPEG, CALGARY and REGINA are modern cities of the West, each one being a veritable fairyland of pleasant surprises in itself. These prairie cities are most interesting and afford remarkable entertainment for the visitors.

These are but a few of the places Canadian boys may visit on one of the many wonderful trips which are offered to Canadian boys through this great competition. There are many other cities just as interesting as those mentioned above, where winners of this contest may also go.

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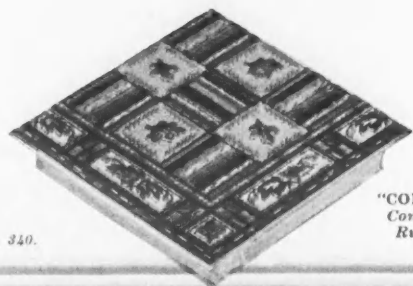


Hotel Saskatchewan, Regina, Saskatchewan

—Courtesy of Canadian Pacific Railway.

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Volume III.

Toronto, AUGUST, 1930

Number 8

"For a Healthy Canada"

A frank discussion of a startling situation



Cartoon by
E. J. Dinsmore

By HENRY E. SPENCER

GOOD health is the great asset of a nation, yet in Canada we have a sickness liability that is increasing every year.

Good health comes prior to education and is the root of happiness, yet in Canada we spend every year \$140,000,000 on education and \$6,000,000 on health protection. Counties disbursing from twelve to fifteen dollars per head on general education spend as little as from three to eight cents per head on health, and even these sums, because of the faulty local organizations, are largely wasted or to say the least of it misapplied. What is the result? Sickness costs Canada about \$311,000,000 per annum, ninety-three per cent of which falls upon the individual. The loss of future earnings of those who die prematurely reaches the annual sum of one billion dollars; and loss of life cannot be measured by dollars alone but by the heart-aches and sufferings of those who are left behind.

During the past eight years we have spent over \$3,000,000 annually in trying to increase our population, yet for the lack of proper care we lose from 7,000 to 10,000 mothers at childbirth every year.

There are over twice as many insane asylums in Canada as there are universities. In the year 1925-26, 3,326 students entered the universities, while we placed 6,301 in the insane asylums.

Thousands die when they need not have died. I am informed by medical men that death from diphtheria, typhoid and tuberculosis is largely preventable. Yet we lose 1,100 people yearly in Canada by each of the first two, and 8,000 people yearly from tuberculosis.

"Our ultimate aim in the matter of health should be an annual medical inspection for every man, woman and child in Canada."

—Henry E. Spencer

If we consider the possible productive wealth of this number of people in ordinary life at \$20,000 each, it would reach the fabulous sum of \$204,000,000. Yet all we spend through every government agency in Canada on matters of health is \$6,000,000.

Today we see thousands of people suffering for lack of medical care. At the same time we have great numbers of able physicians eager to work and to use their talents in relieving suffering, but who are not called on because of poverty. There are those who refrain, even when they know they are sick, from summoning medical aid, until in desperation, in fear of death itself, they at last appeal to the doctor, frequently too late.

Our problem in Canada is to bring these two together. We can, if we will, find a solution.

Some years ago a doctor who was a member of the Alberta Legislature made this statement: "If the people would only pay the doctors for keeping them well, instead of for making them well, there would be a whole lot less sickness." In this I quite agree.

Bad health is not only an individual loss but a national one. Consider the following:

During the period of bringing into effect the Military Service Act, there were 465,984 voluntary enlistments. Of these nearly 45,000 were stricken off the rolls as medically unfit. Of the balance, some 400,000 odd, General Sir Arthur Currie, speaking in Montreal on September 12, 1924, before the Taxation and Civil Service Convention, said:

"Something like 100,000 men went overseas who were physically unfit for service, and cost the country some \$150,000,000."

Coming now to the Military Service Act period, the total number of applicants for enlistment was 264,355. Of that number only 83,355 were accepted, and 181,000, or sixty-eight per cent, were rejected.

Quoting from a pamphlet published a year or so ago by the Canadian Council on Child and Family Welfare, I read:

"Of 232,205 children born in Canada last year 7,091 were still-born.
23,671 died before their first birthday.
30,973 died before their fifth birthday.
1,314 mothers died in childbirth.

And the greater number of these deaths were preventable."

We cannot lay the problem of unemployment to lack of health, but there is no doubt that it plays a part in developing it. Criminality, however, is closely related to the health



KEEN'S MUSTARD plays a very important part in the summer diet—for most homes have accepted the advice of physicians and dietetic experts, and make it a rule to eat salad at least once every day.

With such valuable salad ingredients as Keen's Mustard and lettuce, tomatoes, shallots, radishes, water cress, beets, beans, peas, celery, spearmint, chives, cucumbers, peppers, thyme, endives and artichokes, the clever housewife can serve a great variety of salad with an equal variety of flavours. Keen's Mustard helps to lend delightful variety to salads, for every dressing, whether French, Russian, Mayonnaise, Thousand Island, Cream or Boiled—needs the racy, appetizing flavour that this true English mustard gives.



KEEN'S MUSTARD

Aids Digestion

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MONTREAL TORONTO

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The World's Most Popular Child

by
ANNE RING

*Formerly attached to Her
Royal Highness' Household*



—Photo by Marcus Adams, London, England

Part I.

*Princess Elizabeth, daughter of the
Duke and Duchess of York, has
won the admiring homage of
thousands who have never even
seen her.*

NEARLY four hundred years ago, at Woodstock in the leafy heart of Oxfordshire, little Princess Elizabeth played with her wooden doll.

She had been called Elizabeth after her grandmother, Elizabeth of York, and she lived hidden in the grey, rambling old manor rebuilt by King Henry VII, her grandfather.

At three years old she was a tragic little figure, for her mother, the ill-starred Anne Boleyn, was dead, and her father lived at Hampton Court with a new wife.

So royal Elizabeth, her baby limbs hampered by hooped petticoats, her hair pressed close under a tight cap, played at battledore among the yew hedges, or peeped at her small determined face in the surface of poor Rosamund's pool.

And the servants watching her were unaware that as long as England lives she will be revered, and her glorious reign, set with the jewels of gallant names, will shine for ever as "the spacious times of great Elizabeth."

England has in her keeping again another precious princess, another royal Elizabeth, whose future holds possibilities as richly romantic, but whose bright babyhood is in strangest contrast with the warped childhood of the little girl of Woodstock.

From the very moment of her birth, not only has our own little Princess Elizabeth been wrapped about with the

The life story of a glamorous little princess--Elizabeth of York

tender love of parents and devoted grandparents, of cousins and uncles and friends, but she has been the object of admiring homage from thousands who have never even seen her, in England and beyond the seas.

She is, in fact, the world's best known baby,—and what a delightful thought it is that the baby herself is completely unconscious of it. Presently Princess Elizabeth will begin to realize the extent of the interest she inspires. She will know that smiling people do not flock to greet every little girl riding in her carriage, but in that moment of discovery, there will be her mother's wise influence to keep her what she is today, a sweet and natural child.

Princess Elizabeth of York was born on April 21, 1926, at 17 Bruton Street, the London house of her grandfather, the Earl of Strathmore. On a morning in April three years before, the pavements of this secluded street had been thronged with friendly faces watching for the white vision of a bride stepping from the doorway to the car which was to drive her to Westminster Abbey. Some of the watchers had seen Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon on the day of her

marriage to the Duke of York, and many saw her in the days that followed; and to all came the instantaneous conviction that, like the king's daughter of old, she was "all glorious within," and that her arresting beauty lay not merely in the fair charm of her face, but had its source

in the tender and understanding qualities of her heart.

And that was why on April 21, 1926, and on many days afterward, Bruton Street was again thronged with friendly faces, whose presence there was a silent expression of the affectionate regard felt by all for the Duchess of York.

From one of the waiting cars drawn up outside No. 17 had alighted the Home Secretary, whose duty it was, in accordance with the law of the land, to be present in the house at the time of the royal infant's birth. In due course, therefore, Sir William Joynson Hicks was received by the infant Princess Elizabeth. The Home Secretary was her first visitor; this was, in fact, her first public appearance, and it is recorded of her on this occasion that she yawned!

Princess Elizabeth yawned, but not unnaturally, for she was sleepy—all healthy, newly arrived babies are sleepy, and the Duchess of York's little daughter was quite thoroughly healthy. During the weeks and months that followed she indulged in a very great deal of sleep, only awakening at stated intervals to avail herself of those two companion blessings so beloved of babies, a care- [Continued on page 41]

factor. Many children are left in want at an early age owing to the premature death of the breadwinner. The life of poverty that follows is often the mother of crime.

It is interesting to note that last year we spent on penitentiaries in Canada the sum of \$1,800,000, while the Department of Health called for an expenditure of \$900,000, or half that sum. It seems to me that we should reverse this ratio, and in all probability our penitentiary cost would decrease. I might say this fact has actually been obtained in England of late years.

ANOTHER very serious side of the health problem is that of mental deficiency.

The first step toward a solution of this problem is to arouse and educate the public to the seriousness of the situation with regard to this question, and its effect on society.

When that is accomplished, and the people as a whole realize the relationship between mental deficiency, drunkenness, criminality, pauperism, prostitution, and illegitimacy, we shall have progressed at least one step in the right direction.

But civilized society having declared that the mentally unfit must be kept alive, the public must realize the enormous care and expense carried by the fit, and the latter have the right to say how the problem shall be handled.

In the "Third Annual Report of the Indiana Farm Colony for Feeble-minded" a case is given of one feeble-minded grandfather, who out of eighty descendants, had sixty who were inmates in feeble-minded, epileptic, insane, and penal institutions, at a cost to the state of \$50,000 per annum, not to mention the ever increasing reproduction of his stock.

The majority of parents prosecuted for cruelty to children are mentally defective. In England seventy per cent of habitual drunkards dealt with under the Inebriates Act were mentally defective.

Quoting from Dr. Goddard, he says: "Good stock is multiplying very slowly. Our poor stock—the lowest strata of society—multiplies in what might be called a brutal ratio."

There are three suggested remedies:

1. Regulation of marriage.
2. Segregation of all mental defectives.
3. Sterilization.

Curious, is it not, that we cull our flocks and herds, allowing only the finest and most physically perfect to breed, and yet when it comes to the human race we allow the mating of the most diseased and imperfect both mentally and physically?

How long will sentiment outweigh good sense in dealing with this problem of the propagation of the race?

Let us make a comparison of universities and asylums in Canada. It makes unpleasant reading. My reference in this case is from the *Canada Year Book, 1927-1928*.

Universities in Canada numbered twenty-three. The Insane Asylums are over twice as many, being fifty-two.

In the year 1925-26, 3,326 students entered the universities, while we placed 6,301 people in the insane asylums.

The total occupants of universities at the same time were 9,525, while the total occupants of the insane asylums amounted to 25,259.

This is the situation in brief. But while it is a valuable thing to realize the seriousness of a situation it is of little practical value unless we can see definite ideas for solving the problems presented. If I were choosing a text for this article I should make it "Prevention is better than cure." Prevention is the surest way to curtail the loss of life from disease. Preventive medicine was hardly known at the time of Confederation. Today, with the knowledge we have of this subject, it is nothing but a tragedy if we do not make the fullest use of it.

ALTHOUGH the full-time health unit is only one way of attacking this problem in an organized way, these units have already won an astonishing success.

What is a "full-time health unit?"

It is a co-operative effort whereby people tax themselves a small amount per annum to engage qualified people to look after their health. One of the principles of such an organization is that prevention is better than cure.

The area of such a unit varies to suit the needs of different localities and the cost would naturally vary somewhat as well. The minimum staff of such an organization would be a doctor, a sanitary engineer, a nurse, and a statistical clerk or secretary.

A few years ago a unit was established in Quebec. During 1926 there were 643 deaths from general sickness in the district served by it. Last year the figure dropped to 487, a saving of 156 lives. Infantile mortality dropped from 213 to 160, deaths from tuberculosis from fifty-six to fifty-one, and deaths from contagious diseases from eighty-six to twenty-seven.

As this was so successful, three other units were organized, from which I gathered the following figures:

Deaths from Contagious Diseases

	1926	1928
Unit No. 1.....	46	19
Unit No. 2.....	68	46
Unit No. 3.....	26	14

Health facts have been reversed during the last twenty years in rural and urban districts. Early in the century the deaths per thousand in the country were 15.2, but those in the cities ranged as high as 19. In twenty years this had been changed to fourteen per thousand in the rural districts, while the cities had been reduced to thirteen per thousand. The reason was obvious. Health boards, health

A Health Crusade

FOR some time Henry E. Spencer, M.P. for Battle River, Alberta, has been working energetically, both in Parliament and out, to convince the Government and the public of Canada that the Dominion is being handicapped more and more each year by the lack of organized national warfare against ill-health. On page three of this issue, *The Chatelaine* presents an article by Mr. Spencer which sets forth the situation in clear terms. Behind him, this magazine stands wholeheartedly.

In order that Canadian women may be thoroughly informed on every phase of this all-important subject, *The Chatelaine*, in following issues, will present a splendid series of articles dealing with health protection, written especially for it by Dr. John W. S. McCullough, Chief Inspector of Health for the Province of Ontario.

Among the subjects that Dr. McCullough will discuss are:

Health Organization—Dr. McCullough would remove the financial responsibility for health organization from the hands of the municipality, and place it in the charge of the Dominion Government.

Prevention of Tuberculosis—Dr. McCullough reveals the startling figures that 8,000 people die of tuberculosis in Canada every year between the ages of fifteen and forty-five. He has definite ideas of how the present terrific spread of infection may be prevented.

Prevention of Maternal Mortality—In this, as in other phases of health protection, education is the first essential toward bettering the tragic toll ignorance and neglect place upon the motherhood of Canada.

The Health of the School Child—There should be definite co-operation between the teacher, the school nurse and the mother. The future of young Canada must be safeguarded by competent medical inspection in the schools.

Prevention of Cancer—Cancer can be prevented and, in its early stages, cured, if only people will seek advice at the first hint of its occurrence. Dr. McCullough gives some sound advice to those who live in dread of disease.

Sickness Insurance—Dr. McCullough thinks a state system of health or sickness insurance, including an improved public health service, is essential. His summing up compares the situation in Canada with that found elsewhere.

You will find these articles of the utmost value to you. Meanwhile, when you have read Mr. Spencer's article in this issue, why not write your member of parliament and ask him to interest himself in the Nation's Health?

inspectors, health regulations and proper supervision in the cities have been responsible for those improvements; but much more can be done.

Much credit, however, must be given to the efforts that are being made. A splendid work has been carried on in Alberta and elsewhere in the way of travelling clinics. Local communities have organized to meet the clinic, which is comprised of a medical doctor, a dentist and nurses, when

schoolhouses, halls, and even churches are turned into temporary hospitals.

These clinics have taken young people who otherwise would have been sickly, stunted and misunderstood, and made worthwhile Canadian citizens of them.

As one who has been on the frontier for over twenty years, I feel very keenly the need of such developments and appreciate to the full the good that is being done.

I must also refer to the provincial government's work done in the provinces of Alberta, Manitoba and Ontario during the last few years in combating infantile paralysis.

I have not had time to get a list of the work done by the various provinces, but I wish to quote from the *Statistical Year Book for Quebec, 1929*, under the heading of "Public Charities" which come to a total of \$12,442,237, which was upward of half the total expenditure of the province, and covered the following for 1927:

- 7 Hospitals for the insane
- 66 Maternity and foundling hospitals
- 122 Homes, orphan asylums and refuges
- 10 Sanatoria

In appreciation of the splendid support given to the Resolution on Full Time Health Units by various members of the House of Commons, east and west, city and country, I wish to record some of their statements, which were as follows:

"If I could influence the administrations of the various governments in this country, it would be not merely to establish health units but to make available to every human being in Canada free medical examination once every year.

"There is no question that is more truly a national one than the health of our citizens; there is none more important to the future of the country.

"I hope that the Minister will see his way clear at least to give encouragement to the establishment of health units throughout the country and that his department will at least do something to co-ordinate the efforts that are being made.

"The great object of public health work is to prevent people from becoming sick, but preventive medicine as understood today as a science was unknown in 1867.

"I think the general public is coming to realize that preventive medicine is of the very first importance, and I would like to impress upon the Minister and upon the government that this is the greatest question before the people of Canada today.

"I suppose the reason is that most medical men prefer to remain in the cities, and then there is the factor to be considered that in the uttermost rural districts it is more difficult for the average doctor to make a living.

"There is no reason why 9,000 mothers should lose their lives in this country each year as a result of maternity.

"If a cow or a pig is sick, the government assumes responsibility by sending out agents to look after these sick animals; why can it not do the same for human beings?"

In conclusion, I consider the problem of public health of outstanding importance, and would ask how can we further reduce sickness and mortality? Four suggestions come to my mind:

1. By putting the public health affairs on a business basis.
2. By increasing expenditures.
3. By co-operation with the medical profession.
4. By education of the public in health matters.

Our ultimate aim in the matter of health should be an annual medical inspection for every man, woman and child in Canada. I am fully aware that that aim is high, and some may think it impossible. I do not think so under a just economic system. I think it was John Bright who once said:

"The work of all organization rests in the cottage, and unless the light of your legislation can shine there, and the beauty and the excellence of your statesmanship be reflected there, you have yet to learn the duty of government, and your people will not be a happy people, or your nation a great nation."

I have sufficient confidence in the Canadian people that when they realize the terrible cost of uncontrollable sickness they will make up their minds to reorganize the entire system, and in so doing put Canada on a basis of equality, so far as disease prevention is concerned, with the healthiest nations of the world.

but John, on the other hand, would be more cautious, slower to attempt such a thing, and I guess that it took him a week to get up his nerve. On the night that he kissed her first he came back elated, in the best of moods and with enough of her lipstick on his cheek to tell the story of his conquest.

Carey raised his eyebrows in a noseey grin. "Been playing post-office, I see," he remarked.

John paid no attention to that. He looked as if he thought that he was the only one who had kissed Henriette since she was handed around as a babe in arms. Henriette had the gift of making present company believe that it existed to the exclusion of all other forms of life.

"Tough on you, guy," John said. "She sees things my way."

"Tomorrow night," Carey replied, "I'll advise her to see an oculist."

"Why don't you duck out?" John advised. "Don't you know when you're licked?"

"Sure," Carey replied. "When I'm licked. But who says I'm licked?"

"A little bird told me."

"That so? A cuckoo, I guess."

It is hard to say who saw her most during those weeks. It was more difficult to keep track of Matherson than of John and Carey, and he didn't talk. But by the way he went at his work you could tell that he was fiercely inspired. He took it with such a deadly seriousness; and John with such a sober solemnity. Carey was the only one who could bear love lightly. Carey had a sense of humor.

IT SEEMS that the baroness was at length obliged to leave Quebec, and she gave a little farewell dinner to her three faithful cavaliers.

She gave it in her apartment, and it was an excellent dinner. They had *bisque de homard*, river trout with butter sauce, roast quail, peaches in burning Kirsch, black coffee and imported cigarettes.

They sat at the table with Henriette at the head. Surrounded thus by her admirers she was in a lively humor, and her wit flashed delicately from one to another of them. All three strove to hold her attention, to keep it from the others. The rivalry that existed among them was too apparent to be ignored, and Henriette did not ignore it.

Carey was the other light-tongued and merry member of the company. To him went the sharpest quips, and he batted them back and sometimes turned them aside so that they went straight for John or Matherson, who were not so good at framing quick comebacks in matters not legal.

At last Henriette leaned forward with a sparkle in her grey-green eyes. "My darling friends," she said, "my three darling, charming friends, this is the last time I shall see you."

A surge of protest went up from all three.

"I know," said Carey, "that you are getting bored with these two lawyers. I've warned you about that, Henriette. But don't go away on that account. Just cancel their season tickets."

Henriette laughed. "Oh, no. It is not that. I love such lawyers, even when they are a tiny little bit boring, as you say lawyers can be. You are, all of you, the most happy company. I love you all. See, I have seen scarcely anyone but you during the whole time that I was here."

"But you're really going away?" John put in.

"Alas, yes—really going away," she nodded. "I am returning to Europe next week."

"Quebec will then be empty," said Carey with his flashing smile. "It will be especially empty for lawyers."

"Now," Henriette reproved him, "you flatter in the large manner of a Frenchman . . . but I do not say I do not love you for it."

A smile moved on her beautiful lips, a whimsical mischievous smile that was not for Carey entirely but for John and Matherson as well. It parted her lips slowly and her gaze went from one to another of her guests with confidential approval of each. She was shrewd indeed. They could not tell which of them held the place uppermost in her affections. As quickly as she favored one, she shared the favor with the others.

"And you aren't coming back—ever?" Matherson wanted to know.

Henriette made a face as if thinking hard, screwing up her vivid red mouth and gazing at the wall with her golden head tilted a little to one side in an attitude of strenuous thought.

"I do not think so," she said at last. "Even this time there were reasons why perhaps I should not have come."

"Three reasons why you should have come sit facing you," Carey told her.

"As well as three reasons why I should come again if it were not so difficult," said Henriette.

"Must you be so mysterious?" Carey demanded. "Why is it so difficult to be where you want to be?"

"Because," replied Henriette cryptically, "life is so, so short, and there are so, so many duties that one has to do. Is it not so, my Carey? Is it not so, my John? My Matherson?"

Carey bowed in acquiescence and the others murmured disconsolately. She was going away. They were unhappy. Their coffee was suddenly cold, their cigarettes stale.

"But before I go," she went on, "there is something that I am going to do. That I am fond of you, you all know. But that I am fondest of one, that you do not know."

Her grey-green eyes went from one to another of them. Matherson sat up a little straighter, John leaned forward, and Carey retreated a little in his chair and smiled. Henriette was trying to look serious but Carey didn't believe that she could be, and he wasn't going to let himself be drawn into anything by her attempt. She was too ready to laugh at everything; a very pleasant habit, but if you get into the habit no one is ever likely to take you seriously even in moments of great importance.

Henriette paused. "You may laugh, my dear," she said.

"We should all of us laugh. A farewell should be gay. It should not be serious. It is sad enough without pulling long faces, is it not?"

"But I must tell you." Again her eyes took all of them in, to make more complete the mystery that she was about to conjure up.

"When I leave I shall send to one of you—this." Her fingers went to her throat and released a thin gold chain, as fine as delicate silk, as warm as life in its red-gold reflection of light. She held it out, a tiny heap in the palm of her slender hand.

"To one of you I shall send this. And you shall remember"—again that little smile was in her eyes—"that I love you all, but that one I love best of all."

This was all very continental, Carey thought, and the kind of stuff that they did

in the theatre. If she cared a lot about one of them, why couldn't she get him aside and tell him so? He shrugged. If she must be theatrical, she must. She believed in keeping her ardent trio wondering. A clever little devil. You couldn't help loving her for a mischievous scam.

"Why don't you give it to one of us here and now and watch the other two pass out in a dead faint?" Carey asked.

"Oh, no," she protested. "Let me do it my own way."

And Carey noticed, when they took leave, that for an instant the mischief was gone from her eyes and their grey-green was moist—but only for an instant.

FOUR days later Ellery walked into the room and chuckled as he threw his loaded green bag into an armchair.

"Well," he said, "I ran into it by accident. I know who's the lucky egg. I just walked in on John. Went in without knocking and there he was sitting at his desk with a simply huge, pleased expression on his face and a gold chain dangling from his fingers. I pretended I didn't notice and he slipped it out of sight. Love's a grand thing, I guess."

"I guess so, too," I told him. "But it's not so good when you figure that you have nothing to make love to but a morsel of gold chain."

"Ah, yes," Ellery returned, "but think of the possibilities if you use your imagination. Once the gold chain caressed the ivory throat of the finest baroness in the business."

"So much mush! Even musical comedies are getting ready to give up that theme. When you and I want to get passionate it's got to be over something more substantial and alive than the best gold chain off anybody's neck—and John's no different from you and me. Imagination and a little hot tea will keep him going for a month. Then he'll forget about Henriette and one day he'll wake up and wonder where he got the darned chain anyhow."

"Sweet mystery of life!" Ellery exclaimed with a sig'l.

"I wonder if Carey and Matherson know."

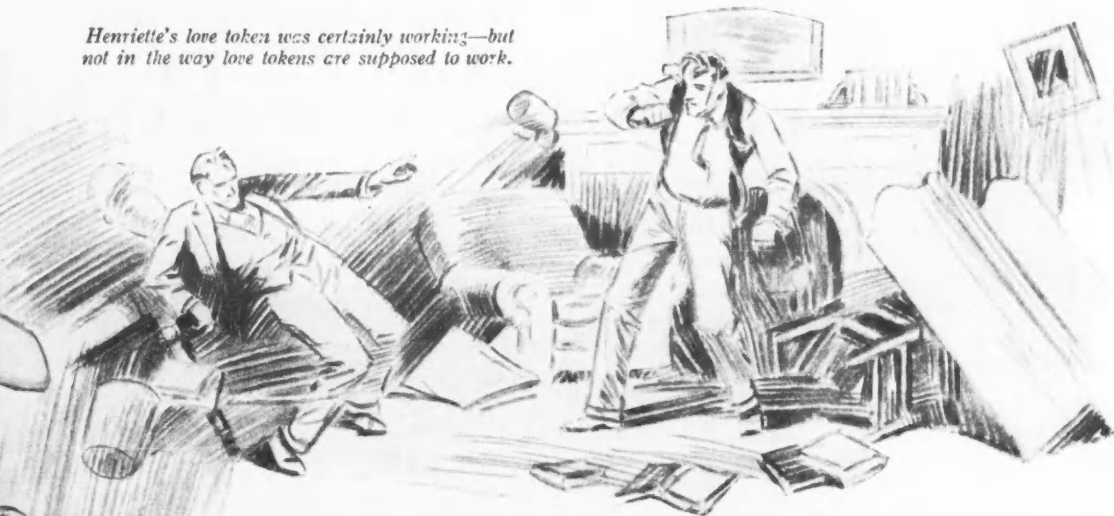
"Well, Carey can swallow it if he does. About Matherson, I wonder. He's such a fierce egg [Continued on page 42]

"Oh, Mr. Kemp," she said, "I meant to speak to you about this for such a long time, but it slipped my mind."





Henriette's love token was certainly working—but not in the way love tokens are supposed to work.



Illustrated by H. McCrea

She Loved to be Loved

by ADDISON SIMMONS

The way of a maid and three men can at times be a complicated and dangerous one—for the men involved

MORE than anything else, this is a story of Henriette. It is a story of Henriette even when the trend of it may seem to leave her.

Ellery and I saw a great deal of it happen, and what we didn't see we have on good authority, for it was related us by the principals in this affair.

They met her at a faculty tea. Some young professor had brought her there. John and Carey were introduced to her at the same time. Matherson Kemp was already talking to her when John and Carey came up with the professor.

From what I gathered at the time, she was the widow of a baron who had died promptly after marriage and left her all his worldly possessions. She was Henriette, Baroness de Courcey. That sounds, perhaps, as if she were tall and dark and a very much aloof person; but she wasn't. She was a slender little ash-blonde with mischievous grey-green eyes. At first glance you might have thought that she was an English girl, but of course she wasn't. Her accent was too apparently foreign. She had a manner that can be described only as the genteel effervescence of champagne. She chatted capably with these three men, two of whom were startled by her beauty into staring hungrily at her, and the third who stood off a little and regarded her with an amused and pleased expression.

That was Carey Nickerson. Carey always stood off a little and looked amused at things. It was a delightful habit. It was detrimental to his work most of the time, for it really interfered with true concentration, but there is no denying that it was a delightful habit. Sometimes it made trouble, for it often reached the kidding stage in serious matters, but even that did not prevent it from being delightful. I know that I for one have often wished that I could stand off at arm's length from the more troublesome moments of life and tell them that they could do their worst.

But even people like Carey can lose the gift if matters get dizzy enough, and that is just what these did.

John Burdett stood among the high ten in the class there

at law school. He was on the *Law Review* and had all the qualities of a brilliant lawyer. Matherson Kemp was ahead of John scholastically. He was a lone wolf at his work, an avid accomplisher of tasks. Carey was far less a student than either of the others. In fact, he leaned on John all the way through school and John actually put him through the first two years by skilful coaching and last-minute tutoring. If he had let go, Carey would have fallen out. It seemed there was no possible doubt about that.

Being room mates, John and Carey should have known better than to pay attention to the same woman at the same time. It's a simple enough rule that all room mates everywhere should abide by, for breaking it never fails to cause some kind of trouble, and the worst of it is, you never know what queer or terrible form the trouble is likely to take.

All three of them fell in love with the baroness on the spot, and wanted to see her again; and you should have seen each of them scheming to get her to one side for her address and phone number. Matherson got it as if he were delving after a vital citation; with a kind of fierce determination that knows no end but success. John got it with a rather pitiful seriousness, for he was pretty far gone even so early in the game. And Carey got it with a little slow wink.

All three wanted to take her home from the tea, but the professor who brought her had the honor, of course; though she said that she would be happy to hear from them at any time after six on the next evening.

At six o'clock the next day, Carey closed his casebook in which he had been idly skimming through cases without bothering to abstract them on paper or in his mind, and reached for the telephone. Almost at the same moment John rose from his chair to go to the phone; but Carey had the advantage, for he didn't have to get up to reach the instrument.

He got the apartment hotel where the baroness was staying and asked for her. John looked across the room with a disappointed smile.

"Worm!" he said. "I was just going to call her myself." "Tough luck, my lad," Carey returned. "Hello, is this Henriette?" Leave it to Carey to call her Henriette before he had seen her twice. "Will you go dancing tonight with the brainiest unknown criminal lawyer?"

She laughed. Carey said that her laugh over the telephone was like silver notes of music.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "This is, I know, my Carey Nickerson. Is it not so?"

"I kiss your hand, madame," Carey replied. "It is so."

"Then, of course, I go dancing with him," Henriette said with that affectionate use of the third person. "I go, and I am so charmed."

"But the pleasure is all mine."

Carey insisted, as John looked on with envy in his eyes.

There came a cooing sound from Henriette, Baroness de Courcey. "You do not know the half, my Carey Nickerson," she said. Then: "Am I not delightful with my slang?"

Carey laughed. "With it or without it, you are delightful, madame."

She laughed again, or continued to laugh, like a child immensely pleased.

"You must tell me more like this," she insisted, "tonight."

"Depend on that," Carey told her. "Tonight at nine, Henriette?"

It was a late hour when Carey returned from dancing with Henriette, but John was sitting up. He was nursing the Negotiable Instruments Law, but really waiting to see what Carey would have to say.

"What a woman!" Carey breathed, doffing his coat. "A blue flame. She's wonderful, boy!"

He watched for the effect this would have on John. He was feeling in pretty nearly his best kidding mood.

"Sure," John returned. "I'll go out with her tomorrow and find out all about it."

Carey shook his head. "Oh, no," he smiled. "She's going out with me tomorrow."

John stuck his nose back into the N. I. L. a little disconsolately.

"There are other nights," he muttered.

"Certainly," Carey agreed, "if Matherson doesn't beat you to it."

"Matherson can jump in the lake," John said, and he tossed the book on to the desk and went to bed.

Three days later John went out with Henriette. I saw him when he returned. He must have found her to be all that he had thought and that Carey had said she was. You could tell by his face that he was hopelessly in love with her.

But Carey kissed her first. I am inclined to believe that he did so the first time he went out with her. He would;



Illustrated by Henry Davis

It was such fun, and so very harmless. She intended to play at this all her life. No responsibilities, no slavery, no "love, honor and obey" for Peggy Killeen. Of course, she would fall in love—many times—but only just a little in love, just to make half an hour in a huggery unbearably thrilling.

It was difficult to make Montague understand her point of view. All she could see was the unspoken question trembling on his lips, shining out of his green eyes: "Peggy, I love you. Will you marry me?" She did not want that. All she wanted was just to pass her hand over his sleek shining near-black hair—just once. And then Peggy would be happy.

But she must keep him waiting, keep him guessing. The moment she said "no," all the romance would be over. Montague would not want her to stroke his hair, then. He would think it not decent of her. After parents, men were the funniest things Peggy had yet encountered.

Tonight she was doubly careful—especially after that letter from Nona. Nona who had found marriage a treadmill, a prison, a rack. "Don't you ever get married, Peggy. I wish I had my single days back again." There was Theresa, too, breaking her heart over a husband who was not good enough to pick up her riding whip. And, also, there was Eileen, the prettiest and wittiest girl in County Clare, tied by matrimony to the biggest fool in Ireland. Oh! Peggy had some sorrowful friends. But she was not going to taste their medicine. She was going to quaff the everlasting wine of freedom with Aunt Hilary.

Tonight Montague hovered so often on the brink of that unspoken question that Peggy had to chatter like a parakeet and return to the ballroom minutes before she wanted to. But she did allow him to give her one kiss. In matters like this, Peggy preferred to paddle.

AUNT HILARY illegibly signed the register the next afternoon, and turned to receive Peggy's flying form in her tweed-covered arms.

"Darlin'!"

"Darlin'!"

Montague, looking on, thought the meeting rather affected, not to say extravagant. He felt he was going to hate Aunt Hilary.

Upstairs, the girl who looked so feminine and the woman who looked so masculine went on their knees before a trunk, and dived into it for treasures from the East.

"Peggy, I'm tired of wandering." Aunt Hilary pushed back a strand of hair from her forehead and looked at her niece with tired eyes.

"Only for a time, darlin', and then you'll be off again," Peggy reassured her. "Are there any corners of the world you've not peered into?"

"Precious few. And when I've used them all up, I'll have to start going over again." She smiled wearily.

Peggy sighed with envy. Aunt Hilary sighed, but just why Aunt Hilary sighed, Peggy with all her young-old wisdom could not guess.

Montague was moved from the Killeen table to make room for Aunt Hilary, and Peggy forgot to smile at him quite so often. Afterward, he claimed a dance which Peggy rather grudgingly gave him.

"I'm not dancing any more tonight," she told Montague. "I'm going to listen to Aunt Hilary telling what happened to her in Abyssinia. Coming too, Monty?"

"I did think that a quiet smoke in the huggery was indicated," he suggested, but Peggy shook her head.

"I must not neglect Aunt Hilary, her first night here. She feels strange when she comes back to civilization again."

"Then I wonder why she ever does come back," retorted Montague savagely.

"Monty, I loathe you," cried Peggy, indignantly turning her back. And she did not speak to him again for quite three quarters of an hour.

At eleven o'clock next morning Aunt Hilary announced her intention of bathing.

"Good!" cried Peggy with enthusiasm. "I'll come with you."

So Peggy in her decorative Wedgwood, and Aunt Hilary in her sensible stockinette, found themselves in the waves opposite the hotel. Aunt Hilary ducked and splashed and thoroughly enjoyed life, until she discovered Peggy still standing in the surf, looking rather bored.

"Aren't you coming in, Peggy?" she cried. "It's wonderfully warm."

"No, thanks, I prefer paddling," was the guarded answer. Aunt Hilary had not heard about Peggy's encounter with the Atlantic. Aunt Hilary, who battled with dark continents, would not understand. Aunt Hilary would despise her for a coward.

[Continued on page 56]

"I have already met one father, one mother, and two brothers of yours. How many more of the family are there?"

"Crowds," said Peggy with a grin. "But Aunt Hilary is the lucky number. She is wonderful, Monty. Irish, independent."

"You mean an old maid?" put in Montague quickly.

Peggy flashed an indignant glance at him. "Is that any disgrace, Montague Gordon Clifford? Aunt Hilary is the happiest woman in the world, bar none. She always said she didn't want a home and husband and children, so she just didn't have them."

"That's easy in these days," chuckled Montague Gordon Clifford.

"Monty, there's no need to be a cat," cried Peggy. "As a matter of fact, she had dozens of chances years ago. Mother has told me how Aunt Hilary was the belle of the ball and the hunting field and the race meetings and every social function going. She had her chances but she preferred to remain single. And I don't blame her." Peggy's little chin was levelled at the unbelieving, mocking smile of Montague.

"And what does she do now?" he asked.

"She travels." Peggy caught her breath. "She gets into breeches and packs a knapsack and hires half-a-dozen niggers and climbs up the Mountains of the Moon, or discovers a new trail to Timbuktu. Half the year she lives on a camel. She is known all over Ireland as the Sporting Killeen. Life to Aunt Hilary is one amazingly big adventure."

"I wonder," said Montague quietly. "I wonder."

"Monty, I hate you," said Peggy, and left the table abruptly. Just because of that remark she would not play tennis with him that afternoon. There were so many volumes of biography and autobiography in Montague's "I wonder." As though marriage were the only career for a woman!

Anyhow, Peggy was going to follow in Aunt Hilary's sensible footsteps even if it meant dragging all over Africa. A few years of youth and happiness and flirtations and frivolity, and then the serious business of life hand-in-hand

with Aunt Hilary. To Peggy, Aunt Hilary seemed a kind of Saint Joan, Aphra Benn, Mazeppa and Rosita Forbes all combined. She was her ideal in spite of the crow's-feet about her eyes and the lines of care across her forehead. Wherever Aunt Hilary went Peggy would go, whether it were the short road to celibacy or the long road to Rome.

That afternoon, instead of lobbing tennis balls to Montague, Peggy took her mother for a drive in the Killeen runabout. The scenery around Beachcliffe is all that two pages of the guide book say it is, but driving one's mother is not the most thrilling occupation in the world, especially when Mrs. Killeen was too intent on purling and plaining a jumper to notice the beauties that Peggy's forefinger was pointing out at every turn. Montague would have snapped the spots, and snapped Peggy among them; thus making them twice as beautiful, so he would say. But Montague was beyond the pale. Peggy was not going to have anything more to do with him—until after dinner.

She slithered herself into a frock covered with a thousand tiny crystal beads like a fairy waterfall, made herself up carefully with seaside make-up, and went downstairs to the family and Montague. Montague dined with the family. It would have been absurd for him to sit alone when the Killeens wanted another one at their table.

Peggy smiled at him and quite forgave his little lapse at lunch, for was there not a dance afterward; and was not Montague the very best partner she had struck in her young life?

While the orchestra surpassed itself, Peggy drifted light as thistledown in Montague's arms. "Peggy, you dance like a Russian," he muttered into her golden shingle.

Peggy made a little mouth against his shoulder and winked at a winking chandelier that hung above the ballroom like an overladen Christmas tree.

Halfway upstairs, just behind the steel puzzle of an elevator, was a snuggery, all cushions and curtains and ash trays and Turkish coffee stools. Peggy called it the "huggery," and it was here, with the faint strains of waltzes from the orchestra, that Peggy played at being in love.

"Hallo, Peggy!" cried Montague. "Come to join us?" "No, only to look on," said Peggy, hastily.

Peggy Preferred to Paddle

by DORIS
AMY IBBOTSON

DOWN on the edge of the sea where the little waves curled closer to her curling toes—blossoms of green and white against blossoms of pink and white—stood Peggy, a Chinese nightmare of a bathing wrap about her. Slim and straight she stood, with the wrap clipping her, and carving her outlines for all the world to see.

The young man in the red and white striped deck chair, who was a sculptor on holiday, groaned aloud for the reason that Peggy was not on the model's throne in his studioli back in London. Clytie he would have made of her.

The poet, who was propping up a breakwater, immediately embellished Peggy in a triolet, to be published later in his volume of collected works when those collected works should find a public.

The five-days-old honeymooner stopped gazing into the wallflower-brown eyes of his bride for thirty seconds, and looked at Peggy's lapis lazuli ones instead.

Only the crowd on the pier took no notice of her. The laughing, splashing, shrieking girls in their belted swimming suits and their scarlet diving caps, with legs like a principal boy's in a Christmas pantomime, and arms like those of Venus of Milo before they were broken off. Men, too—jolly sunburnt men, with white cigarettes between white teeth, and dark shiny hair, and faint mustaches, and eyes blue as the water they were just about to dive into.

Down the chute they went in twos and threes, as, six months later, they would be tobogganing down snow runs. And, oh, the cool splash that followed, and the shrieks, and the separating, and the breathless fighting to the surface, and the bobbing about on an inflated rubber horse, and the porpoise-like gymnastics. Oh, the cool delicious fun of it!

Yet Peggy preferred to paddle.

Throwing down her wrap into a little muddle of scarlet and green on the beach, Peggy stepped delicately into the foam. Wedgwood blue her bathing costume, with little white figures appliquéd on it; so that she looked like some beautiful vase as she stood at the water's edge, cupped and rounded and hollowed out as though an artist had spent a lifetime in fashioning her.

For ten minutes only she stood, with the cool clear water washing round her knees, then waded carefully back to dry sand again. With her wrap and a beach cushion, a sunshade and a novel, Peggy proceeded to sun away the rest of the morning, her fair shingle free from its Wedgwood blue cap, her white limbs burning slightly like toast before a slow fire.

It was not that Peggy was lazy or unpopular or unmodern. She was as much a product of the twentieth

In which the sporting Killeen spirit is challenged, and a high dive taken

century as broadcasting or jazz or aviation. And she was not so old as the twentieth century by nine years. The reason why Peggy was paddling instead of joining that crowd on the pier was a two-year-old reason.

At school, Peggy swam the bath's full length with the rest of them, had dived like a swallow, and had played water polo with credit. And then there had come that holiday on the coast, at a place where the Atlantic plays with monster rocks as though they were pebbles, and booms through winter nights like a foghorn.

It was there, on one of those rocks high above the green Atlantic that Peggy and her teasing fifteen-year-old boy cousin had sat, sunning themselves and looking for a suitable place to bathe. The old fisherman, mending his nets in a brown herring-flavored boathouse at the foot of the cliffs, had shaken his head when they fired impatient questions at him.

It was not very safe about here, he told them; not unless they were strong swimmers. Better go round the corner to Hope's Cove where the sea was gentle and the tides dependable, and a toddler could bathe without coming to harm.

But what did fifteen years and nineteen years want with safety? So they climbed, laughing, to the crest of a rock that jutted out like a witch's nose.

And when Peggy stood up, slim and straight, to spy out the sea, some imp of schoolboy mischief prompted him to give her a little push, with a shout of "The quickest way's the safest, Peg!"

She had fallen in a little curled up, surprised heap, flat on to the green Atlantic. No beating through the air like a swallow, no cleaving the water like a sword; just a huddled, frightened, bewildered little heap of soft flesh and blood falling flat like a stone.

And oh, the sea was hard and cruel, and the rocks were sharp and cruel! She felt as if she were being torn to pieces, ground to powder like the pebbles on the beach.

The boy cousin stood and yelled until the old fisherman rescued her—a limp, bleeding atom of humanity. She

would always remember the sea clinging to his beard like rain to autumn bushes; always remember the scared white face of the boy cousin who peered over his shoulder, too shaken to speak.

Sensible people said she should have gone in again, next day, the same afternoon, but how could you when you were all bandages and nerves and bruises and shaky little sobs? And after a week of bed and doctoring and lotions and fussing, somehow she had not wanted to go in again. The sea—well, she didn't care much about the sea now; didn't mind if she went to the mountains for her holidays next year. Which was unlike Peggy.

Peggy saved herself from turning into a mulatto by folding the Chinese nightmare tightly around her, and picking her way through deck chairs and tents and children on to the promenade, whose broad white stretch gave on to the green lawns of the Hotel Majestic.

PEGGY padded up the softly carpeted stairs to her room on the second floor. Its two wide windows overlooked the bay and the pier where all the bright young people of the Hotel Majestic were disporting themselves like mermaids and mermen. Peggy sighed as she watched them, and turned away.

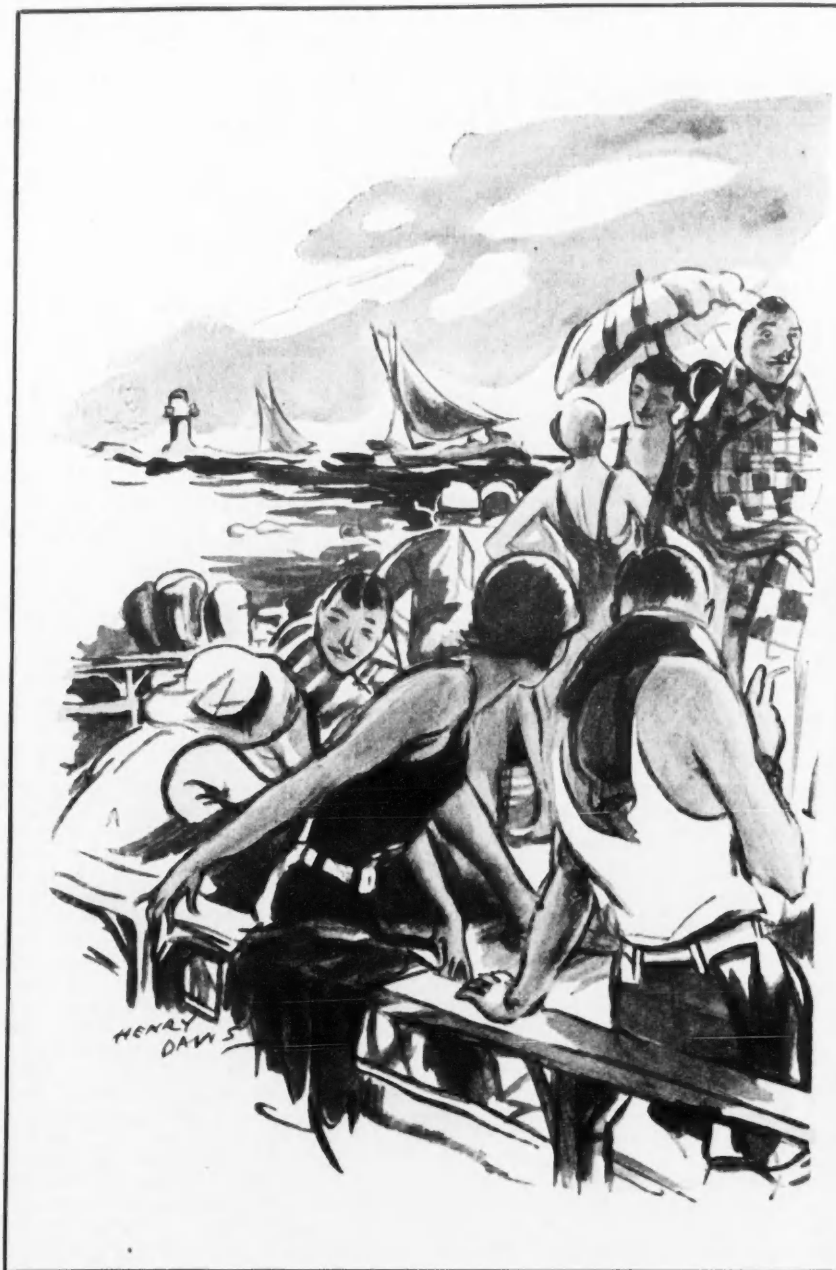
She slipped into a frock like a butterfly's wing, arranged her shingle to its last crisp hair, powdered her nose, and went down to have lunch with Montague.

Montague, for some unaccountable reason, had chosen the Hotel Majestic out of all the world in which to spend his holiday. Montague had never believed in fate before. Now, as he sat opposite Peggy of the dimples, he knew that fate had gone hand-in-hand with him from his cradle.

Peggy liked Montague; liked him for his funny name, his funny ways, his funny manner of trying to conceal the fact that he was in love with her. Yes, Peggy liked Montague—as a holiday pal.

She crinkled across at him over a soufflé Rothschild. "My Aunt Hilary comes tomorrow," she announced.

Montague suppressed a groan. "Peggy," he exclaimed,



to do wrong, but here in France it was different. Here, there was all the terror of the unknown, of being a stranger in a strange land. There was nothing reassuring about a gendarme: he didn't give one that feeling of stability and security that Robert did at home. She somehow couldn't see herself pouring out her tale to him, alone and unsupported.

Suppose she did. Suppose when she got to Gex she went to the police there and told them what had happened, what would be the result?

Probably, she imagined, with some vague memories of newspaper reports and French detective stories crowding into her head, her precious papers would be taken away. She would be shut up in the gendarmerie for countless months, treated as a murderess, and interrogated by a ruthless *Juge d'Instruction*—she quailed at the thought. No, the only thing was to get back as quickly as she could to the tranquil security of the convent, find sanctuary there and safety, and then with the friendly sisters, the wise Mother Superior to advise and stand up for her, she could decide what must be done.

Instinctively she started to run. She must get away from that awful thing on the ground as fast as possible, put all the distance she could between herself and it, before she dared to slow down. But her heart was thudding so, she couldn't make much headway. Her knees felt as though they were turning inside out, and her breath seemed to choke her in her throat.

This wouldn't do; this was panic. She tried to make herself be calm, slowing perforce to a walking pace again.

Then suddenly behind her, she heard the sound of a car swiftly advancing with the lovely, purring noise, that only a good car makes. It came so fast that it was beside her before she knew. It stopped, and panic almost seized her and she tried to run again—cut off across the fields.

But reassurance came before she could do anything so foolish. A man's voice was speaking, an educated voice, polite and unsuspicious: "Can we give you a lift, mademoiselle?" it asked courteously in French. "We are going through Gex, if that is your way, and we can save you the walk."

The car's headlights shone full upon her, almost blinding her, and she couldn't see in the least what manner of man this was who was speaking; but that didn't matter. All she cared about now was that he wasn't a gendarme, wasn't going to arrest her, or take away her precious freight. Five minutes in that great car would take her into Gex, to the security of the convent. It would throw off any danger of pursuit. Yes, here indeed was help, and she accepted it thankfully.

"I am greatly obliged, monsieur," she answered, trying to keep her voice from shaking. "I am indeed in a hurry. I missed the last train at Ferney and I am anxious to reach the convent in Gex before it is closed for the night. I will accept a lift most gratefully."

Someone opened a door at the back of the car, and she stepped in and sank thankfully down into the dim luxury of her refuge. Someone put a rug across her knees, and she closed her eyes to make the most of this respite from terror.

When she opened them again, the car was at the bottom of the steep street that climbs through Gex on its way into the Juras. The convent lies on the right hand side on the way up, and as they neared it Lalage sat upright thankfully. "Ah, there it is!" she exclaimed. "If you will stop here, monsieur . . ."

But the car gave no signs of slowing down. Instead, it seemed to be gathering speed again to take the hill, and in a second the convent was left behind. Lalage leaned forward and touched the driver on the shoulder. "We should have passed the convent, monsieur," she said urgently. "If you will be so kind as to stop now, I can walk back."

No one took the slightest notice of her. She looked round hastily and could just see that there was only one other man in the car besides the driver, and this one was occupying the seat next to her.

She got a little scared, and turning to her neighbor asked urgently, "Would you ask the driver to stop, monsieur? I fear he cannot have understood that I wish to get down here."

He took no notice either: there was no response from anyone. Both might have been deaf. Now she was frightened. She leaned forward again and caught the driver's

arm. "Stop," she cried, "please, please stop. I want to get out here."

She thought the man shook his head, but he certainly made no other response and she clutched at him again. "You must stop!" she almost shouted. "Stop! Stop!"

At that moment, to her horror, something caught her from behind, and she was pulled relentlessly back, and pushed down into her seat. She struggled, tried to get up, but the man, her neighbor, held her strongly back.

"It is no use, mademoiselle," he told her, gripping her so tightly she couldn't even go on struggling. "You will only exhaust yourself all to no purpose. We mean you no harm whatever, so I pray you to be still and not make things more difficult for yourself. If you fight like this, the two of us will have to hold you till you are tired—that is all. Pray resign yourself, mademoiselle. Again I assure you we mean you no harm."

After that she had to be still, for her strength went from her, and she sank back utterly exhausted and half-fainting in her seat, not knowing, hardly caring where they were going or what was happening to her.

WHEN presently she came to herself a little, she got a vague impression of the ridge of the Juras, snow-capped; of gates being opened and a swirl of leaves blown up round the car. But that was all, and she felt almost too apathetic, too stunned to bother. The car stopped at last, and a sudden blaze of light showed her the outline of a long, low house, whose door, before which they had halted, was guarded by a huge iron grille—like a prison, she thought.

She saw the chauffeur get out and ring the bell, and a moment after, the grille swung slowly to one side and the big door beyond it opened. She was helped out of the car, a man on either side of her, holding her arms and led into the house, into a warm, brightly lighted room, and lowered gently into a chair.

That all seemed to happen in a haze, and then someone gave her something to drink, something that went hot and stinging down her throat, that roused her, unwillingly it seemed, from this half stupor she had sunk into, in which she could forget her troubles.

She looked round her at last, became conscious that a world existed outside herself. She was in a big spacious room of dignity and charm, the kind of room that ought to belong to dignified and charming people, formal, utterly continental in its effect, but very gracious. Its parquet

to belong to the graceful formalities of the room. He was a man of middle age, middle height, his hair faintly greying on his temples, but so suave, so polished, so graceful, that she felt he should really have belonged to the century that had produced that room and its appointments, so exactly was he of its period. Yet there were things in his face, when she looked closer, which belied the first impression it gave. The deepset eyes never seemed quite open; always they were hooded like those of a watchful bird. His lips were thin and mobile, but every now and then they made a straight, cruel line which gave the lie to their mobility. The face was that of an ascetic, an artist, and yet always it had its potentialities for evil.

He had hardly glanced at the huddled figure in the chair, and yet Lalage felt that in that half contemptuous flicker of a look he had given her, he had learned all there was to know about her, summed her up unerringly, and she shrank from the knowledge of his insight.

He was speaking to the other man as she looked at him, idly and unconcernedly lighting a cigarette as though nothing could move him from his icy calm, nothing surprise or disconcert him; as though an unwilling woman dragged into his house at night were a thing hardly worth his attention.

"And what may one ask," he said, his voice very carefully modulated, "is your object, Lefarge, in bringing me . . . this," and with a half contemptuous flick of his fingers he indicated Lalage huddled in her chair.

"But look, M. le Vicomte," the other answered. "Was it not but this morning, but a few hours ago, that you said that all you needed now to complete your plans was a woman? An attractive woman, you said, a lady and one—well, one who could be the ingénue, not merely act it—one over whom you had some hold."

"I see," said the Vicomte slowly. "And this?" again that flicker of the fingers.

"This, M. le Vicomte, is, I believe, the woman for whom you were asking. She seems to fulfill all your requirements. She looked in the light of our headlamps most attractive. She is obviously of gentle birth. While as for the ingenuousness—well, I ask you, monsieur—she was making her way to the convent at Gex for the night when we met her—could one ask for better credentials as to her unworldliness?"

"Aha! You have indeed an eye, my dear Lefarge, but how about that other essential?" The Vicomte queried. "No one is any use to me in this matter, unless she is utterly in our power. You have forgotten that, I fear."

"Indeed no," the other protested. "That, indeed, is why we decided to bring the lady to you. She is most entirely in our power. Listen, then, while I recount to you the circumstances of our meeting."

"We were as you know, returning from Rennes. Just where the road turns into the one from Ferney to Gex, something went wrong with our lights. We stopped and it took us some moments to readjust them. I got out of the car and stood by the crossroads while I waited for Louis to put things right, and there, down the road, I saw this lady"—he nodded toward Lalage—"struggling with a man. Before we could rush to her assistance, she had given him a blow on the head with the bag she carried, that knocked him down." He pitched his voice in a tone of mock solemnity, after a glance that told him Lalage was listening. "M. le Vicomte, there was no further need of our interference! She had killed him!" He made a dramatic pause, then went on impressively. "She stopped and made sure that he was dead, and then, monsieur, she began to run. Need I tell you what instantly suggested itself to our minds? We realized that this unfortunate lady must at all costs be shielded from the consequences of her action, kept out of the clutches of the police."

"At that moment the headlights behaved themselves. We drove off after her, overtook her, made sure that she was in other ways the type that would fill our needs—and here we are." He lowered his voice and whispered a few words which Lalage couldn't catch.

"I see," said the Vicomte again. "I see. Indeed, Lefarge, you have done well. As you say, the lady must at all costs be shielded from the law—if she truly fulfills our requirements. Do you think it is possible she will allow me to glance at her face?"

"Madame! Will you not look up?" [Continued on page 45]

She lifted a hand and let it fall, and it dropped limply by its owner's side. She had to face the horrible surmise that the man was dead, that she had killed him!



flooring was stippled here and there by big Aubusson rugs, on which stood, stiffly, very perfect pieces of heavily gilded furniture.

There was a fireplace at one end, a beautiful thing of carved marble. Even in her bewilderment and horror she couldn't help noticing these things, she who had all her life been trained to see the beautiful. Somehow she thought that the man who stood by the fireplace seemed eminently

The Cat's-Paw

by M. N. A.
MESSER

Beginning a thrilling novel of dark mystery and high adventure set in southern Europe, and written by a well-known English author

IT WASN'T actually raining when the Swiss train stopped at Ferney and disgorged the few passengers who had come out from Geneva into the darkened street, but the clouds that rushed across the veiled moon held threats that they would shortly descend as moisture upon the just and the unjust who might be abroad this night.

The wind blew keenly down the narrow street, and the few people who had left the train huddled thankfully down into their coat collars and scuttled away home to warmth and shelter. All but one: she stood a minute talking with the train conductor before she, too, hurried off, and it was with a good deal of reluctance that she started on what was going to be all of a five-mile walk along the deserted, unsheltered road to Gex.

Her business in Geneva that evening had been unexpectedly prolonged, but when she got into the train, she had never for one moment imagined that the catastrophe which had overtaken her was even possible—that she would find herself stranded here over the Swiss border, at Ferney, with the French steam train she had meant to catch, gone half an hour before, and now well on its way to Gex. Well, there was nothing for it. Gex was her objective. There lay her lodging for the night, and if there were no train going there, she must walk. There was no alternative, for she certainly couldn't afford the hire of a car, even if she could have got one at this hour of the night, and the same reason precluded her thinking of spending the night in Ferney, even supposing there had been any room in Voltaire's place of exile that she would have cared to trust herself in alone.

So she, like the more fortunate passengers, huddled down into the big fur collar of her coat, and set off bravely on her cold, lonely walk.

A five-mile walk, as a walk, hasn't many terrors for a country-bred English girl, even at ten o'clock at night, but when one is haunted, as Lalage Hayle was, by the thought of locked gates and no admittance at the end of the journey, it's a different matter. For she was distinctly afraid that the sisters at the convent at Gex might by now have imagined, when the last train arrived without her, that she must be spending the night in Geneva. They must have ceased to expect her, locked up their hospitable doors and retired to their virginal couches.

However, Lalage told herself, it was no use getting into a state of panic before there was any need, and the only thing to do was to cover the ground as quickly as possible. Instead of thinking of the worst that might befall when she got eventually to Gex, she must concentrate happily on that very satisfactory interview she had had in Geneva, with the public notary and her own lawyer. She must enjoy to the full the delightful feeling that she, alone and unaided, had carried out a very difficult piece of work with complete success, and that on the morrow she could leave for England, bringing triumphantly with her everything that she had been sent to find.

Her step grew brisker as she thought of this, and she wondered if she should herald her return home with a telegram to her people, announcing the glad tidings of her success; or whether she would enjoy her triumph to the full by making an unexpected arrival, opening that precious

force brought the case with a thud against the bent head of her assailant. Before she realized she was free, he had loosed the wrist he was holding, and she saw him drop, a flaccid heap, by the side of the road.

For a second she stood there scared out of her life, not knowing what to do or think, numbed by what had happened. She looked again at the inert mass that lay at her feet, and then stooped swiftly and felt what she supposed to be his heart. She could feel nothing. She lifted a hand and let it fall, and it dropped limply by its owner's side.

She had to face the horrible surmise that the man was dead, that she had killed him!

And now? Well, what did one do next?

In England there would have been a courteous policeman somewhere, to whom one could have unburdened the whole story; who would be sympathetic and friendly and helpful. One had no fear of the law in England if one hadn't intended

Illustrated by
W. V. Chambers



dispatch case before them, and watching the thrill it gave them as they realized that she had all the papers they needed, all duly attested and witnessed.

She clutched the bag more tightly as she shifted its weight to her right hand, thinking how precious its contents were, how absolutely irreplaceable. Instinctively she fingered the locks to make sure they were securely fastened beyond chance of accidental opening.

Comforted, she strode on. The wind had risen higher while she had been walking, and for a moment cleared the moon of its veiling clouds. On either side of her she saw the flat, level fields, their rows of bare fruit trees standing like sentinels, bordering the road, along one side of which ran the grass-grown and now deserted train line over which she should have been travelling.

Presently she passed a little hamlet, too small to be called a village, just a cluster of cottages by a cross road, with a little toy station for the train at the corner.

She wasn't very sure about distances, but she imagined that she must have come very nearly halfway now. It was difficult to tell, because things looked so different in this shifting moonlight from what they had done in daylight this morning, when she had travelled into Geneva. The wind seemed to be blowing right through her, and she smiled to herself as she remembered that now at last, she would be able to buy herself a fur coat when she got home. The contents of her case would ensure that and more. She would be able to have almost anything she wanted in reason—there would be no more counting of pennies.

THEN suddenly it happened! From the ditch at the side of the road something rose and leapt on her. A man was grappling with her, trying to wrest from her the bag she was clutching. There was a swift, panting struggle, and for a second she managed to free the hand that clutched the precious case. There was no time to think: he was on her again. The case was heavy, but she raised her arm enough to swing it round, and with her full

WHEN THE CLOCK CHUCKLED

Illustrated by R. W. Major



He sat beside her on the scarlet couch in an intimacy that was astounding and untouchable.

by LOUISE
MOREY BOWMAN

*In which an older generation learns
the fallacy of trying to be modern*

CONRAD LEVERING had always been in the forefront of an important literary movement. If its vehicle resembled a stately coach-and-four he was the gay postilion who galloped ahead to prepare the inn with an exact knowledge of the coach's occupants, route, and final destination. If it resembled the *Titanic* he was on the bridge on her trial trip, and also when she went down but was miraculously saved by a floating spar. He scorned life belts.

One day he found himself in the grip of distinctly new and uneasy sensations. It began in the forenoon with an interview with his publisher, or rather with the keen-eyed and tan-spatted youth who had lately ascended the vacant throne of Levering's old publisher. Before this young man, whom Levering had royally welcomed as he did all brilliant and successful youth, Levering had recently laid his new manuscript of critical essays, entitled *Fantasies In A Thicket*. It lay on the table between them, waiting its verdict as a matter of form.

"This is very fine stuff, Mr. Levering," said the younger man cordially.

Levering's eyes were resting on the space above the mantelpiece. It was the tradition in the firm to have the chief's walls hung with the firm's authors, and the space over the mantelpiece had always been reserved for a certain famous "find" of earlier days. It gave Levering a slight shock to find that this young man was evidently departing from tradition. In the central space now hung Levering's own photograph sumptuously reframed and surrounded by

a circle of lesser contemporary lights in plain *passe partout*. He felt rather pleased.

"Fine stuff," repeated the young man, and added, "of course."

His words slowly penetrated to Levering's subconsciousness while he said almost simultaneously, "You do me too much honor," and gestured toward the mantel.

"Not at all, not at all. Impossible for us to do that, Mr. Levering."

But Levering was conscious of a creeping chill. He was no fool and no coward.

"Why did you say 'of course' like that?" he asked.

The young man looked up.

"Tried and proved," he replied promptly.

"Oh, I see."

The young man brushed a speck of invisible dust from his knee and picked up *Fantasies In A Thicket*.

"It seems to me, speaking quite frankly, Mr. Levering, that in your 'False Dawn' section you stress . . . press . . . strike . . ."

He was stammering a little suddenly, clearly ill at ease. He paused.

"Stress . . . press . . . strike . . . what?" said Levering kindly.

The young man gulped, quite like a lusty infant swallowing castor oil. He said, "Well—one note too much."

There was a silence. Levering had a vision of a very old man sitting before a piano—striking one note feebly and

insistently with one crooked finger—over and over again.

The door opened and a very young man put his head in. "Oh, beg pardon! Thought you were alone, Billy. I've got mixed up with my appointment, I think."

"Tomorrow at eleven, Elder."

"Oh! So sorry."

The door closed. Times were certainly changed.

"Is that James Elder, the *Black Lightning* man?"

"Yes, that's Jimmy. What do you think of his work, Mr. Levering?"

"So muddled and involved one can't get his ideas. No clarity."

The young publisher suddenly kindled as if someone had applied a torch to his spats.

"Oh, I say," he said eagerly, "if you stripped a man naked and then saw through his skull into his mind and tried to put it on paper, it couldn't possibly have clarity in the old sense."

To his own amazement, Levering now suddenly lost his temper.

"Well, well, so you think I'm old stuff do you? You don't want my book?"

The young man looked up very quickly.

"Not at all. Quite the contrary. As I said: 'fine stuff—tried and proved.' You have entirely misunderstood me, Mr. Levering. I only meant . . . that there are new notes and I believe Elder is striking them. We shall publish your book this fall, of course."

Though Levering had a large private income quite independent of his yearly book, he experienced a sensation of relief. They talked on. Then the younger man said:

"Oh, by the way, Mr. Levering, we want to give your jacket design to Miss Ballister—Pompom Ballister. We're rather stressing Pompom's jackets [Continued on page 57]

How I Ran Four Jobs at Once

by FRANCES LILY JOHNSON

Mrs. Johnson has always made a hobby of child study and for the past four years has been assistant in Parent Education at St. George's School for Child Study, Toronto

A CHANCE remark to the editor of *The Chatelaine*, "I am tired of running four jobs at once," is responsible for this article in which I shall endeavor to relate to you how for one rather hectic year I managed to look after a home which included a husband and two small boys, taught, wrote, and studied for a Master of Arts degree.

Now that I have unloaded the blame for devoting a whole article to myself and my varied pursuits on to the shoulders of some else, I shall try to tell you how it was possible for me to discharge the duties incurred by an overwhelming ambition to secure the right to add M.A. to my name.

Co-operation of professors and associates at the Nursery School, as well as of the editor of this magazine and my family, was what made it possible for me to get through the year without being fired from the staff of the Nursery School, dismissed as a contributor to the Press, and plucked in my courses and disowned by my family.

In carrying on several activities I have found that the first requirement—and the most difficult for any woman to meet—is a definite time budget in which adequate consideration is given to recreation as well as to work. Most women, faced with the necessity of dovetailing a variety of activities, do not consider the need for time to play if Jill is not to be a dull girl. It is true that in my own case the time allotted to recreation was often curtailed when some unforeseen circumstance made it impossible to carry out the prescribed programme. Usually this was due to one of the children contracting a cold or some such childish ailment, and so requiring more individual attention than the regular schedule provided. On the whole, however, the programme for recreation was rigidly adhered to, since I found it essential that a bout of hard work should be followed by a period of rest and fun, free from the slavery of the clock which came to play so important a part in my life during the year. So I took time to play golf and tennis, and even to swim on occasions.

Organization of my home, which minimized the possibility of unforeseen events upsetting the programme which I wished to carry out, was the first necessity; so I had as domestic help a very capable woman who could take the actual home management off my shoulders. The only part I planned to take in housekeeping was a supervisory one, which included the planning of meals and the buying of supplies. This took about one hour a day, but it was not ill spent, for I like to know what goes on in the household so that any errors can be corrected at once and undue expenditures curbed.

Time with the children was planned for each day so that their training would be under my own direct supervision. Though they do not require as much actual care as they did when younger, they do need as much or more direction; and since they are now taking part in concerts, plays and other extra-curricula activities, a great deal of time is required to seeing that they arrive at practices and classes on time and are called for when through.



Mrs. Frances Lily Johnson, who has this year received the degree of M.A. in psychology at the University of Toronto.



Five-year-old Robert Johnson, the youngest of his mother's "helpers."



The elder of Mrs. Johnson's two boys, Gordon, aged seven.

during the school year, I took the two boys to two different schools, and then proceeded to my own office where I worked till twelve on correspondence and other matters requiring attention, and on study and preparation for classes. Some mornings were devoted to teaching and preparation of material for leading parent education groups.

At twelve I called for the younger boy and took him home to lunch with his brother and myself. The afternoons were spent at classes, group meetings, in household shopping or in taking the children out to their various pursuits. Occasionally I was frivolous enough to indulge in tea or to spend an afternoon at golf. My evenings were used for writing, studying or attending group meetings.

We all have dinner together and the children have an hour afterward when we read, play or sing. The plans for the household for the following day are then discussed with the housekeeper and the remainder of the evening is my own to use as I please. I try to take a walk every evening for exercise and a number of evenings are spent in recreation either away from home at the theatre or dancing, or at home with friends.

MANY people have asked me how I did it. I think any woman could carry out the same programme for a limited time; and most of us could look after two jobs all the time if we could adopt a philosophical attitude toward the petty annoyances and the numerous interruptions of

schedule which crop up, and are due to the sorrows which accompany the joys of having a family. There have been many times when it was impossible to take trips with my husband owing to pressure of work. It was a drawback when my youngest developed chickenpox and we all had to remain at home for a few weeks, only to be out three days when the elder boy contracted the same disease. It was also a detriment to study when the elder boy contracted measles and was entirely well and out for two weeks before the younger followed suit, discovering one morning that he too had "speckles." During the year we also had one case of pneumonia which meant many mustard plasters—but as the last was the only incident in which a child was really ill, we came through very well. These are ailments that every mother has to meet. Other matters just had to stand in abeyance until the family was on its feet again.

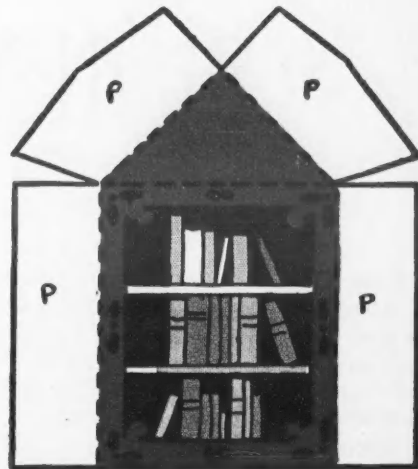
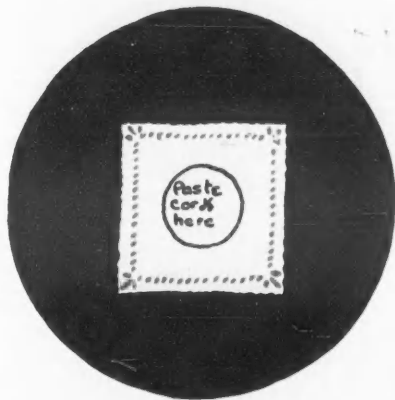
I would not advise any mother to attempt as much in one year as I did last year, nor do I myself intend to map out such a large programme again. Neither do I think that any mother should undertake a job where her family cannot have consideration unless it is absolutely necessary. But I do think that it is good for every woman, mother or not, to have some special field in which she is interested, which offers some scope for progress, and which she can follow apart from her family.

I am not an advocate of full time positions for women with families, as I feel that the home should be their first consideration. But I do feel that some definite interest outside the home is an excellent incentive to thought and action and prevents narrow self-centredness. This interest may take the form of a hobby and be remunerative or otherwise, but for sound mental health there is nothing like having an interest outside your regular job in which you are vitally interested.

My regular job is homemaking and my hobby is child study and parent education, though it might just as readily be art, music or social welfare did my interest lie in such directions.

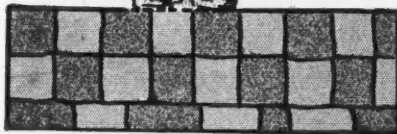
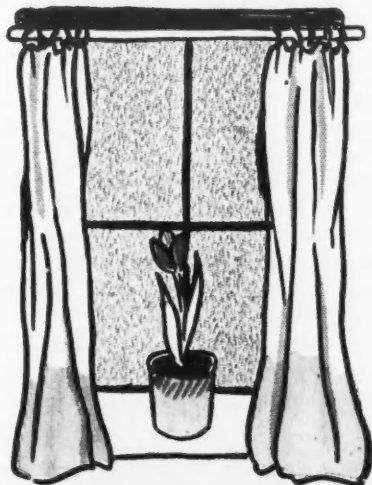
I have felt it a privilege to be able to pursue my interest in child study which I realize is so vital to the welfare of the race as well as to that of my own children, in a part-time position, and I have never been happier than since I undertook to look after a job as well as a home. Perhaps I am lucky in that my husband is in entire sympathy with my work and ambitions and has taken time from a busy programme to help me over many a difficult spot. My own mother, too, has stepped into many a breach and the boys have done their best to smooth the path—though one day I overheard Gordon say to Bobby, "I know what we will do. We will burn down the Nursery School and save mother. Then she can stay at home."

However, they sat in the front row in the gallery at Convocation Hall on the day of days which marked the climax of an eventful year and got a great thrill out of being present to see a degree conferred on mother; and a ripple of suppressed laughter passed over those of the solemn audience who were near enough to hear the younger remark audibly, as his mother knelt before the Chancellor, "What would they do to you if you called out 'Hello Mother' now?" and be rebuked by his brother, announcing, "They would put you out. They sometimes have church here."

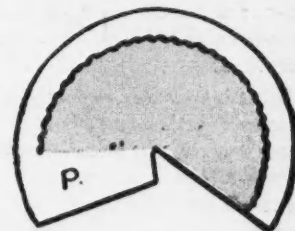
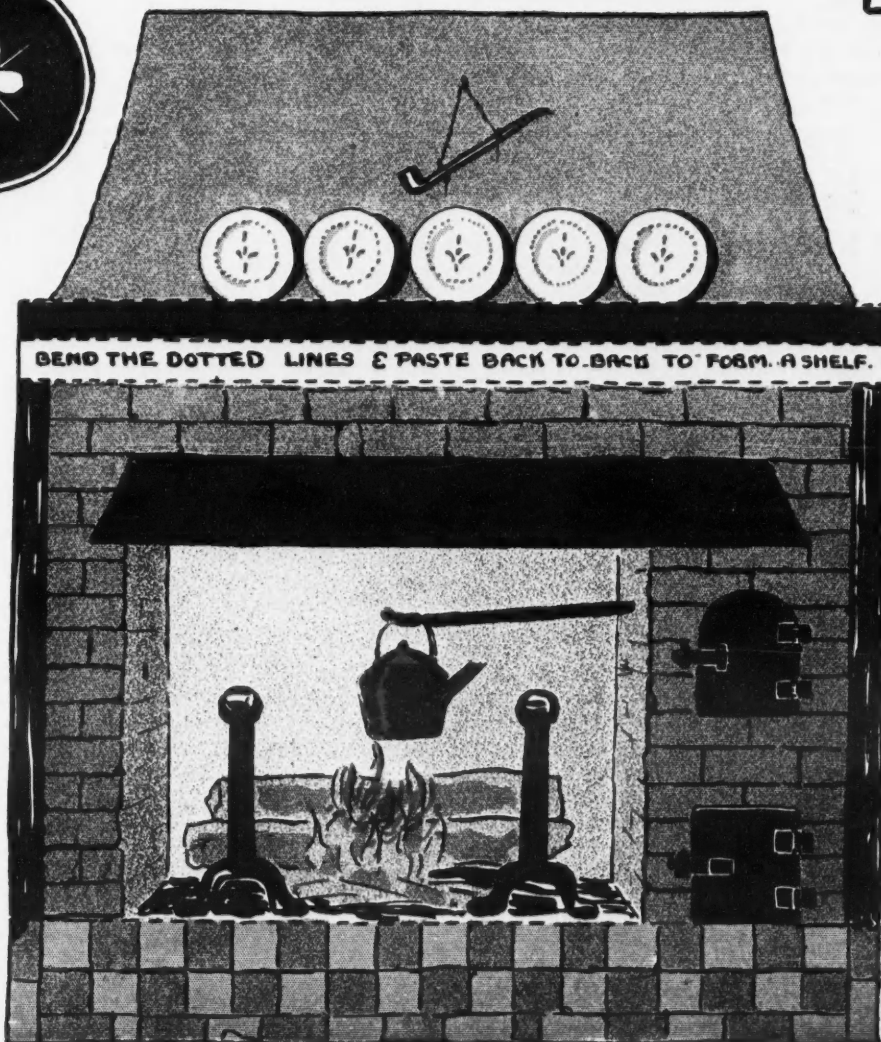
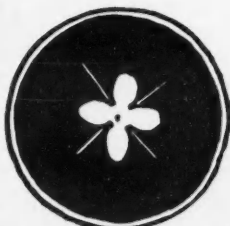
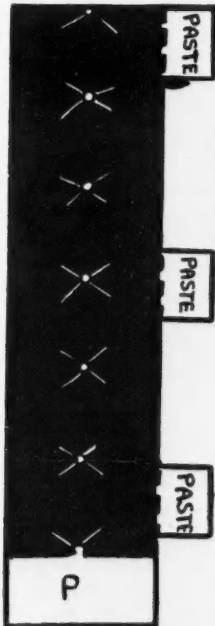
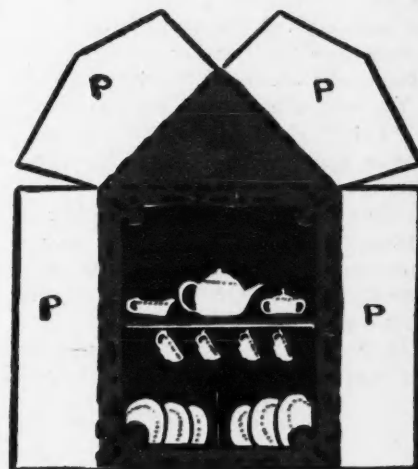


Paste the small picture shown above to the extreme left wall of room. Above at left is the table top. Find an empty spool; glue it in position on the floor of the box. Glue table top to the top of the spool. Be careful not to let it curl when gluing. Below at left is the window. Paste on the wall to left of the fireplace.

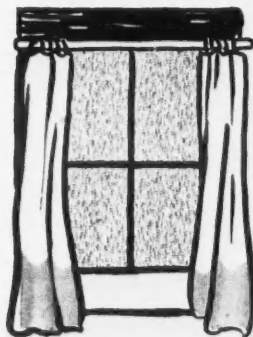
This is Olaf's father playing on his violin. At right above, is the bookshelf. Paste it in the upper left hand corner of the room.



Below at left are the sides and top of a round stool. Bend the long piece and paste the ends together to form a circle. Bend the tabs marked P and paste them to the under side of stool top. Immediately below. Bend all the dotted lines to form a fireplace with a tiled hearth and a projecting shelf. Paste the shelves back to back. Paste the hearth to the floor of the box. Paste the fireplace in centre-back of centre wall. If you like, you can cut around the two little iron doors in the wall so that they will open and shut. The hood also may be cut to project.



Above is the china cabinet. Paste it in the upper right hand corner of the room. Immediately above is the lamp shade. Bend it to form a cone and paste flap marked P to opposite edge. Select a small cork and standing the lamp shade on top, paste together. Paste the lamp stand and shade on centre of the round table.



Paste this small window to the extreme right of the room.



This is the beautiful old clock that Olaf's parents brought with them. Paste it on the wall to right of the fireplace.

This is how Olaf's house will look when you have made the cut-out.



by
JEAN
WYLIE

Full directions
on
page 55

THE HOUSE WHERE OLAF LIVES

THE pretty room pictured above does not look very much like the interior of a Canadian farmhouse does it? Can you guess why? Well I will tell you. It is because Olaf and his father and mother who live there, came from a land far across the seas to make a new home in our great country; and when they built their little house and the furniture in it, they tried to make it just as much like the home they had left behind them as they could.

Olaf's father is a splendid carpenter. He made the china cabinet and the cupboard below it, the bookshelf and table and stools. He also built the brick fireplace and put two iron doors in it for a baking oven. His wife says that the

only way to make really tasty bread is in a brick oven, and Olaf's mother is a wonderful cook.

Olaf is the little painter. He decorated with bright designs the three pretty cupboards his father made. He got the ideas for the designs from the flowers and leaves that grow in the fields.

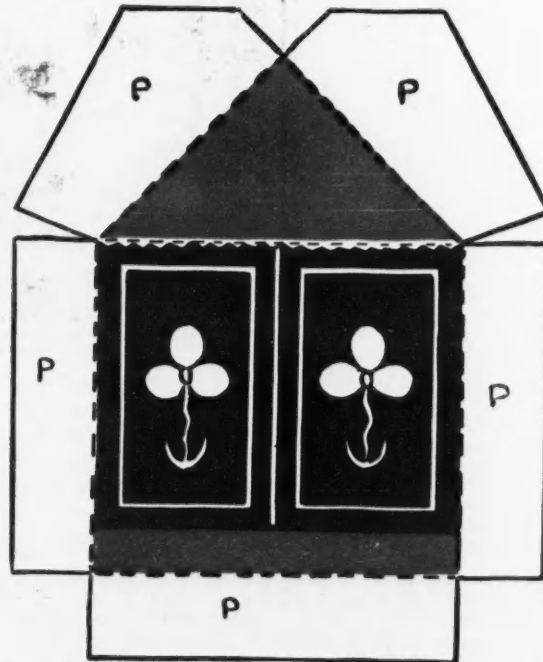
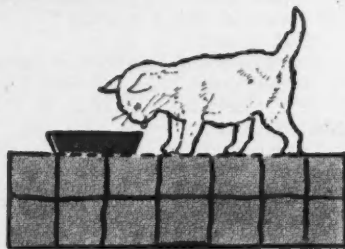
Do you see the beautiful rug on the floor? Olaf's mother made that herself many years ago, when Olaf was a little baby. She says there are as many stitches in it as stars in heaven. Olaf's father is a very clever man. Not only is he a good farmer and a carpenter, but he is also a musician. In the evening when the hard day's work is over and the supper

dishes have been washed, the happy little family gather around the big log fire. Then Olaf's father brings out his violin. While his wife knits, and his small son sits on a stool at his feet, he plays for them many of the beautiful folk songs of the land they left behind. Sometimes the songs are sad and bring tears to their eyes, and sometimes they are so full of merriment and laughter that Olaf and his mother jump up from their seats and dance merrily around and around the room.

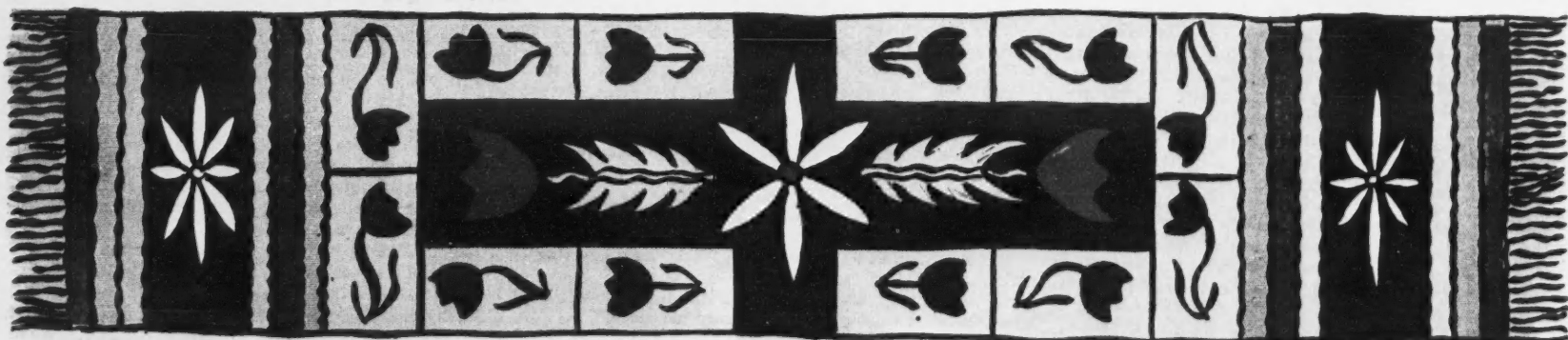
Olaf and his parents are very proud of their new home and are quite certain it must be the prettiest farm in Canada.



This is Olaf, his mother, and Mitzi the cat, sitting before the great log fire.



Bend all the dotted lines. Paste the tabs marked P to the wall and floor of the shoe box. This cupboard stands in the right hand corner of the room below the china cupboard.



This is the beautiful rug made by Olaf's mother. Paste it on the floor of the box.



Reproduced in *The Chatelaine*, August, 1930, by courtesy of
Province of Ontario Department of Education.

"The Tiff"—by Florence Carlyle

Shall We Accept the Challenge

That Faces the Women of Canada?

IF IN the magical way of the old fairy tale, some stranger were to come and offer us one of two gifts, health or education,, there's not a moment's doubt as to which gift we would choose. For every one of us realizes the importance of health; yet how many of us ever think much about it?

Every one of us would agree that it is the biggest factor in the life of the individual as well as of the nation; yet how many of us have ever bothered to do anything very definite to show our interest?

We are complacent about it; indifferent to the poison that eats to the heart of a nation's vitality. We are grown to full maturity here in Canada, and our responsibilities have grown with us. How long shall we take the well-being of our people for granted? Let anyone ask us about our health as a nation, and I wager we'd all answer, in effect, "Fine! Fine climate, and wonderful health standard!"

Yet read Henry Spencer's startling statements in "For a Healthy Canada" in this issue, and glimpse a little of the tremendous task facing the women of the Dominion.

Here are no sensational appeals for your morbid interest. Here are truths which most of us have never realized; statistics to shake us out of our complacency; health losses which are appalling in their utter waste.

Here is an article for women—for is not the health of a country in its women's keeping?



THE smug complacency which shuts its eyes to glaring wrongs is nearly always due to ignorance. In this matter of some health aspects of the Dominion, for instance, most of us have never been told. We do not know. Therefore we are not interested.

That is why we are publishing Mr. Spencer's article, so that you may know some of the situations we have to tackle. Obviously, we must understand the need before we can find a remedy.

But the publication of such an article is not enough. Not much use outlining a situation and then leaving it. Mr. Spencer, who has been working steadily for Canada's health interests in Parliament, among his suggestions for possible improvements lists "education of the public;" and his feeling is echoed everywhere. That is where your magazine can do a very definite work.

We are following this article of Mr. Spencer with a series on important health questions by Dr. J. W. S. McCullough, one of Canada's noted Provincial Medical Officers of Health. Since prevention is better than cure, Dr. McCullough, who is a well-known writer on health matters, will deal with such subjects as maternal mortality, tuberculosis, cancer, the health of the school child, and many others which we will announce later.

SUCH a programme of authoritative health articles by a well-known doctor, dealing with definite, practical aspects of health problems, is the way in which *The Chatelaine* can help in working toward better health conditions.

But, again, the publication of such articles is not enough. It is the definite interest of the women of the country in health matters which is going to win the battle. The forces of the civilized world are directed against the menace of ill-health and ignorance. Thirty-seven years ago voluntary sickness insurance institutions were introduced into Denmark, to be swiftly followed by similar organizations in Belgium, France, Finland, Italy, the Netherlands and other countries. In England 1913 saw the establishment of a compulsory national health insurance. The greatest scientific minds in the United States are concentrated on the nation's well being. The fact that the White House conference for child health and protection which will meet next November, is being supported by private funds, is an indication of the trend of public feeling across the line. Here in Canada we must shoulder the responsibility that it is our privilege as a people to bear. Wonderful work has already been done by our women's organizations, but so much more awaits the doing.

Make a place on your club programme this year for a sincere study of the health situation in your community as well as in the world at large. Get some authoritative papers from local doctors. Hear something of health statistics in your own town and compare them with other communities in Canada as well as other countries. But, to begin with, read Mr. Spencer's article. We'll think about it some more in the September issue.

THIS issue is of particular importance since it contains the prize-winning snapshots in our recent contest. It was a great success. The only sad part was in the returning of thousands of children's pictures which could not win a prize. I hope that mothers, who wonder why their beloved snapshots did not win a prize, will remember that many lost out because they did not comply with the adjective "interesting." Unfortunately, many charming photos were very ordinary in their pose, and were, therefore, sadly sent back. That "sadly" is no exaggeration either, for the judges realized the disappointment that accompanied every returned photo. However, the selection of fourteen winners from five thousand entries made the finest points of reproduction and atmosphere of great importance.

We are keeping hundreds of photos that can be successfully reproduced. These will be published during the coming months and paid for, on publication, at our space rates. I can promise all of you who love children and their naturalness, something to look forward to.

Soon we will have another contest. Remember to tuck away any snaps you take during these summer months.



LOOKING into the early fall months, I can give you glimpses of some really good articles and stories. The exciting serial, "The Cat's Paw," which begins in this issue, is one of the most interesting novels of the year, and will appear in book form after its appearance in *The Chatelaine*. We're certain you will find this a thrilling monthly adventure.

Miss Mary White, who will be remembered by many of you for her interesting article on the Women's Institutes, is writing an article on the planning of the club programme. As every club is faced with this job in the early autumn months, Miss White's article is going to be genuinely helpful.

To help the thousands of women who are making entries in the Fall Fairs this year, Miss Amy Ward, of British Columbia, who is a judge of the Women's Work at the Fall Fairs, will tell you how a judge awards the prizes, and on what basis the awards are made. Miss Ward has some suggestions and hints which every woman planning an exhibit this year should read. Here are inside tips that will help!

Since we are speaking of Fall Fairs, there'll be a special attraction for the children in Jean Wylie's cut-out of gaily colored side-shows. The September issue will contain the midway and circus in gay colors. The children will enjoy riding on the "merry-go-round," and then making one of their own at home.

By Mrs. Hope Sanders.



"Peace and contentment for women lie not in the possession of unearthly beauty, but in the day-to-day struggle against dirt in a million inconveniently planned homes."—F. E. Baily



Illustrated by
W. V. Chambers

"I Feel So Sorry for Beautiful Women"

by F. E. BAILY

THIS is a lament for the exceptional woman cursed with what Stephen Phillips called, "beauty lone and as a candle clear in this dark country of the world"—the woman so beautiful that when she enters a room people stop talking and everyone catches his breath. Every age has known such women; they are envied extensively by their own sex, and their beauty never does good to them or anyone else. Trouble dogs them from their earliest years; they inspire suicides, poems, murders, and divorces, and peace is unknown to them because they come not to bring peace but a sword. Sex instinct is stronger than any other, and beautiful women represent so many torches to set it alight.

From Cleopatra and Mary Queen of Scots to the toasts of the 18th century and the professional beauties of the Edwardian period, most lovely ladies have gone hurtling to their predestined doom—an early grave, social ostracism, exile, or oblivion in a Riviera pension. Whatever the doom, the reason for it remains the same. Hitherto every beautiful woman has limited her outlook to men and men alone, played sex for all it was worth, and put by none of the dividends brought in by the daily diminishing capital of her looks. Hence we have the spectacle of a one-time internationally famous cocotte peddling groundsel in her sixties to the occupants of tables in Montmartre cafés, and faded contemporaries who remained respectable, holding their pale court among retired colonels in foreign boarding-houses.

Most beautiful women begin by making a tolerably successful marriage, but in their case marriage seldom implies finality. They continue inevitably to be surrounded by temptation. Greater, richer, more attractive men than the original husband hover around, each suggesting, either openly or covertly, that the object of his desire would find

wider scope and keener appreciation with him than with her husband. Only a woman of iron will and very happily married can resist these temptations. If she fails to resist them she regrets it, since the penalties may be severe and in any case women make very poor sinners; and if she succeeds in resisting she regrets it also. The dream of what might have been, in most cases greatly exaggerated, comes between the beauty and her husband. Secretly she accuses him of having cheated her out of life, and no woman looks gratefully on a man for whom she feels she has made unheard-of sacrifices.

On the other hand, should she yield, either the husband shuts his eyes—in which case the new affair is brief because the phantom husband in the background soon exasperates the new lover—or else a divorce follows and a fresh marriage. It starts with rather less chance of success than the first because the bride's beauty has deteriorated ever so little, and in the eyes of her second husband she must always appear very slightly suspect. True, he married her because any decent man could do no less, but first she was his mistress. When the glamor wears off he may in a fit of irritation let some hint of this escape him.

In any event a beautiful woman usually puts all her eggs in one basket, and her life and career depend entirely on her looks. As soon as her beauty was born it began to die, and so she must do her best to make its death as lingering as possible. She must challenge every new rival and dispute that little patch of social limelight inch by inch with competitors younger than herself. She must struggle day and

night to be the most photographed, most flattered, most observed and best dressed. When finally beauty departs beyond recall, the mainspring of her life is broken, the one excuse for existence gone.

All this applies to such as continue on the right side of that line which separates those who remain what is called respectable from the rest. The beautiful woman who frankly gives herself to the wealthiest and most desirable lover has a still more difficult life. She retains her position purely at the whim of her admirer. There is nothing to prevent his walking out of the situation any fine morning, leaving her with a certain number of presents which fetch very little second-hand, and whatever he chooses to put down in cash as a parting gift. She is alone among the ruins, a victim of expensive tastes, to replace her wandering lover as best she may. She had better do it quickly and adequately, or the restaurant managers and West End tradespeople who hitherto have bowed so low before her will become a little cold. Imperceptibly as time goes on, the replacing of one man by another becomes slightly more difficult, and each is less wealthy and less attractive than the last. Not one woman of this type in a hundred either can or does save money in her heyday. What is she to do if the time comes when nobody wants her?

There are, I know, brilliant exceptions who always have a dozen wealthy men to choose from, but these possess far more than mere beauty. Their brains and charm alone would have brought them success in any business they might have cared to undertake. Accidentally being born beautiful, they chose to make men their career.

On the whole, beautiful women have proved deplorably improvident, partly because they feel [Continued on page 50]

"The Tiff"

by Florence Carlyle, A.R.C.A., O.S.A.

This splendid painting of Florence Carlyle's is considered by many to be her best work. It is handled with a charm and delicacy which distinguishes all her canvases.

Miss Carlyle was a Canadian, born at Galt, Ontario, in 1865. A great deal of her life was spent in Europe, where she studied at Paris, and exhibited at the Paris Salon, Royal Academy, and the Exhibition of the Royal British and Colonial Art Association. She was one of Canada's foremost women artists, and her work ranks with the best that Canada has produced.

THE CHATELAINE'S CONTEST

WINNERS IN THE
MOST HUMOROUS
CLASS



2. Second Prize



4



6



1. First Prize



3



5



7

1. Centre, *First Prize*—Entered by Mrs. C. G. Minns, Prince Rupert, B.C.

2. Top left, *Second Prize*—Entered by Mrs. W. E. Clarke, Sydney, N. S.

3. Top right, *Honorable Mention*—Entered by Mrs. W. E. Cathels, Port Renfrew, B.C.

4. Centre left, *Honorable Mention*—Entered by Miss Roslyn Millar, Outremont, Quebec.

5. Centre right, *Honorable Mention*—Entered by Mrs. Ralph B. Francis, Montreal, Quebec.

6. Lower left, *Honorable Mention*—Entered by Joy Leuty, Weston, Ontario.

7. Lower right, *Honorable Mention*—Entered by Mrs. Harold Lees, Hamilton, Ontario.

WINNERS IN THE
MOST INTERESTING
CLASS

PRIZE WINNERS IN SNAP-SHOT

1. Centre, First Prize—Entered by A. G. Lawrence, Winnipeg, Manitoba.
2. Top right, Second Prize—Entered by Mrs. A. G. Anderson, Montreal, Quebec.



3.

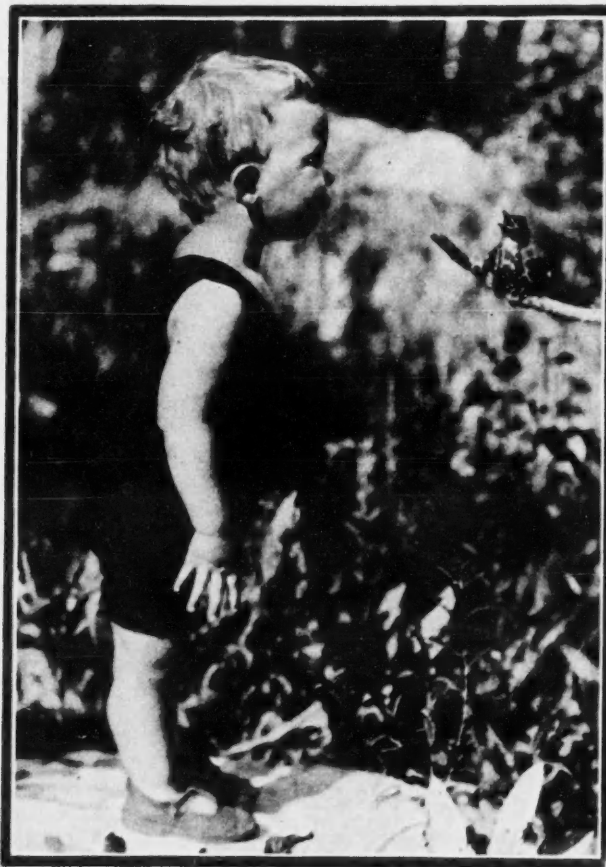


5.



7.

3. Top left, *Honorable Mention*—Entered by Mrs. D. G. Smith, Toronto, Ontario.
4. Centre right, *Honorable Mention*—Entered by R. W. Stevens, Kelowna, B.C.
5. Centre left, *Honorable Mention*—Entered by Mrs. C. P. Glass, St. Catharines, Ontario.
6. Lower right, *Honorable Mention*—Entered by A. Blackie, Edmonton, Alberta.
7. Lower left, *Honorable Mention*—Entered by Mrs. R. Gray, Copper Cliff, Ontario.



1. First Prize



2. Second Prize



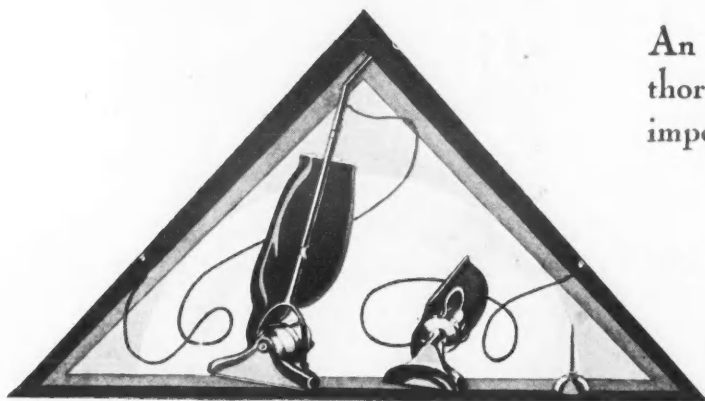
4.



6.

THE CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

By
EMMA GARY
WALLACE



An efficient cleaner, regularly and thoroughly used in the home, is an important aid in safeguarding health

Illustrated by Ruth Radford

Do You Give Your Cleaner a Square Deal?

THE broom served our grandmothers for many a year. In earlier times carpets, hangings and upholstered furniture were swept or brushed. Surface dirt was set flying into the air, which after it had settled, the dusting was done, and then the exposed, handy-to-get-at surfaces were wiped with a dusting cloth. It took time and work to keep shaking the duster and to wash it after each use, so that it might be clean for further service.

Sweeping is hard work and sends dust practically into every nook and cranny, there to collect and become a breeding ground for dangerous germs. Moreover, sweeping and brushing are hard on fabrics. If you doubt it, take a piece of fine silk or satin or silk embroidery work and brush vigorously with a whisk broom. Notice how you have injured and torn the fine threads. Repeated brushings will soon destroy the beauty of the article.

Carpet sweepers came as a godsend to the harried housewife and served admirably as a sort of between-time treatment to remove surface dust and easy-to-pick-up litter between the grand sweeping upheavals which were usually of necessity but a week apart.

But having entered the age of machinery, the ingenious minds of practical inventors refused to be satisfied. The idea was held that dust could be sucked out of corners and fabrics, and so a suction cleaner came into existence. This suction cleaner was at first hand-driven, the suction being gained by the intake of a bellows-like device, and housewives everywhere were glad of something more efficient than the straight carpet sweeper.

Soon, the greater advantage of an electrically-driven suction machine was apparent, and there was no denying that its efficiency was much greater. The principle of suction cleaning was widely studied, both in relation to high priced, permanently installed sweepers intended to serve large stores, hotels and institutions, and smaller, more modestly priced ones intended for the home.

The next step was to combine the carpet-sweeper principle with that of the suction cleaner, and to use both principles of sweeping and pulling the dust into a bag especially situated and planned for the purpose.

The cleaners with brushes were not all of the same type. Some of the brushes revolved on the plan of the carpet sweeper brush, while others were motor-driven. It was soon obvious, however, that where the nozzle pressed the carpet against the hard, rigid floor, there was considerable resistance to the suction, and that while surface dust was efficiently removed, the deeply embedded grit, which is the substance that actually does damage to the fabric, remained at the roots, as it were, of the carpet threads and pile.

So men scientifically trained came to the decision that the ideal cleaner would be one which would have suction enough to lift the carpet from the floor, and to agitate the surface sufficiently to loosen the embedded dust and dirt for the suction to pull into the bag.

Nor was this all, for the examination of many carpets and upholstered fabrics revealed still another condition: that everyday use tended to press down and mat together the pile or threads of the fabric.

Take, for example, a carpet of the velvet or Brussels type, or an upholstered fabric of plush, velours, jacquard, or woven material. At first, the threads which build up the surface have a fresh and rich appearance, but after a period of use, the fibres are bent over and matted down, and small recesses or pockets are formed into which the dust settles and remains, giving the piece of furnishing in question a dull, shabby, and even worn appearance. In a little while, it is more than mere "appearance," for dust, and especially road dust, made up of grit brought in from the street, is nothing more or less than tiny sharp-edged particles of stone or harsh materials, and these soon cut out the fabric in which they lodge—especially if the fabric is walked on, leaned against, or brushed in the ordinary way.

It is this deeply lodged, harsh and destructive grit that is responsible for the damage which runs into millions of dollars every year in this country. It causes our furnishings to grow old before their time, and calls for replacements which would not otherwise be necessary; to say nothing of the hard work of trying to keep a home sanitary according to the modern standards of healthful home living.

Then every housewife knows that there is another kind of dirt—hairs, threads, bits of litter, scraps of paper, wisps of batting, and so forth, which are very difficult to remove even with a broom. An efficient sweeper will remove these thoroughly and without difficulty.

We may not realize it, but a great deal of surface dust lodges and settles upon our furnishings. We can see these floating specks and tiny filaments in the air on a sunshiny day.

A COUPLE of velours curtains edged with an expensive silk cord were recently given a thorough cleaning; at least the housewife called it thorough. They were hung on a line and patted with a fly swatter covered with velvet to avoid injury or tearing of the cord.

Then the curtains were turned and the gentle beating continued. The draperies were allowed to hang in a current of air. They were much improved in appearance, only there was a tendency for the pile to be depressed where the clothes line had supported the curtains, and for the beating marks to show here and there.

As a test as to whether or not they were clean, a dusting tool was employed which combined the brush and suction method. A piece of white cloth as a sort of filter was spread across the whole length of the tool where two joints came together. The purpose of this was to strain out the larger dust and loose filaments, not permitting them to go into the bag, but to remain on the piece of cheesecloth—the filter—that they might be examined.

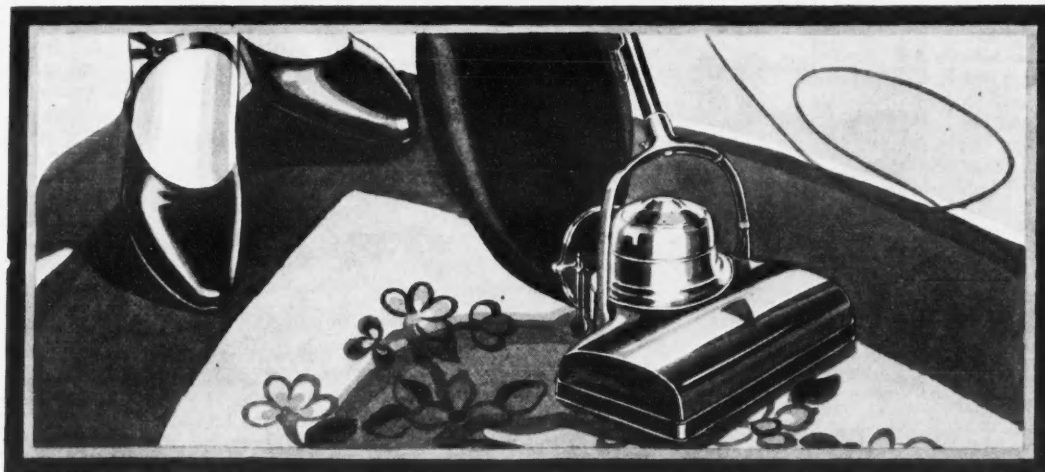
To the astonishment of the housewife, in a very few passes of the brush and nozzle over one strip from top to bottom of the draperies, the fine, threadlike filaments were pulled out and lodged upon the cheesecloth, and a shocking depth of dust resulted—a depth of almost half an inch.

She admitted that the draperies had been in use a number of years and had always been given the cleaning treatment which they had just received, and she could not refrain from exclaiming impulsively: "I suppose disease germs of every known tribe and family are clinging to those portières ready to shake down on us upon the slightest provocation! And just see how much fresher, newer, and more velvety that strip of the portière just cleaned appears than any of the rest of it!"

The sources of dust are various. Not only are there soil germs and flying dust particles in the air, but also fuzz and lint from clothing, bedding, mattresses, carpets, upholstery, and anything else which gives off a portion of its surface in the natural course of events. Dogs, cats and other pets are likely to shed hairs, dandruff or whatever may cling to fur or feathers.

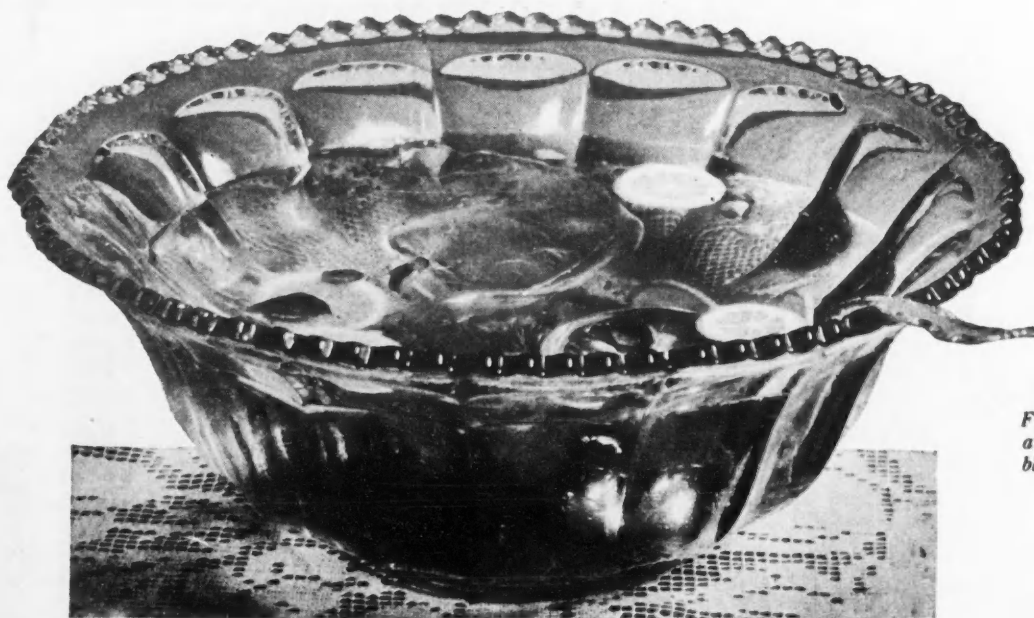
Close a room up entirely, bar the windows, draw the curtains and blinds, and stuff the keyhole. At the end of a week or month go into that room on a bright, sunny morning, roll up the shades, and you will find a film of dust over everything. It has settled from the air, and the vibration of the building caused by passing vehicles keeps up a more or less constant agitation which causes the dust to settle. We wipe off what we can see, but most of it remains.

The sources of dust are always with us, and so the health menace is constant unless we have a definite system of removal. To be sure, [Continued on page 55]



THE CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

Putting "Punch" in the Summer Menu



Fruit juices are best made from a combination of juices cleverly blended to produce a mellow yet zestful flavor.



Home-made beverages reach heights of unparalleled deliciousness when they have been wisely blended and thoroughly chilled

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

Director of The Chatelaine Institute

TALL glasses full of cool deliciousness! Don't they bring enjoyment on a sultry day? Don't they add delightful color to the midsummer meal?

Fresh fruit drinks are singularly refreshing. They are at their best when well chilled, and their sparkling tangy flavor makes them welcome when the summer sun is high. On a warm afternoon, the tinkle of ice cubes which heralds their appearance is music to the ears of the thirsty guest. They are equally appropriate at the luncheon or evening meal, and a frosty beverage with a few cookies is just the thing for the light refreshment of a summer evening.

The housekeeper may give free rein to her imagination in concocting a drink which is both novel and interesting. If she is of an ingenious turn of mind, she may evolve delicious combinations of her own.

There are, of course, the old favorites—lemonade, orangeade, ginger ale and grape juice. But there are others which have more recently gained favor because of their colorful beauty and delicate flavor. Others supply richness and nourishment and make a substantial addition to the light summer meal.

Serve very cold. This is the first essential to success, for otherwise much of the appetizing appeal is lost. Chilling may be accomplished by placing ice cubes or cracked ice in the pitcher or glass. The mixture should be made somewhat stronger than required to allow for dilution by the melting ice. The prepared beverage may, instead, be allowed to stand in the refrigerator until thoroughly cooled, and if this plan is followed it should be made the desired strength. Iced tea and coffee, which are always popular, are delicious when made of double strength and poured while hot over the prepared ice. Serve them with a round of lemon to garnish and add a distinctive flavor. They may be sweetened as desired, but are often preferred without sugar. Postum is quickly made and is delicious when served with ice.

Fruit beverages are best made from a combination of juices cleverly blended to produce a mellow yet zestful flavor. They are sometimes given extra sparkle by the addition of soda water or ginger ale. This should, however, be added at the last, as they lose their "zip" on standing.

It is advisable to shake the mixture vigorously in order that the various ingredients may become thoroughly mixed and blended. Cider is the basis of many fruit drinks, and tea is often used in combination with a variety of fresh juices. Tea is usually one of the more economical ingredients, and is very useful in making a punch for a large number. Lime juice is a good addition; the fresh limes may be used, or a small quantity of the bottled lime juice. Ginger beer, too, combines well with fruit mixtures.

A little lemon juice or rind improves most fruit beverages, and sometimes a very little salt helps to accentuate the fruit flavor. Spices, when used very sparingly, are liked by

coloring the ice cubes, which float gaily, or by molding in them a small cherry, a seeded grape, or a small cube or slice of fruit. A sprig of mint will add flavor and fragrance. These will remain in the centre if placed there when the water is partly frozen. For coloring the cubes use a few drops of fruit coloring, such as cochineal. Fruit syrup is sometimes diluted and frozen into cubes for use in punch.

It is well to keep on hand various supplies—bottled fruit juices, ginger ale, and sundry syrups. Such staples as cocoa, powdered and evaporated milk are also convenient. The syrups may be the juice from canned fruit, or the fresh fruit juices combined with sugar. Sugar syrup is handy and more satisfactory than granulated sugar to use with the cold liquid. Boil together for five minutes, one cupful of sugar and one half cupful of water. It may be bottled and stored in the refrigerator until required. Do not, however, make the mistake of oversweetening your drinks, as they are more refreshing when they possess a pleasant tartness. Orange, grapefruit and rhubarb have a characteristic tang that is refreshing and appetizing. Raspberry vinegar is familiar and well liked. It is made from the juice of well ripened berries, to which vinegar and sugar are added. It keeps well and can be diluted with water, or used as part of many delicious fruitades. Fruits have important dietary functions, and beverages made from fruit juice aid in meeting our need for the minerals and vitamins they contain.

Nourishing beverages have an important place in the diet at all seasons. These usually include milk, and eggs are often added to give richness. Fresh milk, evaporated milk or powdered milk are suitable, and the addition of fruit, ginger ale and many other flavors lends variety. Soda water is sometimes used and gives a delightful piquancy. If you enjoy hot cocoa, you will like it equally well when served very cold. It is popular with adults and children and supplies valuable food elements in

an attractive form. All milk drinks are more appealing when thoroughly chilled, but it is better to omit ice from the mixture as the dilution detracts from the richness and flavor.

If you would enhance your popu- [Continued on page 54]



Cider is the basis of many fruit drinks, and tea is often used in combination with fresh juices.

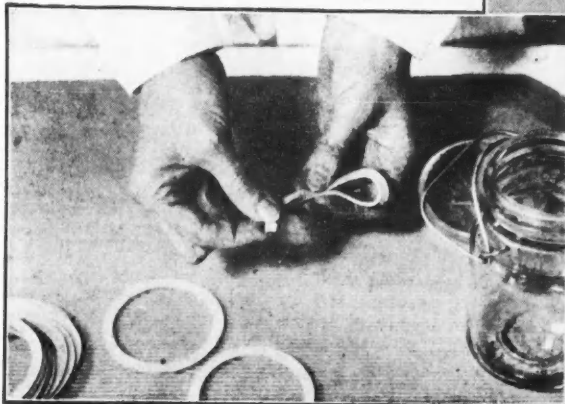
many. Small pieces of fruit, cut in cubes or slices, are permissible for their decorative effect, but only a small quantity should be used. Further decoration is often achieved by

THE CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

Summer Fruits for Winter Use

Tested and Approved by
SERIAL NO. 00
The Chatelaine Institute
MAINTAINED BY
The Chatelaine Magazine

Test each rubber
before using.



When blanching
and cold dipping,
a piece of
cheesecloth is
convenient for
holding the fruit.

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

Director of The Chatelaine Institute.

GRANDMOTHER'S pantry shelves bore evidence of her energy and forethought. Proudly, she would point to row upon row of luscious preserves, with the gratifying knowledge that she had "done up" enough for the months when fresh fruit was scarce, if not altogether unavailable. For every thrifty housewife takes pride in a well-stocked larder, and there are few indeed who do not find satisfaction in preserving a supply of fresh garden products when available.

The practice is a commendable one, both from an economical and a dietary point of view, for the minerals and vitamins which fruit contains are essential at all seasons. Commercially canned products of excellent quality and flavor are available to the housekeeper with limited space, but those who have storage facilities will wish to can a variety of fruits and vegetables so abundant in the late summer and fall.

Successful home canning depends upon the selection of fruit of good quality, proper and adequate equipment, and careful attention to details of processing. Heat is employed to destroy all microscopic life, and suitable temperature for a sufficient length of time is necessary to accomplish this object. The time will depend upon the variety of fruit or vegetable.

Canning equipment need not be costly. A deep kettle is used for jam, marmalade, and fruit preserved by the open kettle method. A hot water bath canner, which is used when canning by the cold pack method, may be some large vessel, such as a clean wash boiler, fitted with a wire or slatted wooden rack to prevent the jars touching the bottom of the pan, yet allowing the water to surround the jars. Handles fitted to the rack are convenient for lifting it out of the water to remove the hot jars. Several types of steam cookers are available and can be utilized for canning fruit. This has a compartment for boiling water, from which steam circulates around the jars placed on shelves in the cooker. More time is necessary for sterilization of the fruit by this method, as the temperature within the cooker will not be so high.

A steam pressure cooker is very efficient. It is strongly constructed and has a tightly fitting lid which can be securely fastened, allowing the steam to be held under pressure. It is equipped with a steam gauge and a thermometer to register the amount of pressure and the temperature. It has also a safety valve and a pet cock. The time of processing is

Successful home canning depends upon the selection of fruit of good quality proper and adequate equipment and careful processing.

reduced in this method as the temperature within the pressure cooker reaches above boiling point. This equipment is especially adapted for canning vegetables and meat. Directions which come with the cooker should be precisely followed.

Fruits are sometimes canned by placing the filled jars in a heated oven. They may be set in a pan containing one

inch of warm water and should be arranged about two inches apart to prevent breakage.

Certain utensils are of course essential, regardless of the product or the method used; knives of stainless steel or silver, a long-handled spoon, a funnel and ladle, measuring cups or scales. Containers for the finished products are required, and reliable rubber rings are needed to effectively seal the jars. Glass containers are more satisfactory, and can be secured in several sizes. They should be of good quality and construction, with smooth rims and well-fitting covers to allow a perfect seal. Various types of different styles and shapes are on the market.

In selecting the jars, keep in mind the number in your household. The pint size is often advisable for a small family; the risk of spoilage is lessened as there is a tendency to tire of the fruit if it must be served repeatedly, so as to use up the quantity in a large container. It is wise to test the jars before using them. Fill each jar with water, adjust the rubber ring, fasten the cover, and invert the jar to ascertain whether or not there is any leakage.

Imperfect or inferior rubber rings should never be used. It is economy to purchase a fresh supply each year, and to make sure they are of good quality, soft and elastic enough to spring back to normal shape and size when stretched slightly or bent double. Each rubber should be tested in this way before using, as the proper sealing of the jar depends largely upon perfect rubber.

The open kettle and the cold pack methods are most frequently followed for fruit, as satisfactory results can be obtained and no special apparatus is necessary.

Open Kettle Method

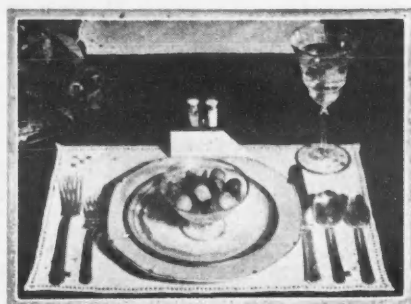
By this method the fruit and syrup are cooked together in a large, open vessel, poured at once into sterilized jars and sealed immediately. Results are usually less desirable; there is more danger of insufficient sterilization, and the texture, color and flavor of the fruit are often impaired. The process can, however, be used for many fruits but is unsuitable for vegetables. Thorough sterilization of the jar, covers and rubbers is essential and care must be taken that the fruit does not scorch while cooking.

[Continued on page 38]

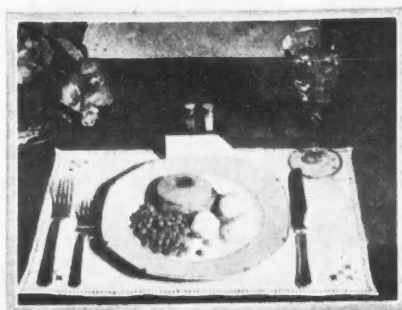


A wire rack which fits the boiler holds the jars and prevents them from touching the bottom.

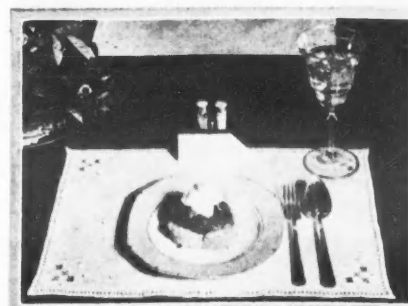
THE CHATELAINE INSTITUTE



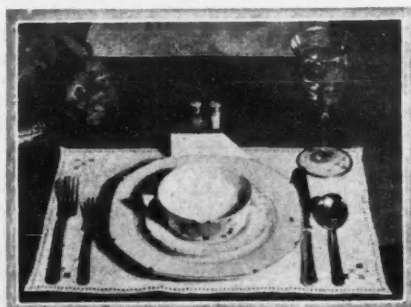
The first course—a glass compote and plate are used for the melon balls. Below, the soup in a bouillon cup, on the service plate.



The main course of meat and vegetables. Below, the salad is served.



The fork and spoon are set in place when the dessert is served. Below, the finger bowl is one third full of tepid water.



We Entertain at Luncheon

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

Director of the Chatelaine Institute



THE glory of this house is hospitality." Believing in this old motto *The Chatelaine* Institute Staff was hostess at an informal luncheon to celebrate the opening of the Institute dining room.

French Provincial in character and treatment, this room is an interesting background for gracious entertaining. Deep cream walls with a hint of gold and clever flecks of yellow catch and reflect the sunlight which pours in from a westerly exposure. Polished gumwood doors, and window trim is soft and rich, and the floor covering in black and white blocks gives smartness and distinction. Glass curtains of coarse net and overcurtains of green linen appliquéd in quaint design are a fitting frame for the spacious windows overlooking a wide green lawn.

Furniture of Canadian maple tones beautifully with the woodwork. Remindful of early days in Canada, the design suggests comfort and lightness. A Welsh dresser provides space for gleaming glassware and china and has the padded drawer so excellent for keeping silver. The serving table of convenient height, with deep, roomy drawer, facilitates the service of a meal. Ladder-backed chairs with beautifully shaded rush-bottom seats and a refectory table are in keeping with the early Canadian period.

A hostess can pay her guests no greater compliment than by means of a well arranged luncheon with delicious food and perfect service. Simplicity is a virtue in modern entertaining. No longer do we provide long, ponderous meals to tax the patience and the digestion of those whose days are full of social or business activities. Instead, we strive for the lighter touch—the atmosphere of cheer, delicious food made interesting by the subtle blending of flavor but suitable in quantity and correctly served with alert and thoughtful consideration.

The hostess can be poised and serene only if she has given attention to every detail and has carefully organized her work to avoid last minute hurry and fluster. In planning her menu, she should give consideration to the cost, the help available,

the type of service, the number of guests, and the season of the year. If there are maids or younger members of the family who will aid in the preparation of the food and act as waitresses, an elaborate meal may be served with comparative ease. But if the hostess is to undertake these duties alone, it is wiser to decide upon a menu which she can manage without undue fatigue. Your guests will prefer simple fare and a vivacious and cordial hostess to the most delectable dishes in an atmosphere of strain and uncertainty, and a consciousness that their entertainment has been a burden.

Several points should be kept in mind to achieve a successful combination. Palatability, appearance, texture and flavor are all important. Avoid repetition. For instance, if you are serving a strawberry cup, do not use the same fruit for dessert. Or, if a jellied meat is the main course, do not follow it by a jellied salad. See that the flavors of foods used in the same course harmonize, but dietetic principles should not be overlooked either in the regular meal for the family or the "company" luncheon. Do not underestimate the value of surprise, and remember that a touch of novelty in the combination adds interest to the meal. Choose, if possible, foods which are seasonable;

they are more economical and usually more appetizing.

It is well to plan a color scheme and to have the foods as much as possible carry out the tones of the decoration. At *The Chatelaine* luncheon, pink and yellow flowers with their cool, green leaves, made a gay, summery centerpiece for the table. Cantaloupe and melon balls with a tiny sprig of mint provided the same colors, and further emphasis to these shades was given by the other courses.

When the menu is settled, the next step is the preparation of the market order. Review each dish and list the ingredients required, estimating the quantity according to the number of guests. Check over your supply of staples and mark those which need replenishing. Arrange for the delivery of all supplies in plenty of time to avoid anxiety and mental disturbance. The order of work is important. Plan to prepare as much as possible the day previous to the luncheon. Vegetables may be sorted and washed, jellies made, stock prepared, and many other little tasks incidental to the preparation of a meal, performed. Forethought in this connection simplifies and systematizes your work, and results in confidence and peace of mind.

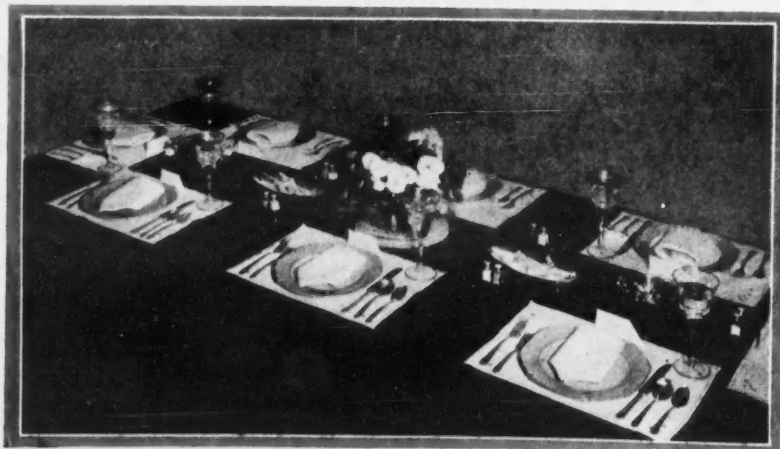
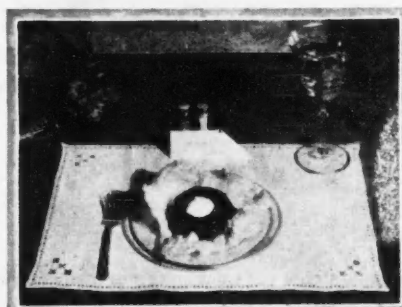
It is wise to look over the required table linen, which should be laundered if necessary and all creases smoothed. For luncheon, place doilies and a centerpiece on the bare polished table are correct. The doilies may be of linen or lace and are round, square or oblong. Make sure also that all necessary glass and silver are polished and shining, and ready for use. The dining room and drawing-room should be attended to, and arrangements made for the guests to place their wraps.

Details which add to the comfort and enjoyment of your guests are worth your consideration. Attention to them will enhance your reputation as a hostess and will make your entertainment a pleasant memory.

The menu for a luncheon served by *The Chatelaine* Institute staff is given. A recipe for green lettuce mold was published in the May issue, and frozen strawberries in the July issue of *The Chatelaine*. For baked ham with pineapple slices, have the ham cut in three-quarter-inch slices. Place them in a baking dish, surround with the pineapple juice and lay slices of pineapple on the top. Cover and bake in a moderate oven until the ham is tender, uncovering for the last half hour of baking.

Details of service and a plan of preparation are outlined to assist housekeepers with a similar social activity.

Service plates, which are slightly larger than dinner plates, are on the table when luncheon is announced. The napkin may be folded as illustrated and placed on the service plate. When the guests are seated, the fruit cup is placed on the service plate from the left. Only two servings are brought in at one time, one placed on the serving table and the hostess [Continued on page 38]



The refectory table set for eight shows correct service required for each of the plates.

Wee curly-head boasts the only two teeth on the page.—Entered by Margaret Phillips, Windsor, Ontario.



"Why weep ye by the tide, lady?"—Entered by Mrs. Harry Dodds, Ottawa, Ont.

The little rogue below was caught in the act of scaling the bathtub walls.—Entered by Mrs. W. J. Patterson, Vancouver, B.C.



"Come on in, the water's fine."—Entered by Mrs. Constance M. Bonner, Vancouver Island, B.C.



"How about some more hot water?"—Entered by Mrs. Joughin, Estevan, Saskatchewan.

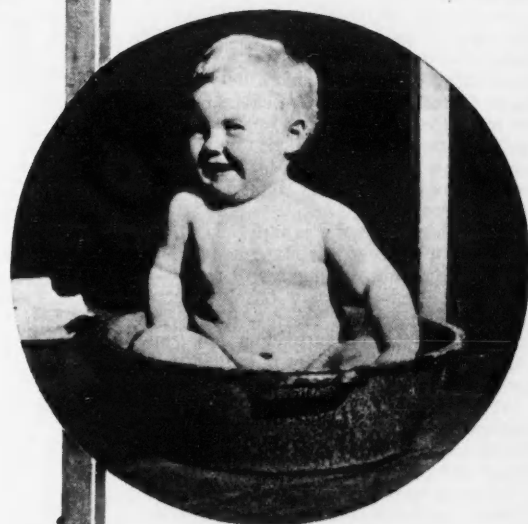


A winsome lass who finds life a solemn affair.—Entered by Mrs. Patterson, Vancouver, B.C.

The Order of the Bath

Here are just a few of the hundreds of bathtub babies who almost got a prize. To reject them caused The Chatelaine staff so much heart-break that they decided to publish a page of "bathing babies"—simply to show readers how hard a task confronted the judges.

We wish that we could have included all the little adorables snapped in various stages of their ablutions, but unfortunately space will not allow it. However, we shall be publishing other snapshots in future issues. Perhaps your baby will make his bow next month.



Pleased with the world and all that's in it.—Entered by Mrs. A. Griffiths, Winnipeg, Man.



"That was a good one!"—Entered by Mrs. Glum King, Esterhazy, Sask.



"Sitting in a bathtub."—Entered by Mrs. A. G. Anderson, Montreal, Que.



"Avast there, matey!"—Entered by Mrs. R. H. H. Dorrett, Blackie, Alberta.



"Now regarding this soap question—"—Entered by Mrs. A. B. Rutherford, Kenton, Manitoba.



"The top of the morning to you!"—Entered by Mrs. John W. MacLeod, New Glasgow, N.S.

THE CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

The Home Bureau

A page to solve our readers' interior decoration problems

Conducted by ANNE ELIZABETH WILSON

Illustrated by A. V. Potter

I FIND your department most interesting and shall be delighted to receive any suggestions you may offer on my particular problem, which I think will be different from most submitted.

For the next few months I shall be living in a white tent, size fourteen by seventeen feet with fly, an extension of five feet across the front. There will be no windows, one door, double floor, and three-foot side-walls outside the canvas. There will be a wooden sink, a three-burner oil stove for cooking, a stove for heating, kitchen cupboard and shelves. A double bed and small bed for a child four years old, dining table, dressing table, folding card table, folding screen in three sections, sewing rocker and several other chairs comprise the furniture. The tables, floor, cupboard and shelves are made of dressed lumber. I want to put as little expense as possible on the place, which, of course, is temporary.

How shall I finish the floor so that it will be easy to keep clean? I can't afford linoleum, and laundry must be kept at a minimum as water will have to be carried some distance. Please suggest material and colors for bed coverings, tables, screen, etc., also curtain to separate beds from remainder of tent. The strong light which is hard on the eyes even when a fly is used, must be considered when choosing colors.

My husband is a civil engineer engaged in railroad construction work. Consequently, most of our time is spent in out-of-the-way places in log cabins or tents. But I don't want my little girl to grow up in too bare surroundings with no conception of color harmony.

YOURS is certainly an unusual and most interesting problem, and one which gives me a great deal of pleasure to try to work out with you. I have given it a good deal of thought and have come to the conclusion that the most serviceable and at once the most restful color you could select for a main background is green. I should paint the floor a dark cool green and varnish it thoroughly. Over this use a few pretty little rag rugs. For the big "separating" curtain use a dark green denim, which can be made to look quite passable with a good heading at top and a border of cretonne applied a little above the bottom. For the beds, get my old reliable friend that I have recommended to so many housewives, candlewick spreads. These can be procured in all colors, but for you I should suggest apple green. They do not require ironing, having been, before they were dyed, unbleached cotton. They do not show dirt even in the lighter colors, I find, and all in all require less laundering than any type of bedspread I know. I am sending you privately the name of the shop where they may be obtained. Order a single bed size for the little girl, and the large size for your own bed, which I presume is

double. They are most reasonable in regard to the cost.

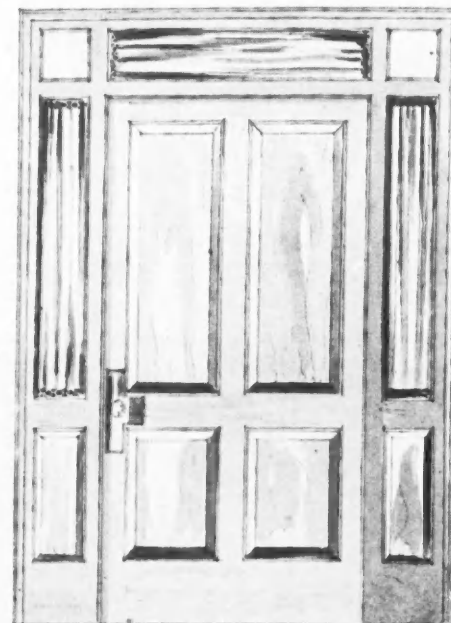
For the screen and for cushions for the odd chairs, get a good hearty cretonne with all the color in it you can stand. No matter how sunny it is, I can guarantee that you will welcome this spot of motley in the scheme.

Do you want to paint the chairs and other wooden pieces? If so, why not do them in rich ivory and green? By that I mean green trimming on ivory for the background pieces, and the chairs themselves solid apple. With your desire to have things attractive, I know that your little girl can only benefit by the interesting life she will have. But how wise you are to wish to give her an early memory of pleasing surroundings, however primitive.

Cretonne Lamp Shades

I ENJOY reading *The Home Bureau* every month and find many helpful suggestions. I wonder if you could tell me how the new chintz-cretonne-lamp shades are made. I was recently invited to a home where I noticed several of them. The frame appeared to be covered with tightly stretched cretonne which looked as though it had been given a coat of varnish.

My dining room faces east and west, and is not very



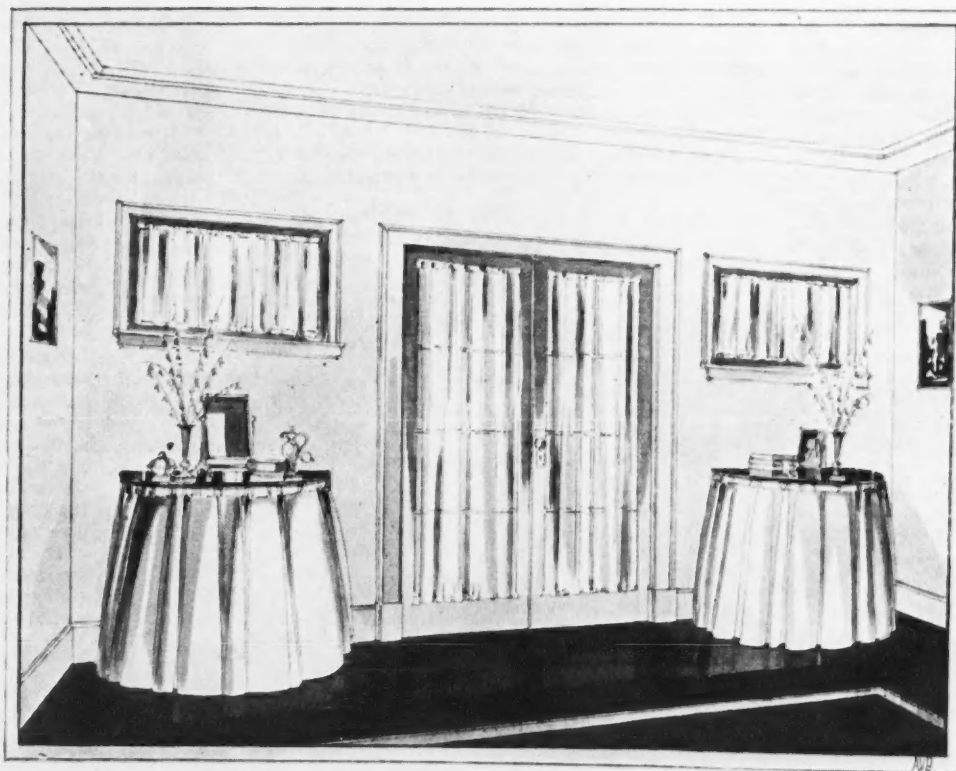
A peculiar curtain problem—small panes around a hall door. Wide meshed net could be used to advantage here.

leather seats on the chairs. I want to make a lamp shade for the fixture, but cannot seem to decide what colors would look best. I had thought of using golden yellow silk for the lining, but did not know what color georgette to use over that.

THE chintz or cretonne lampshades which you saw, I think, were of what is called "glazed" chintz. This is procurable at most big department stores, but in case you cannot procure it in your city or near by, I will send your the name of a shop where I know it can be purchased. The most successful treatment for this material is pleating. Measure the width of the frame to be covered and allow half an inch over for each turn-in over the edges. Baste down a quarter of an inch at each end and begin with the top of frame, measuring and making pleats as you sew on. Stretch to bottom of frame and do each pleat at a time. You will be amazed to see how easily the pleats stretch into shape. Run the thumb nail down each one as it forms, before sewing to frame at the bottom. You will require about one and a third times the circumference of the frame. Finish top and bottom with cord or plain braid in contrasting or predominating color.

There are, of course, chintz paper lamp shades to be purchased ready-made and pleated. They are inexpensive and quite serviceable. You can get them at the same shops where you purchase the glazed chintz.

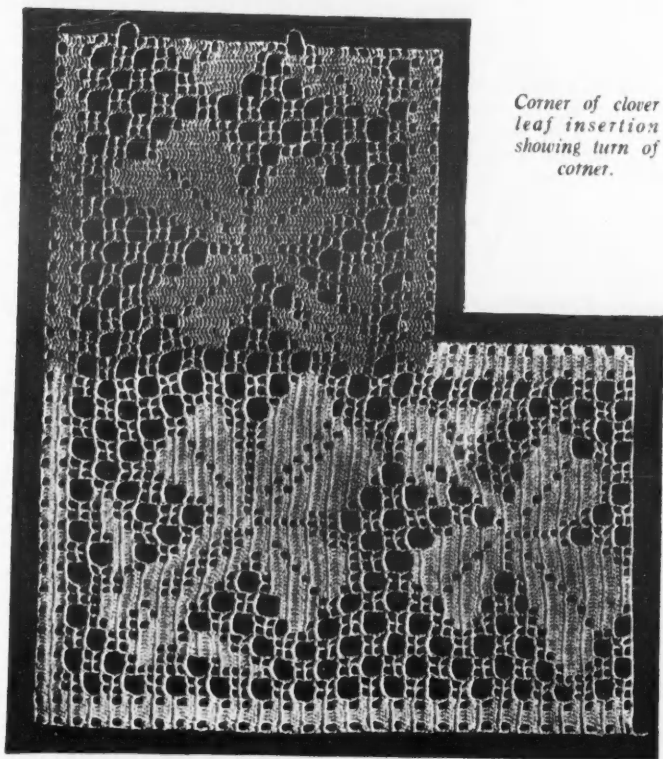
The dining room light you are thinking of would, I believe, be most satisfactory in some neutral shade like beige. You see you have two powerful colors in the room, red and blue. If you introduce yellow you will perhaps be laying yourself open to a rather garish effect. The best thing to do is to follow the lead of the tan in the wall paper. This will be good friends with everything in the room, and by the same token a congenial thing for the room's inhabitants. The splash of colour which is meant to add distinction to a room, very often results in discord. It is wise, where several colors are involved, to repeat one of them in your accessories. [Continued on page 57]



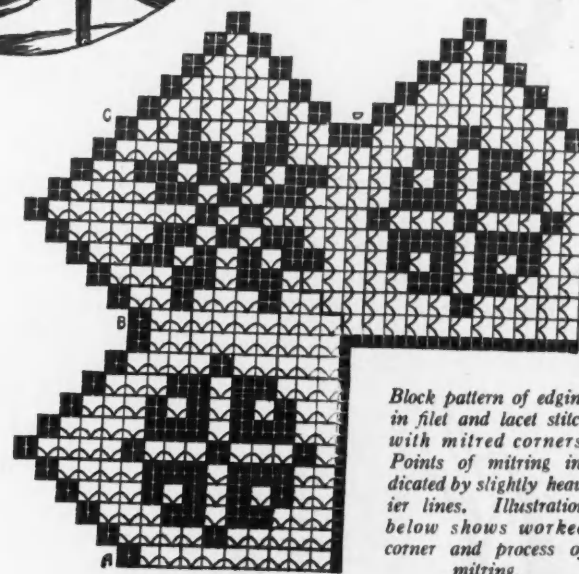
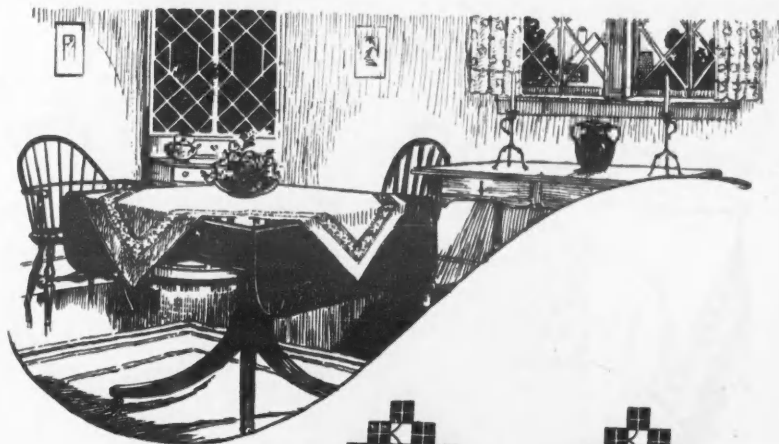
Twin tables beneath a pair of high windows flanking French doors. One serves as a dressing table and the other as an incidental place for photographs, books or flowers. Cretonne petticoats match the window curtains.

bright, as there is a verandah on the west side and it has only one centre lighting fixture. The walls are papered in a deep ivory paper with a conventional design of tan and touches of red. The furniture is two-tone walnut with blue

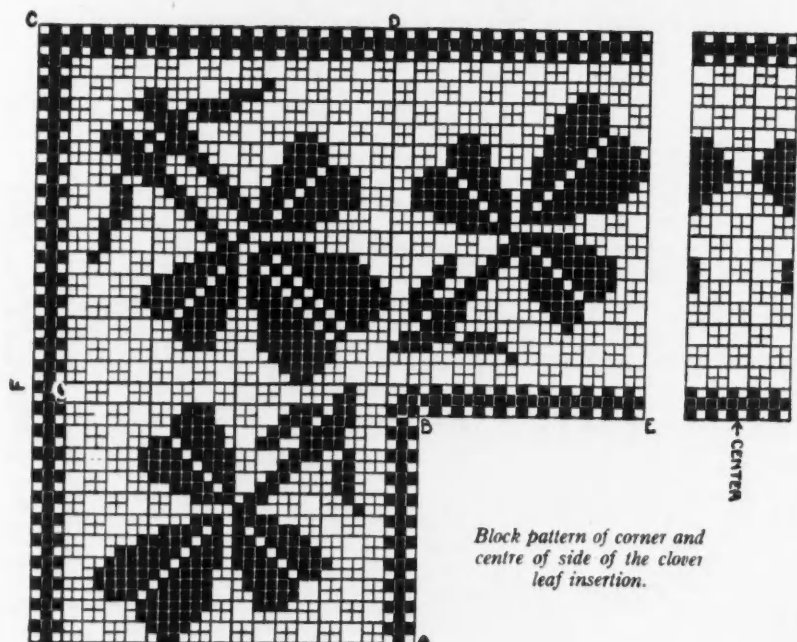
for the room's inhabitants. The splash of colour which is meant to add distinction to a room, very often results in discord. It is wise, where several colors are involved, to repeat one of them in your accessories. [Continued on page 57]



Corner of clover
leaf insertion
showing turn of
corner.



Block pattern of edging
in filet and lacet stitch
with mitred corners.
Points of mitring in-
dicated by slightly heav-
ier lines. Illustration
below shows worked
corner and process of
mitring.



Block pattern of corner and
centre of side of the clover
leaf insertion.

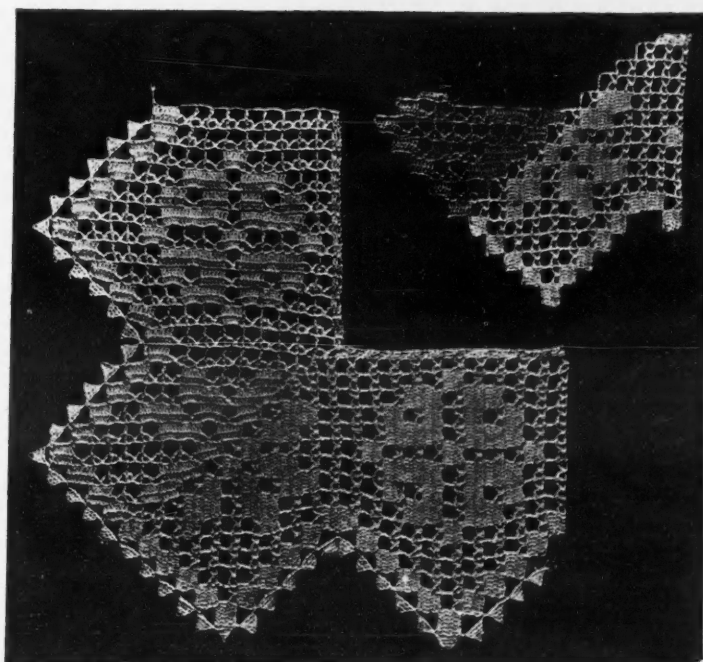
Lacy Crochet Trims for Your Luncheon Linens

by M. PINTNER

CLOVER leaf lace insertion for a tea cloth or a luncheon cloth will afford a pretty summertime "stint" for your crochet needle. The combination of the gros-filet and plain filet meshes gives an interesting variety. If the pretty lacet stitch of the pointed edging appeals to your nimble needle more than the plain filet, work this out in your spare moments on the shady porch.

Edging in Lacet Stitch.—Begin at letter A chaining 66 sts. 1st row—Working from outside edge toward inside make a treble (t) in 4th st from hook, t in each of 5 sts, forming 2 blocks (bl); *ch 3, skip 2, double (d) in next, ch 3, skip 2, t in next, repeat from * 8 times, making 9 lacet sts, work 3 more t and turn. 2d row—Ch 3 (to count for 1st t), 3 t, ch 5 for bar over each lacet st, t in each t, 7 t at end of row. 3d row—Ch 9, t in 4th st from hook, t in each of 5 ch, t in t (adding 2 bl), 4 lacet sts, 2 bl, 5 lacet sts, 4 t. Continue following block pattern. At beginning of 13th row decrease by slip stitching over 2 bl, then ch 3, work 2 bl and continue as before until corner is reached. At B work 2 bl, 9 lacet sts, turn (omitting the bl at end); ch 8 for 1st t and bar in next row. Work t in t forming the first step of the zigzag line at mitre, ch 5 for next bar and continue following block pattern. The next row ends with 2 lacets sts (this leaves the lacet stitch and bar of last row free), turn. Chain 8 for t and first bar, t in t and continue, following pattern. Work next row, ending with one lacet st (this leaves the lacet st and bar of last row free), turn. Continue ending every other row with lacet st at line indicated and chaining 8 for 1st t and bar in next row.

When C is reached, turn block pattern so that C-B is base. [Continued on page 37]



"I Trust Youth"

I DO not think that the "Church is Deserting Youth;" nor do I think that youth is deserting the Church. Certainly some are, some always have, but let me say that I hope it will not always be so. Our juvenile courts, jails and penitentiaries have had a constant stream of young people who have neither been regular attendants at Sunday Schools or Churches. The problem is by no means new. For generations the Churches have been asking how can we hold our youth.

Perhaps there are more young people flamboyantly flippant than civilization has ever known. If they are careless or opposed toward religion they may demonstrate their feelings in a different fashion to the youth of yesterday. An essay which I recently read attributes this to the vast amount of spiritual and moral malingering which you find in the world today. The ancient Pharisee parades his nausea for all things religious. The modern Pharisee is trying to make the world believe they are more irreligious than they really dare to be. Many young persons join in this attitude, because religion appears to them as not fashionable.

The danger lies not in the drift of youth; the danger lies in the lewd leadership of many in middle life. Dean Weigle, of Yale University, perhaps the most outstanding leader in religious education circles, said at the recent Jerusalem conference: "If middle-age is motor-mad, jazz-jaded, radio-ragged and hungry with lust, how can we be surprised if youth drive faster and farther down the same road?"

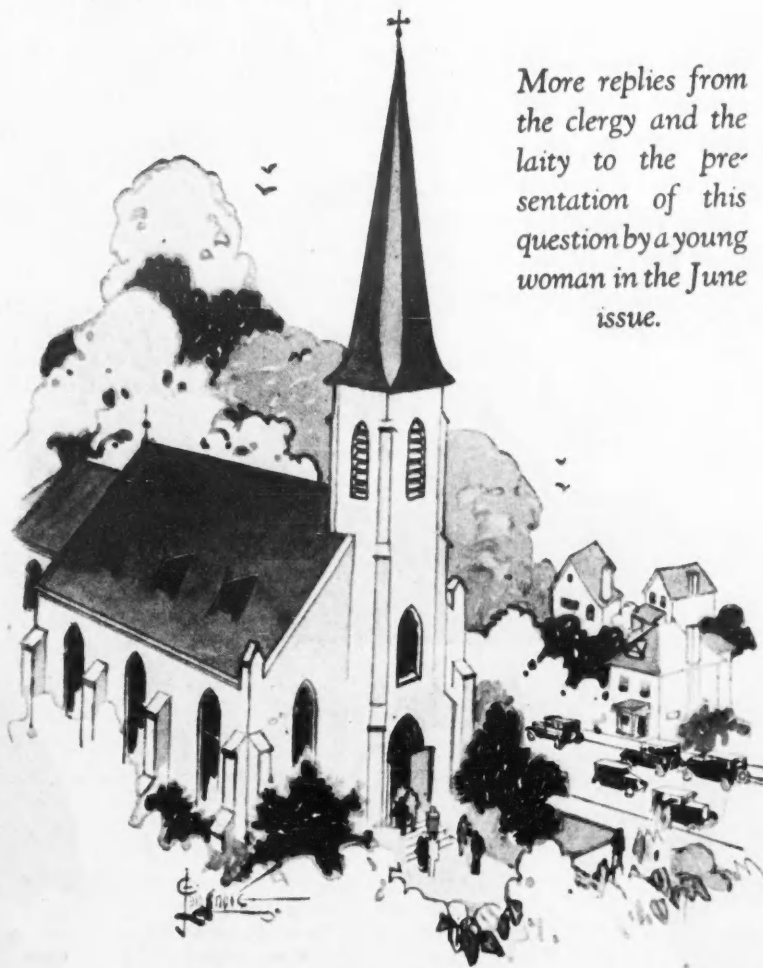
The article has many weaknesses because of its cheap and erratic statements. One sneer is regarding the number of men who go into the ministry at a certain college, who are unfit for any other task. I have had the privilege of attending four universities, and, in all except one, the ministerial standard was much beyond the average of the students, and there is no Theological College—I speak now particularly of the Presbyterian Church—in our denomination where anyone can slip through easily.

There is one error, a colossal error, that I must combat in closing. It is suggested that women, who have been the main supports of the Church, are now deserting to enroll themselves in service clubs and kindred organizations. They are enrolling in such, but they are not withdrawing from their Church activities. The women are doing five times more work today in the Church than they did thirty years ago. The Women's Missionary Societies, interested in all the problems of new Canadians and the nations that are still in darkness, now raise about one-third of the missionary monies for all Churches. The League of Nations, the reading clubs, the service clubs, have as their leaders women who are active members in Christian Churches. It is the influence and inspiration of the Church reaching out into many fields, that are creating the larger opportunities of worthwhile service for the older women and younger women in every Christian nation. I trust youth! They have minds in which all barriers are burned away; they face difficulties, but they will go on leaping from crag to crag, and peak to peak with the thrill and skill of a spiritual gymnast.—Rev. John McNab, B. D., High Park Presbyterian Church, Toronto.

A Layman Answers

TO SAY that the Church is deserting youth is to ignore present-day statistics. Never before has the Church, of any denomination, been so rich in youthful adherents, as evidenced by the numerous organizations of youth, which have as their aim, service and worship. Nation-wide associations, directed by youth, are making definite contributions to its life, and each year their memberships record stupendous increases.

The Church has never been blessed with what might be termed popular support, either among young people or old, since it is claimed that only ten per cent of our people are actively identified with organized religion. An institution requiring services of



More replies from the clergy and the laity to the presentation of this question by a young woman in the June issue.

Is the Church Deserting Youth?

its members, which often entail sacrifices, cannot count on the general support of the masses, particularly the youthful portion of it, referred to by the author, whose one thought seems to be that the Church, because it is not in tune with their ultra-modern ideas and their jazzy hysterical methods of living, has lost its usefulness and is guilty of deserting its young people. Any institution dealing with the spiritual life of an individual must have as its basis a fundamental truth which is unchangeable, else it would not survive; and the Church, being built upon the truth of all ages and lasting until eternity, although not in tune with the masses, yet by the sacrifices of its few, wield its influence over all.

I would suggest that the author investigate conditions among the majority of youth, who are outside the class referred to in her article, and I venture to say that she will find there the answer to her question.

The Church has never claimed to be perfect, but rather that the efforts of those who have gone are imperfect without ours; it is in a state of perfection and requires us to contribute our thoughts and ideas. Science, medicine, sociology and economics may change with the changing years. They are material, but the Church, divine and dealing with the infinite, must never be carried away by new thoughts and fads. It deals with the soul, and the soul is eternal.

—G. W. Pifher, Dominion President, Anglican Young People's Association.

More Idealism Needed

I HAVE read the article "Is the Church Deserting Youth?" with interest. I know that any criticism offered must be condensed, although to be really sound it should be more fully given. A condensed criticism from my point of view leads me to say that

there are some superficial observations in the article, such as, "Is the fault with the laity or with the Church?" My query is, are not the people the Church? What is the writer's idea of the Church? The writer admits that the great fundamental things are still with us, but observes: "The Church seems to be outside of the things that matter." Again, why should we be asked to put intelligence aside when we enter the Church? Who is asking youth to do that?

Another observation is about the inferior type of men that are entering the ministry. This year, 1930, one of our students is a gold medalist in science with a research fellowship offered him. He is turning it down for the ministry. Another is a graduate in medicine, another in law. Last year one of our graduates was the most brilliant classical student that had graduated from his university. In philosophy and other studies theological students are the peer of any other class of men.

Worthwhile observations are that the young people do not want sensational topics. Is the observation accurate? I am not sure that it reveals a keen and wide observation in this connection. Another is that the Church is in danger of becoming a social club. I think that is a real danger. There is some danger of the caste systems.

My experience and observation lead me to say that the older people in the Church are delighted to have the young people actively engaged in the work of the Church. If the older people are more conservative than youth is that not natural and the result of experience and is it not superficial for the young people to forget that it has always been so and is likely to continue so, human nature being such as it is?—Rev. W. G. Brown, M.A., B.D., St. Andrew's Church, Saskatoon, Sask.

From the Leader of the World's Largest Bible Class

I APPRECIATE your sending the article "Is the Church Deserting Youth?" which I have read with interest.

I agree with much of it. I think that "A Young Woman" has come very close to the truth in many of her statements; but I am afraid that in some instances she is somewhat broad in her criticism of the Church and is apt to lay the blame upon it for what really is not its fault. The Church has come through a pretty stormy passage to its present imperfect state. It is alive and growing, and, just as Nature in her life and growth finds herself accompanied by that which is dead and should be sloughed off, so does the Church now find itself encumbered with that which is dead and should be sloughed off.

We young people are very apt to see the "dead" stuff and feel that it is typical of the whole. I think the author of the article is apt to look to the "dead" side rather than the "live" side and, therefore, tends to be unduly pessimistic.

I agree with her when she says that there is a great danger in the Church going away over on the other side and becoming a "Social Club." That is, of course, highly unfortunate.

The reason the Church appears to her to be prosaic is because the people in it appear to be prosaic. Well, then, if the young people swing into the Church, does not the Church take on a young person's point of view?

She also states that some are finding their religion outside of the Church. That is perfectly possible and very, very common. I personally believe that one should attend church just as much as one should take a bath, but I am not dogmatic on the subject for I know full well that one of the most magnificent sermons ever preached to me was in the majestic silence on the summit of Mount White in the Canadian Rockies. The church is not confined to four walls and a ceiling—and church-going, further, is not confined just to Sunday morning and evening. There are more to church services than choirs, organs, ministers and collection plates.—Denton Massey, Toronto.

Our Need of Today

I WAS delighted with the article entitled "Is the Church Deserting Youth?" in the June issue of *The Chatelaine*.

It is refreshing to find a writer who has the courage to voice her thoughts on a subject of this nature, particularly as she is most likely to rouse a storm of protest from certain quarters. To my mind, she is perfectly correct in all her statements, the Church as a whole has failed us, though not intentionally, I grant.

I say with all reverence, let the Church revise its teachings—let it show us the inner meaning of the Laws of God and how to apply them to the needs of today.

What we are all seeking is happiness, and to my mind this can only be gained by a thorough knowledge of God.

I wish the Church would explain the reason of our existence. Is this short span of seventy odd years all we may hope for? According to most of our religious teachers, it is all we may expect, followed by everlasting psalm-singing in a heaven that sounds a very chilly and uncomfortable place—or we have the alternative of everlasting fire as punishment for our sins. I am afraid neither makes a very strong appeal.

The Church seems only to have scratched the surface of the Bible as yet. It must look deeper for the hidden treasures and instill them into us, so that we may find the true meaning of life. We know God meant us to be happy, and yet we are so very often the reverse, through no apparent fault of our own. Who will help us if the Church does not?

If the clergy would all face this question squarely and try and find a solution to the problem instead of censuring us for our flighty ways, they would be doing a grand and glorious work.—L. E. Basham, Larder Lake, Ontario. [Continued on page 36]

New Fashions for your Skin

by MRS.
ADRIAN ISELIN
II

"NEW FASHIONS for your skin, to go with the new fashions in frocks. When fashions change, our faces must change, too!

"Yesterday the keynote was smartness. Today it is charm . . . loveliness, romance, the fascination of the eternal feminine. White shoulders gleaming in the ballroom . . . fair faces shadowed under the new wide hats . . . skin fine as silk, lustrous as pearls, delicately tinted as flowers.

"Sun-tan? Yes, if you really must—but guard the fragile texture of your skin with utmost care! For sun-tan as a fad is passing. From the smartest bathing beach in Europe, Deauville, comes this dictum, *Three things a beautiful woman has which are white: her skin, her teeth and her hands.* So—let us take care!

"Everyone returning from Paris tells of the extraor-

*Skin fine
as Silk*

dinary pains that the Famous Forty who set the fashions are taking to keep their skin dazzlingly fine and fair. And smart American women are following the lead of these chic Parisiennes. On the tennis courts at Piping Rock; watching the polo at Narragansett Pier; taxi-ing by airplane between New York and Newport, as they all do constantly; at Bailey's Beach; at the Beach Casino at Southampton; at the Saratoga races; on the yachts at the Cup Defender trial races—everywhere one sees the importance given to the protection of the skin.

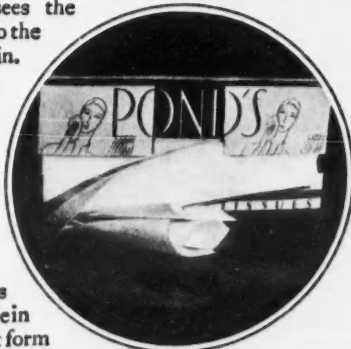
"I myself always

*That
Alabaster
look*

use Pond's four famous preparations because they provide in the simplest, purest form these four essentials of home care:

"To keep the skin like silk . . . Pond's Cold Cream, the lightest and most exquisite obtainable, for immaculate cleansing several times a day and always after exposure.

"To give that alabaster look of utter daintiness . . . Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, safe, super-absorbent



*Fresh
Natural
Color*

for removing all the cream and dirt. "To assure fresh natural color, Pond's Skin Freshener . . . which banishes oiliness and shine and keeps the skin young.

"To bestow a peach-bloom finish . . . Pond's Vanishing Cream, so delicate that only the daintiest film is needed for powder base and all-important protection from sun



*A Peach-Bloom
Finish*

and wind. And this Vanishing Cream is precious, too, to keep your hands smooth and white.

"Try them! Follow Pond's Method from today—and persevere! Here's to your charm and your success!"

Madeline L'Engle Iselin

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A personage of captivating charm and distinction, Mrs. Adrian Iselin II is the brilliant leader of one of the most exclusive coteries in New York. Here she is dressed for the summer races, in black and white chiffon, a Paquin model, with Reboux hat of satin-trimmed black Milan, both by Hattie Carnegie.





At Dr. Stork's Hospital

One of The Chatelaine's series of
nonsense verses for the children

by MARGARET NICKERSON

Illustrated by Ruth Salter

1
Dr. Stork strutted down through the hospital
ward,
With his wings folded back on his tail.
He wore horn-rimmed glasses attached by a cord,
His assistant was Nurse Nightingale.



4
The Bear twins had poultices over their eyes,
Which made them look specially funny.
You see they had met with a stinging surprise
When they found a Bees' nest full of honey.

5
In a cot in a corner was young Mrs. Squirrel,
Looking happy as happy could be.
Dr. Stork had just brought her two boys and a girl
To play in their family tree.

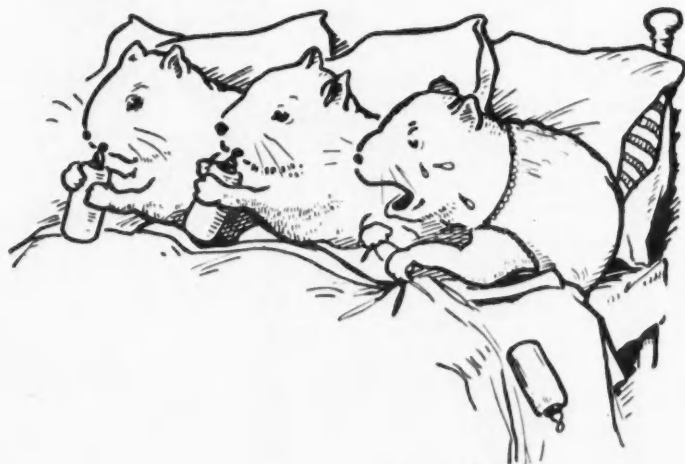


2
His patients were wood-folk, some large and some
small,
Who were taking his treatment, you see.
Bobby Beaver was there, he had a bad fall
While attempting to cut down a tree.



3
Granny Fox in a cot with a high
wire screen,
Was endeavoring to get some
repose.

Dr. Stork had extracted some twelve
or thirteen
Sharp Porcupine quills from
her nose.



6
In a bed by a window sat little Raccoon
Muffled up in his warm winter coat,
He had gone out barefooted a little too soon,
And now had a very sore throat.

7
Near a bathroom that opened out into an ell,
Was a bed occupied by Miss Otter,
She said that she feared she would never get well,
Unless she was near running water.

8
On the door of a room at the end of the ward
(The patient was suffering from gout)
There was printed a sign on a large Beaver board,
"Mr. Skunk. No Admittance! Keep Out!"

9
Dr. Stork was well pleased with his patients, he
said,
Not one of them seemed very ill.
Then pushing his spectacles back on his head—
Presented to each one his bill.



"Palmolive is *the* soap which thoroughly cleanses the skin

... and at the same time reveals *natural* loveliness"

says the celebrated

LEON DESFOSSÉ

—one of the best known of all
Parisian beauty specialists



Desfosse has a most unusual salon in Paris... mosaic floors, marble walls, lend an elegance of background women delight in.

"Palmolive is so effective because of a unique blending of the palm and olive oils it contains, agents which cleanse and soothe the complexion, and at the same time bring out natural color."

L. Desfosse

The cosmetic oils in this famous facial soap are your best safeguard against modern dangers to skin beauty.

IF you've been to Paris... if your friends have been to Paris... you probably know of the chic beauty salon of Desfosse on the Rue St. Honoré. The establishment Desfosse has been a training school for many of the now famous French specialists, including Emile Massé of the Rue Daunou.

Desfosse, himself, was called to Madrid to attend the members of the Spanish Court at the time Alfonso XIII was crowned king. He was also called to Germany to attend the princesses when the last king of Saxony was crowned.

It is a man of such international professional importance who urges you to use Palmolive Soap. He says: "I always advise my clients to wash with Palmolive Soap and warm water, making first a lather with both



hands, then thoroughly rinsing with warm water and with cold, thus toning up the complexion."

Desfosse is not alone in his opinion of the tonic effects of palm and olive oils in soap. Today, a tremendously impressive group of more than 23,720 beauty specialists—throughout the world—advise Palmolive Soap.

Ordinary soaps won't do

Beware of using crude soaps, soaps made of undesirable fats, soaps artificially colored or highly perfumed. They may be harmless. But to experiment is dangerous. Palmolive is made of no other oils but those of palm and olives. It is these oils which give it Nature's own green color. They make unnecessary the addition of heavy perfumes.

"The skin must be thoroughly washed, but care taken to employ only the soap which gives the greatest benefits with the least inconvenience," the great Desfosse warns you. Ordinary soaps may be irritating. You should not experiment when it is so easy to buy Palmolive. Millions use it for the bath as well as the face.

You will find it safe, protective, bland and soothing. The world's great beauty experts advise it. Try Palmolive and you will understand why.



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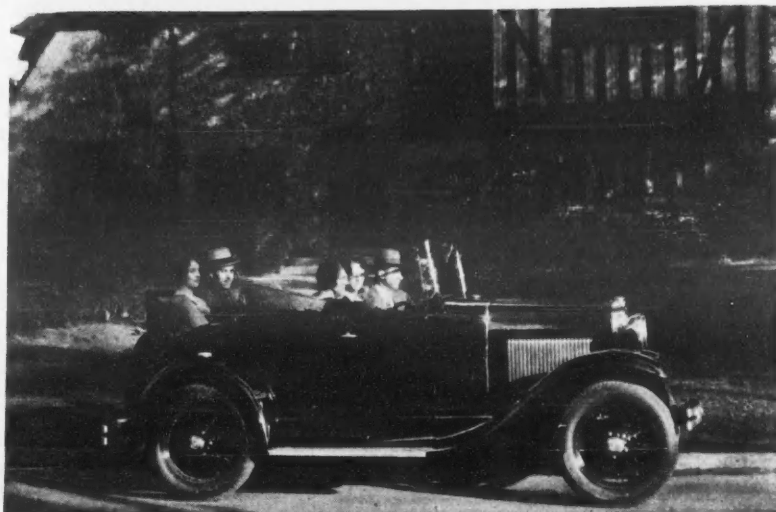
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PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8.30 to 9.30 p. m., Eastern time; 7.30 to 8.30 p. m., Central time; 6.30 to 7.30 p. m., Mountain time; 5.30 to 6.30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

Making the Long Run Enjoyable

by Florence M. Jury



The new Ford roadster is popular among those who prefer open air riding. With the rumble seat, which is optional, it seats five people comfortably.

A department for the Woman Motorist

A GREAT many people who love ordinary motoring hesitate to take a long one-day trip but, if properly planned, one can cover a great deal of ground in a day—three hundred miles or more—with the utmost ease and comfort. Such a trip need not be an endurance test either for the car, the driver or the rest of the party.

To decide suddenly to start off for, say a three hundred mile run and do so without preparing your car, making proper plans and carefully studying a road map, is an extremely foolish and dangerous thing to do. You would be almost sure to come to grief.

I would never advise night driving. I think it is extremely dangerous—especially on an unknown road. People who know the road will very often drive at a reckless speed, taking advantage of the deserted highways, imperiling the unfamiliar traveller. One is also more apt at night to overlook one of the guiding signs and get lost and lose a great deal of time, which is one of the worst possible annoyances on a trip.

NOW for the preparation of your car. A long, steady drive is a test for any car and trouble is more likely to develop than

the tire rims and the trunk carrier. If you carry a trunk be sure it is fastened securely to the car—it is subjected to some severe jolts. It is surprising how often one hears of people losing their spare tire. Make sure the windshield wiper is in good shape. If the rubber is at all worn it should be replaced. These only cost five cents and can be slipped in in a minute. Ascertain that this is working well for it is most important, particularly when driving at night. Make sure that the battery bolts are tight and the connections clean, and the cells all full of distilled water. On a long trip it is well to leave the lights on or you will overcharge your battery and burn it out.

If possible, it is well to carry two spare tires, even if one is very old it will usually carry you to a garage in an emergency.

Should you get a flat tire, unless it is a blow-out, I would advise a woman to put some air in it and try to get to a garage if there is one near. Very often it is a slow leak and, with some air in, will carry you quite a long way. It may only be a leaky valve. It is, therefore, well to carry a box of valves, in which case you can easily put a new one in. To test a valve, wet your finger and press it against the opening when, if there is a leak, small bubbles will appear. Always carry a pump and a tool kit. Even if you cannot use them yourself a passing traveller will usually help you out. Carry a spare fuse in case you have trouble with your lights. To find yourself on a dark road without lights is a terrible and dangerous predicament and, if you have a fuse you can usually get someone to put it in for you. If you have no fuse and need one, an American

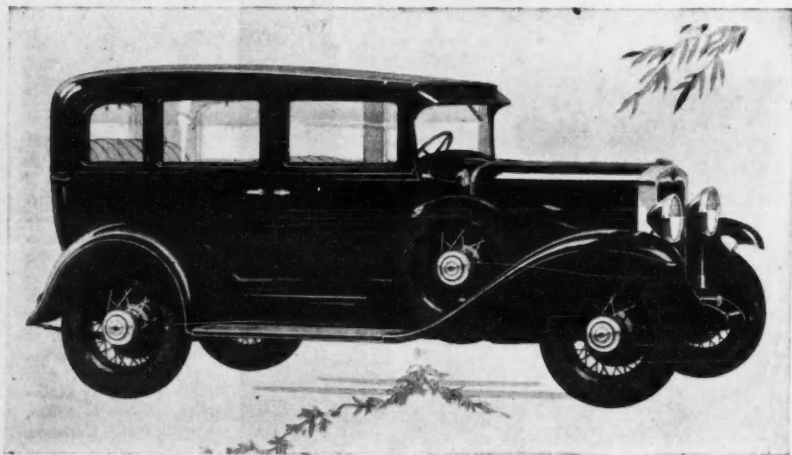
copper will answer the purpose, or even a piece of tin foil or the silver paper from a package of cigarettes.

On a long trip the oil burns more quickly than ordinarily and every time you stop for gas you should have the oil and water checked and the pressure in your tires examined. At the same time inspect your tires for pieces of stone which, if neglected, might work into the tread, or for nails or small pebbles. If you have your oil changed try to get as near as possible to the same grade as you have been using.

It is well, also, to carry an extra spark plug and an extra fan belt. Most women could replace either of these or, at least, have it done for her if she had them handy.

FOR those taking a baby on a trip I have seen a splendid little seat which hooks on the front seat of the car. This would surely be a relief to one in the habit of holding a baby.

Just one last thing! Nothing makes one feel worse on a long trip than to drive with dirty hands, after making any little adjustment to your car. I find the best thing to carry is a tube of cold cream and a large piece of clean cheesecloth. With this equipment, if there is no water handy, you can make yourself feel quite presentable again. One should also carry an old pair of working gloves, and have them easily accessible. It is, of course, most important always to wear gloves when driving—they not only protect the hands generally but protect them also from bee, wasp and mosquito stings. Gloves also prevent the hands from becoming moist in the warm weather and sticking to the wheel.



Wire wheels and deluxe interior equipment grace the new Chevrolet sport sedan, which provides at a low price all the comfort and performance that is desired.

To begin with, secure a good road map which will give you the exact distance to your destination and points between, and try to arrange to have your meals at the larger towns where there are more likely to be satisfactory restaurants. If this is impossible I would advise taking a picnic.

I would always advise making an early morning start. Pack your car, as far as possible, the night before. Have a cup of tea or coffee and some breakfast food at about 5 a.m. and get away quickly.

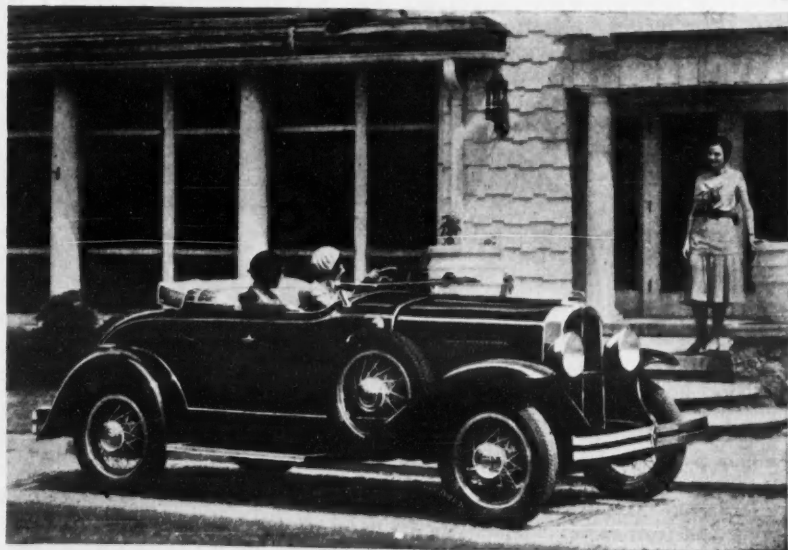
When in need of gas try to stop at large garages where there is a good rest room. One finds a wash and a little powder very refreshing and it is well to get out of the car and walk around. These precautions prevent one from becoming sleepy or the trip becoming tedious.

If more than one of the party can drive one person should not drive for more than two hours at a time or at most for more than one hundred miles. Steady driving practically always induces sleepiness.

While on the good roads make good speed and watch your speedometer or you will unconsciously slow down, especially after climbing a hill.

on a short trip. Therefore, every precaution must be taken. There is nothing more disheartening than to get nicely on your way, feeling that everything is fine, and then to have something go wrong. It is only fair to your car to give it every possible attention before starting off. First, it should be thoroughly greased—don't leave it at a garage and say you will call back for it, but stand there while it is done and see that none of the parts are overlooked. Even if you do not know all the parts that need greasing it is well to watch the mechanic, when he is more likely to do it thoroughly. If you leave your car with a mechanic you know nothing about, he is quite likely to leave undone the parts that are difficult to get at, and which are often the most important. Be sure to have him check over the rear end and the differential, and have the oil changed. Check over also the snubbers, the spark plugs, the horn and the brake rods. A loose horn may fall right off, or at least cease to function.

Make sure everything is tight about your car—the front and back bumpers, the spare tire holder, the running boards, the nuts on



The Pontiac Big Six Sport roadster with wire wheel equipment, has gained a reputation for smart appearance and alert performance.



for Economical Transportation
CHEVROLET
 IT'S WISE TO
 CHOOSE A SIX

The
CHEVROLET
SIX is an
unusually
easy car to
drive . . .

ROADSTER or PHAETON

\$635

The Sport Roadster	- -	\$715
The Coupe	- - - -	740
The Coach	- - - -	750
The Super Sport Roadster	-	795
(Six wire wheels standard)		
The Club Sedan	- - -	810
The Sport Coupe	- - -	840
The Sedan	- - - -	870
The Sport Sedan	- - -	940
(Six wire wheels standard)		

Prices at factory, Oshawa. Taxes, bumpers and spare tire extra. A complete line of Commercial Cars and Trucks from \$485 up.

Many women are denying themselves the pleasure and convenience of a personal car because they are hesitant about learning to drive.

For such women, Chevrolet has an interesting message: *You'll experience no difficulty whatever in driving the Chevrolet Six—for it was expressly designed to offer exceptional handling ease.*

You realize this the minute you take the wheel. The motor is velvety smooth and quiet—there is no disturbing mechani-

cal noise to distract your attention. You can steer it with little more than the weight of your hand. The clutch and brake pedals need only the slightest pressure. The gear-shift is quick and easy. And—most important of all—the motor is unusually flexible, and accelerates easily from the slowest speeds.

Your Chevrolet dealer will gladly confirm all this with a demonstration. Call him today. Learn how simple it is to drive the Chevrolet Six—and how easy it is to own one on Chevrolet's easy terms.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

OSHAWA

Subsidiary of General Motors of Canada, Limited
 WALKERVILLE

ST. CATHARINES

REGINA

The Mastery of Auction and Contract Bridge



by XAVIER BAILET



This Month—

Four-Card Suit Bids

Mr. Xavier Baillet, the internationally known bridge authority, who is writing this department every month, will answer personal bridge problems for readers of *The Chatelaine*.

OF ALL the declarations, No Trump is admittedly the hardest to play, but it does not seem to hold any terrors, for the average player at least. However, as players improve their technique, they cease to bid indiscriminate No Trumps and they give the preference to a suit declaration whenever it offers the same opportunity for game.

It has been said many times that when the combined hands can yield nine tricks at No Trump, they can generally yield at least ten at the best suit with a greater margin of safety, and consequently, a Major suit should always be given the preference.

The reason for this is that when there are five cards of a suit in the Declarer's hand and three in the Dummy, five is the maximum number of tricks that can be made at No Trump, but, with the suit as trumps, there may be opportunities of making each trump separately and the possible maximum is eight.

Again, with four Spades in the hand of the Declarer and three or four in Dummy, it is obvious that only four Spade tricks can be made at No Trump, while it may be possible to make seven or eight at Spades.

Four-card Suit Bids

In order to take full advantage of every game opportunity in the combined hands, it is often necessary to bid and play the hand with a four-card suit as trumps. The bidding of four-card suits will be taken up fully next time, and we will only deal this month with the play of the Declarer in order to round out the subject treated in the last two articles.

While four-card suit bids are suit declarations in name, their play partakes of the nature of both suit and No Trump declarations, and perhaps more of No Trump, as the following hand will show.

Game all. South deals.

North	
♠ Q J 6	
♥ K 5 2	
♦ 8 7	
♣ K Q 10 9 5	
West	
♠ 7 5 2	
♥ 10 9 8 7	
♦ Q 4 3	
♣ A 6 3	
East	
♠ 10 9 8	
♥ A Q J 6	
♦ 9 5 2	
♣ J 8 4	
South	
♠ A K 4 3	
♥ 4 3	
♦ A K J 10 6	
♣ 7 2	

At Auction, South bids One Diamond, West passes, and North bids either One No Trump or Two Clubs. In either case, South shows the Spades on the second round and the hand is played at Spades.

At Contract, after a bid of One Diamond by South, North bids Two Clubs in preference to No Trump, but the result is the same. On the second round, South bids Three Spades, one more than necessary to show he has better than a minimum original bid, and North goes to Four Spades.

Note—According to the modern theory of bidding, South bids his longer suit first, and not his higher, as will be explained next month.

The Play

West has no difficulty in finding the right lead. All the suits have been mentioned except the Hearts, and even if North has not called the Clubs, Hearts is the logical lead. So he leads the seven of Hearts, and North plays low. East is able to read the seven as the fourth best and the rule of eleven tells him it will hold the trick. West leads another Heart, East finesses and lays down the Ace, not so much because he has no better lead, but for the purpose of giving a ruff to the Declarer who from the bidding is marked with only four Spades.

Consider South's position! After ruffing the third round of Hearts, he has only three trumps left in his own hand and three in Dummy. If he clears the trumps, his opponents will make one Heart trick in addition to a Club and a possible Diamond. The thing to do, then, is to establish one of his side suits before leading trumps, and in this, the play of a four-card suit is exactly like No Trump play.

So, South leads a small Club at the fourth trick. West plays low and North wins with the Queen. Another lead of Clubs from K 10 with A J still out, is very dangerous and in this case, quite unnecessary. North leads a Diamond instead. South wins with the Ace, makes the King and leads the Jack. When West plays the Queen, North ruffs with the Jack of Spades and now is the time to draw the trumps as South has two long Diamonds which will give him game if the Spades clear in three rounds.

At No Trump, North cannot possibly make game. East will open anything but the Hearts, and when West gets in either with the Queen of Diamonds or the Ace of Clubs, a little reflection will show him that Hearts is the only suit that can save game.

This hand is a fair example of the play of the Declarer with a four-card suit. The trumps should be kept until sufficient tricks have been established in side suits, chiefly when there are only three in Dummy, and the Declarer should be just as stingy with them as he is with his "stoppers" when he plays the hand at No Trump.

There are times, however, when the trumps are of no immediate use to the Declarer and when he can exhaust the opponents' and still leave one or more in his own hand and in Dummy. For instance:

North	
♠ K J 5 2	
♥ A Q J 3	
♦ A 9 5	
♣ 7 2	
West	
♠ 7 4 3	
♥ 6 4	
♦ Q J 10 7	
♣ K 6 5 3	
East	
♠ 9 6	
♥ 10 9 2	
♦ 6 3 2	
♣ J 10 9 8 4	
South	
♠ A Q 10 8	
♥ K 8 7 5	
♦ K 8 4	
♣ A Q	

Game all. South deals.

At Auction, South should bid One Spade and all should pass.

At Contract, after a bid of One Spade by South, a Small Slam should be reached easily. If the Forcing System is used, North bids Three Hearts, not to deny the Spades, of course, but to encourage further bidding from his partner. As this shows at least three quick tricks, South raises the bid to Five or Six Hearts and North bids Six Spades which concludes the bidding.

Note—If North and South are inveterate No Trump bidders and South starts the bidding with One No Trump, it is doubtful whether they will reach a Small Slam at Contract, and if they do it cannot be made, except at Double-Dummy, as will be shown later.

Elimination Play

A man who was suffering from too much smoking went to his doctor for advice and the doctor just said: "Three dollars. Smoke less." As a bridge doctor, when people complain to me that their finesses go wrong most of the time, I advise them not to take so many, but, as my advice is generally free, it is rarely taken. However, just imagine that you are paying me three dollars for the following advice: "Never take a finesse when there is a chance of making the opponent on your left lead up to an A-Q in your hand." The reason is obvious.

1. If you lead from your A-Q, the most you can make is one trick in the suit.

2. If you lead from Dummy, you will make two tricks when you find the King on your right, and only one trick when it is on your left.

3. But if the lead comes from your left, you are bound to make two tricks, wherever the King happens to be.

The only trouble is to make the lead come from the left. This calls for a pretty play called elimination, and the present deal will illustrate the method.

West opens his solid Diamonds in preference to the Clubs, and although it seems that the Declarer must lose one Diamond and one Club, twelve tricks can be made without difficulty.

The Declarer takes the first trick in either hand and three rounds of Spades exhaust the trumps in the hands of the opponents while leaving one in his hand and one in Dummy. Now, he makes his four tricks in Hearts, his master Diamond, and he leads a third round of Diamonds.

The process of elimination is completed. North and South have no Hearts and no Diamonds left. From the opening lead and the discards, South knows that West has to win the Diamond. We are down to this:

North	
♠ J	
♥ —	
♦ —	
♣ 7 2	
West	
♠ —	
♥ —	
♦ J	
♣ K 6	
East	
♠ —	
♥ —	
♦ —	
♣ J 10 9	
South	
♠ Q	
♥ —	
♦ —	
♣ A Q	

West has just taken the last trick with the 10 of Diamonds and he must either lead back the Jack which North will ruff while South discards the Queen of Clubs, or, he must lead a Club to South's A-Q.

Very simple! and not necessarily restricted to four-card suits. In fact, it works even better when there are five trumps in one hand and four in the other. It can also be applied very effectively at No Trump and perhaps you are wondering why not in this case if the hand were played at Six No Trumps! The opening would be the same and South would make the same tricks except that he would lead a fourth round of Spades on which West appears bound to discard a Diamond. But West's last cards are not likely to be the same as in the preceding diagram. If he is a bridge player, he will keep two Diamonds and the lone King of Clubs. Why? because:

1. East may have the Queen and the suit is safe.
2. By discarding Clubs, West deceives the Declarer as to the position of the King in case South has A-Q. When South counts the cards and finds that West has kept two Diamonds and only one Club, he must conclude that it cannot be the King and he will finesse against East.
3. But the best reason is that West knows all the time that the Declarer will try to put him in with a Diamond in order to make him lead a Club, so he simply refuses to walk into the trap and the Declarer has no other resource than to try the finesse which, like most finesses, refuses to work.

Lacy Crochet Trims

Continued from page 29

Sl st over the 2 bl just made, ch 9 and add 2 bl, sl st in 3rd ch of last bar, sl st in 2 more ch, turn and work 2 bl, turn. Add 2 bl as before, lacet st on next 2 bl, for next lacet st ch 3, d in top of t made for lacet st below, ch 3, skip 2 ch of next bar, sl st in each of 3 sts, turn; work 2 bars, 2 bl, turn. Add 2 bl, work 2 lacet sts, 4 bl working 5 t under next bar, t into same st where sl st was made, 2 t under ch, t in top of t and 2 t under same t, skip 2 ch of bar, 3 sl st, turn and continue following the block pattern. At D work 2 bl, 9 lacet sts, sl st along side of last bl made for inner edge then continue, repeating from D for length required.

Edging.—Fasten thread between two points, * ch 7, d in 4th st from hook, t, double treble, long treble, on ch, d in corner of next bl, repeat from *.

Clover Leaf Lace

The background of this insertion is done in a combination of large and small spaces, the large ones equal in size to four ordinary spaces (sp). In 1st and each succeeding rows chain 11 sts for each large space forming loops as shown in top row of the lace above. In the next row sl st over large space, leaving the chains free which are equivalent to the trebles on each side. Chain (ch) 114 as foundation. **1st row**—Beginning at letter A work a treble (t) in 9th st from hook, t in each of 3 sts, 3 sp, * ch 11, skip 5 sts of foundation chain, t in next, (ch 2, skip 2, t in next), twice, repeat from * 3 times,

make 1 more sp, then 2 bl, 1 sp, (ch 11, skip 5, 2 sp) twice, sp, bl, sp, turn. **2d row**—Ch 3, 3 bl, * sp, ch 2, sl st in 3rd of 11 ch, sl st in each of 6 sts, repeat from * once, then work 12 t (forming 4 bl since 3 of 11 ch are equivalent to the 1st t), continue following the block pattern. **3d row**—Sp, b, sp, (large space, 2 sp) twice, ch 5, skip 5, t in next, continue following block pattern. At letter B (in 22nd row) work to within 3 bl of inner edge, turn, ch 14 to start next row. Continue, turning at this point until C is reached, always chaining 14 for the first large space. Fasten off.

Turn block pattern so that line A-F is base. Fasten thread into 4th t of block at letter B. Work 1 bl, 2 sp, large space, sp, bl, ch 5, skip 2 sp, t in t, (2 sp, large space) 6 times, 3 bl, turn. Continue, following block pattern. At end of 2nd row work 6 t, sl st in each of 3 ch of corner space, turn; work 3 bl, 3 sp, continue as before.

From letter E go on making leaves in the same way repeating from D to E and working alternately 1 bl and 3 bl for border until centre of side is reached ending with last row of leaf. Then work 2 rows, making 8 large spaces separated by squares of 4 sp. Turn block pattern so that E is base and work as many leaves in this direction as there are made for first half, turning at B as before when corner is reached. For next side follow block pattern from F to A until centre of side is reached, work 2 rows at centre as before and continue in reversed order.



The Home Bureau

Continued from page 26

YOU have helped me so much with suggestions that I am venturing to ask your advice about my bedroom. The room faces south and is twelve feet wide and sixteen feet long. The east wall is unbroken. The northwest walls have doors forty-one inches wide. The south wall has French doors in the centre, and on either side are windows fifty-two inches up from the floor and forty-seven inches wide.

At present I have a double bed in walnut with a chiffonier, dresser and chair matching. How would you arrange this furniture? I wish in the near future to redecorate and refurnish this room. The woodwork is fir-oiled and is shabby. Shall I paint it a deep ivory? I had thought of a paper with scattered flowers, a small pattern in rose and blue. The floor is birch and waxed. I have a nice Indian rug which has an ivory ground with blue and rose.

Both windows open in at present and have cream scrim sash curtains with side drapes of shadow cloth, blue ground with pastel flowers on it.

For new furniture I should like twin beds in mahogany or maple. Could I obtain them in these finishes? Do you think twin beds, a highboy and a dressing table with chairs and bedside table would furnish this room? Could I obtain this maple anywhere? Would a draped dressing table be better with beds and highboy or wood?

We see so little here and are dependent on our magazines for suggestions. I should like the room simple yet attractive.

BY LETTER I am sending you sketches of alternative arrangements of furniture with the old and new furniture. Reproduced here is a suggestion for a twin table treatment beneath the windows. One might serve as a dressing table. These could be draped in the same material as that now used as overcurtains, or later on, when you redecorate, with whatever new material you decide to use. If you intend to change the curtaining, glass curtains of flesh-colored

art silk—chiffon weight—would be charming in such a room, especially in conjunction with blue overdrapes. I mention this combination as you have it at present; it would go well with the wallpaper you suggest, and it occurs to me that you may have a penchant for blue in the room.

By all means paint the woodwork ivory. It would make a great difference in the room. By letter also I am sending you the name of a shop where maple furniture of the kind you describe can be bought.

The room would be amply furnished, it seems to me, with the pieces you suggest. In the event of your utilizing my twin-table suggestion under the windows, you could dispense even with the dressing table.

Curtainin', the Front Door

I WANT to thank you for your interesting and practical reply to my query regarding our farm living room, which appeared in the May *Chatelaine*. I take great pleasure reading your page each month.

I have another curtain problem and would be grateful for any suggestions about it. Our hall is lighted solely from the glass around the front door, and how to make curtains for that glass is my trouble. I shall want some very thin material, but the method of hanging it isn't so clear to me.

YOU certainly have a problem, and I am just wondering of it is worth while curtaining those little panes of glass at all. If it is all the light the hall can muster, it seems unwise to diminish it in the least. Perhaps a wide-meshed net would not shut out too much of the light of day. This could be tacked without a rod to the woodwork, with upholsterers' headless tacks, provided you bound it top and bottom with strong braid. It would require only one tack at a corner if stretched carefully. I would not try to cover the little square panes at the top corners in any case. It would only give a patchy effect, I'm afraid.

They think it's fun



... But you know
it helps to preserve
their teeth!

NO trouble at all to make the little ones brush their teeth... if you give them Colgate's! For Colgate's tastes good... children love it. Toothbrushing becomes a daily game for the youngsters... when they use Colgate's!

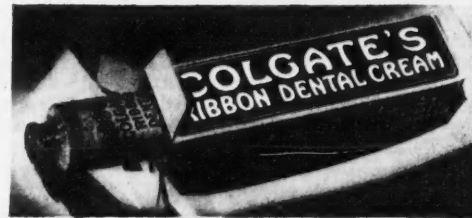
Authorities declare Colgate's to be the ideal dentifrice for children... because it not only cleans the teeth thoroughly... but safely. And how children love the delightful Colgate flavor! It makes toothbrushing a daily joy for the little ones.

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Important! Colgate's contains no drugs or medicaments which may derange the bowels or upset the digestion. This is a factor of prime importance with young children, as many mothers can testify.

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Is the Church Deserting Youth?

Continued from page 28

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The writer of your article says "today the Church is outside the important things of our thrilling century;" but is it? Is it not at the very heart of the deepest and most important things of life? "Something is wrong somewhere," and it is assumed that somehow it is the Church that is "failing to make good." Is the fault wholly on the side of the Church? The Church is the people who comprise it. Too many of us are absorbed in money-making and material things, and not only the things of religion but literature, music, and art are liable to be neglected. We agree this is not for the best.

We admit the Church is open to criticism, and the striking thing is that the severest fault-finding has come from clergymen and Church officials, including the present Archbishop of Canterbury. Space forbids to enumerate these criticisms—lack of adjustment to modern knowledge, lack of fellowship, lack of objectivity in worship, and so on. These difficulties are gradually being, I hope, rectified.

Perhaps our chief difficulty consists in a simple misunderstanding. The average person today looks on worship as a sort of entertainment. In an American city a friend of mine on a Sunday evening saw two persons step out of a car, walk up to the notice board of a church, and having read it, one said to the other "There's nothing interesting here, let's go to the movies." Many look on a church service as a sort of entertainment offered to the public, whereas it is an opportunity for people to make an offering of worship to God.

It is a hopeful sign when the Church turns the probe of criticism inward, and strives earnestly to meet the situation and hold the rising generation to religion. It is a hopeful sign that *The Chatelaine* publishes such an article, and that the writer insists that people still want religion. The instinct of worship is very ancient, goes back to prehistoric times. It is deep-rooted and fills a real need and it is not likely to die out in a single generation. Once men catch the secret the difficulty is solved. "My soul is athirst for God, yea even for the living God: when shall I come to appear before the presence of God?"—Rev. T. G. Wallace, Church of St. James, London, Ont.

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I read this article with much interest with a view of finding out where the Church is at fault for the attitude of the young people of today. But on the contrary everything pointed to the fact that it is the youth who are at fault. If a dear friend offers you a valuable gift and you just sneer at it and refuse to accept it, is that friend to blame for your ignorance?

As the writer has said and repeated, "We do not even think of going to church." I cannot see that the Church is to blame for this disastrous attitude. Each individual has herself or himself to answer for and has no right whatever to try to shift their carelessness to the fault of the Church. It needs worshippers, not people to merely occupy a pew and do their visiting while the service is going on, as so many do. They pay little or

no attention to the sermon and then consider it monotonous.

If the parents of today would go to church and set the good example for their families it would be far more profitable than encouraging them to attend places of questionable amusements. And if the Sunday School teachers would all live Christian lives seven days a week instead of just one, they would succeed in accomplishing more good. The Bible plainly tells us that we cannot serve two masters, but people these days seem to think they can. They have deadened their consciences and forget that there is a judgment day coming. Religion is, or should be, just the same today as it was in the days of our grandparents. Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever.—Mabel Whitlam, Sarnia, Ontario.

Let Facts Answer the Questions

My experience is so very different from that of your contributor that I find myself in total disagreement with her in regard to her main thesis and also in respect to her explanation of the trouble.

The fact is that I have served for many years in a church that is thronged with young people. In normal times the Sunday school attendance rarely falls below the one thousand mark, and quite frequently is fifty per cent more than that number. This year I presented 173 candidates for Confirmation. The average age of these boys and girls and young men and young women would be about fifteen. I frequently have gatherings of young people at special services, and particularly at the Holy Communion, when they come in hundreds. We have girls organized in groups according to ages from little children up to womanhood. I think altogether we must have four or five hundred of them. We have boys and young men in Wolf Cubs, Scouts, Clubs and other organizations, and generally we have as large an attendance as we are able to handle.

The principal work of leadership is by people under thirty years of age whom we have trained in the Church. These young people are devoted to their church. Their religion is an exceedingly happy, bright and delightful adventure. They get just as much pleasure and satisfaction out of the activities connected with the Church as other people do in other affiliations and associations. They do not have to be persuaded to come to church, and they do not look upon the Church as an institution that is competing with institutions and organizations that exist for their amusement. They believe that the Church presents to them the finest programme of life and the most thrilling and adventuresome outlet for their energy and interest. They realize also that in the battle and struggle of life there is something in the Church that inspires and equips them.

I think all this would have been impossible if the Church had merely attempted to amuse and entertain them. I think it would have been impossible if we had not provided an interesting and developing programme for them. I think if our services had not been bright and happy and frequently characterized by that informality which young people yearn for and demand, that we might have failed. I think if the message proclaimed in the Church had been an emasculated gospel, anaemic and feeble, they might have turned away in disappointment. But they have not turned away, and they are in the Church in great numbers and they are indeed the very hope of the church.—Ven. Archdeacon McElheran, M.A., D.D., St. Matthew's Church, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Religion Without Sacrifice?

In the article of your June issue, "Is the Church Deserting Youth?" by a young woman, she answers the question herself in

the two paragraphs four and five. She writes:

"Every Sunday during the winter we stay in bed late. The week has been a hard one with its routine of business and play. Sunday morning offers the only opportunity of the week for absolute relaxation. And we take it. We do not go to church; we do not even think of going to church.

Therefore, it is youth in this instance deserting the Church.

She states, "Most of us realize that the mere opportunity of worshipping God should be enough to fill the Church." Quite so. But if their Sunday pleasure and relaxation is more to them than worshipping God in the Church, why blame the Church? If one wants to worship God their steps will naturally lead them to the Church.

I have never heard of a controversy such as she mentions between Canadian ministers in the newspapers. There may be one or two ministers that are not all one could wish, but in every walk of life that occurs. I think an intelligence test conducted in the States among college students brought forth the fact that ministers' sons were in the lead.

If the young people do not know what they do want, how is the Church to know? Does the Church exist to cater to the whims of the young folk? We may not believe as our grandmothers did, but we must give up this world when our time comes as they did.

A Minister's Wife.

Why Blame the Church?

I was interested in reading an article appearing in the June number of *Chatelaine*. The article is apparently the product of a young woman, and is another evidence of a little knowledge being a dangerous thing. The subject is a serious one, and should be treated with care—"Is the Church Deserting Youth?"

This youthful writer then proceeds to prove the affirmative of the above question. She cites circumstances in which she and her own family stand out conspicuously, and then proceeds to multiply evidence gleaned from her surroundings.

There is much truth mixed up in this young woman's effort, and had she attacked the real causes, that are today working against success in the realm of religious activity, my criticism would have been sympathetic. I have seen the changes in social and religious life during recent years, and am quite familiar with the causes that are today threatening our civilization, but while the Church seems powerless to arrest the downward tendency, it is unfair to place the responsibility on that organization. Regardless of the corrupting influence of great wealth in certain spots, the Church has been and is now the greatest factor in the moral and religious life of civilization.

Recent developments among the youth of the world call for most serious thought on the part of those entrusted with responsibility, and the causes are not within the Church, but on the contrary they are on the outside. A form of agnosticism has crept into the universities and colleges. These modern teachers have practically discarded the old-time interpretation of the Bible, and have eliminated large portions of the Old Testament from the Sacred Writings. These teachers have been sowing the seed, and it is now bearing fruit in the younger generation. This, in conjunction with the heritage left us from the Great War, gives us the fundamental causes for the abnormal condition of today. Environment has been destructive of morals, and has left its mark on civilization. Experimental religion, as accepted and professed in the past, no longer functions among the people, only in spots. But instead we have with us a form of materialism that places emphasis on the development of the human and intellectual faculties. Sports of every kind, anything that gives a new thrill, and every facility

is employed to this end. The facilities for worship under a materialistic conception have never been more favorable. Degeneration is proceeding along the line of natural law, as the environment is destructive. It will, if not checked, end in spiritual death.—J. Scott Craig, Toronto.

Unfair Criticism

Is the Church deserting youth? As a church-going, church-loving young woman I was much interested in the article in June *Chatelaine*. I do not agree that the Church is to blame that so many young people are living without its influence.

It is the popular pastime today to shirk one's responsibilities on the plea that they do not meet one's needs. And the Church is a responsibility. You cannot serve God and Mammon; neither can you give the Sabbath Day over to pleasure and, at the same time, hope to receive spiritual blessing from a neglected Church. The writer admits that she and her family do not go to church—"do not even think of going." How then do they expect the Church to mean anything in their lives? It is hardly fair to criticize something one hasn't tried.

I realize, of course, that this writer's views are shared by thousands of young people. She says, "yet we want religion, thousands of us want it badly." I wonder? Only recently I heard a modern young woman say of another lovely girl, "Jean is a nice girl—it's too bad that she's 'got' religion." The same girl remarked that certain girls took an active interest in the Church because they "had nothing else to do."

I'm inclined to think that the whole trouble lies in the fact that youth resents restrictions, and the Church necessarily restricts. Not until young people realize that the Church, like all worth-while things, requires sacrifice, will the Church have an opportunity of influencing their lives.

Like all other organizations the Church has its imperfections. But as someone has said, "Don't stay away because the Church isn't perfect—think how lonesome you would feel in a perfect Church."—A Church Worker.

A Balanced Life

My answer to that question is "no." The Church is not deserting youth, but the middle-age are deserting the Church and taking youth with them.

Why are they deserting it? Because of ignorance of the contents of the Guide Book of Life.

"Thou shalt have no other gods before Me"—thus we read in the Guide Book. It doesn't say self should come first, nor pleasure nor relaxation nor anything, but God. When God comes first, we want to be where He wants us to be.

Intellectual laziness is another reason for absence from church. Look how quietly, effectively and surely God works in Nature. So does He work through His human agents. Therefore, if we are intellectually lazy, we do not study the needs of humanity, we do not read what is trying to be accomplished; eyes have we but we see not, ears have we but we hear not. We even fail to see in those around us what is being done for God. They work quietly.

One of the greatest organizations in the world is inside the Church. The very best literature to be found is printed by organizations inside the Church. The most uplifting messages that come to us by radio are sent out through the Church. But if we are going to neglect entirely the building of the spiritual side of our life, not one of these things will meet with our approval.

What we get from the Church is according to what we give—our gifts of love, thoughts, prayers, talents, time, strength and substance.—Isabelle C. McGirr, Durham, Ontario.

Lacy Crochet Trims

Continued from page 29

Sl st over the 2 bl just made, ch 9 and add 2 bl, sl st in 3rd ch of last bar, sl st in 2 more ch, turn and work 2 bl, turn. Add 2 bl as before, lacet st on next 2 bl, for next lacet st ch 3, d in top of t made for lacet st below, ch 3, skip 2 ch of next bar, sl st in each of 3 sts, turn; work 2 bars, 2 bl, turn. Add 2 bl, work 2 lacet sts, 4 bl working 5 t under next bar, t into same st where sl st was made, 2 t under ch, t in top of t and 2 t under same t, skip 2 ch of bar, 3 sl st, turn and continue following the block pattern. At D work 2 bl, 9 lacet sts, sl st along side of last bl made for inner edge then continue, repeating from D for length required.

Edging.—Fasten thread between two points, * ch 7, d in 4th st from hook, t, double treble, long treble, on ch, d in corner of next bl, repeat from *.

Clover Leaf Lace

The background of this insertion is done in a combination of large and small spaces, the large ones equal in size to four ordinary spaces (sp). In 1st and each succeeding rows chain 11 sts for each large space forming loops as shown in top row of the lace above. In the next row sl st over large space, leaving the chains free which are equivalent to the trebles on each side. Chain (ch) 114 as foundation. **1st row**—Beginning at letter A work a treble (t) in 9th st from hook, t in each of 3 sts, 3 sp, * ch 11, skip 5 sts of foundation chain, t in next, (ch 2, skip 2, t in next), twice, repeat from * 3 times,

make 1 more sp, then 2 bl, 1 sp, (ch 11, skip 5, 2 sp) twice, sp, bl, sp, turn. **2d row**—Ch 3, 3 bl, * sp, ch 2, sl st in 3rd of 11 ch, sl st in each of 6 sts, repeat from * once, then work 12 t (forming 4 bl since 3 of 11 ch are equivalent to the 1st t), continue following the block pattern. **3d row**—Sp, b, sp, (large space, 2 sp) twice, ch 5, skip 5, t in next, continue following block pattern. At letter B (in 22nd row) work to within 3 bl of inner edge, turn, ch 14 to start next row. Continue, turning at this point until C is reached, always chaining 14 for the first large space. Fasten off.

Turn block pattern so that line A-F is base. Fasten thread into 4th t of block at letter B. Work 1 bl, 2 sp, large space, sp, bl, ch 5, skip 2 sp, t in t, (2 sp, large space) 6 times, 3 bl, turn. Continue, following block pattern. At end of 2nd row work 6 t, sl st in each of 3 ch of corner space, turn; work 3 bl, 3 sp, continue as before.

From letter E go on making leaves in the same way repeating from D to E and working alternately 1 bl and 3 bl for border until centre of side is reached ending with last row of leaf. Then work 2 rows, making 8 large spaces separated by squares of 4 sp. Turn block pattern so that E is base and work as many leaves in this direction as there are made for first half, turning at B as before when corner is reached. For next side follow block pattern from F to A until centre of side is reached, work 2 rows at centre as before and continue in reversed order.



The Home Bureau

Continued from page 26

YOU have helped me so much with suggestions that I am venturing to ask your advice about my bedroom. The room faces south and is twelve feet wide and sixteen feet long. The east wall is unbroken. The northwest walls have doors forty-one inches wide. The south wall has French doors in the centre, and on either side are windows fifty-two inches up from the floor and forty-seven inches wide.

At present I have a double bed in walnut with a chiffonier, dresser and chair matching. How would you arrange this furniture? I wish in the near future to redecorate and refurnish this room. The woodwork is fir-oiled and is shoppy. Shall I paint it a deep ivory? I had thought of a paper with scattered flowers, a small pattern in rose and blue. The floor is birch and waxed. I have a nice Indian rug which has an ivory ground with blue and rose.

Both windows open in at present and have cream scrim sash curtains with side drapes of shadow cloth, blue ground with pastel flowers on it.

For new furniture I should like twin beds in mahogany or maple. Could I obtain them in these finishes? Do you think twin beds, a highboy and a dressing table with chairs and bedside table would furnish this room? Could I obtain this maple anywhere? Would a draped dressing table be better with beds and highboy of wood?

We see so little here and are dependent on our magazines for suggestions. I should like the room simple yet attractive.

BY LETTER I am sending you sketches of alternative arrangements of furniture with the old and new furniture. Reproduced here is a suggestion for a twin table treatment beneath the windows. One might serve as a dressing table. These could be draped in the same material as that now used as overcurtains, or later on, when you redecorate, with whatever new material you decide to use. If you intend to change the curtaining, glass curtains of flesh-colored

art silk—chiffon weight—would be charming in such a room, especially in conjunction with blue overdrapes. I mention this combination as you have it at present; it would go well with the wallpaper you suggest, and it occurs to me that you may have a penchant for blue in the room.

By all means paint the woodwork ivory. It would make a great difference in the room. By letter also I am sending you the name of a shop where maple furniture of the kind you describe can be bought.

The room would be amply furnished, it seems to me, with the pieces you suggest. In the event of your utilizing my twin-table suggestion under the windows, you could dispense even with the dressing table.

Curtainin', the Front Door

I WANT to thank you for your interesting and practical reply to my query regarding our farm living room, which appeared in the May *Chatelaine*. I take great pleasure reading your page each month.

I have another curtain problem and would be grateful for any suggestions about it. Our hall is lighted solely from the glass around the front door, and how to make curtains for that glass is my trouble. I shall want some very thin material, but the method of hanging it isn't so clear to me.

YOU certainly have a problem, and I am just wondering of it is worth while curtaining those little panes of glass at all. If it is all the light the hall can muster, it seems unwise to diminish it in the least. Perhaps a wide-meshed net would not shut out too much of the light of day. This could be tacked without a rod to the woodwork, with upholsterers' headless tacks, provided you bound it top and bottom with strong braid. It would require only one tack at a corner if stretched carefully. I would not try to cover the little square panes at the top corners in any case. It would only give a patchy effect, I'm afraid.

They think it's fun



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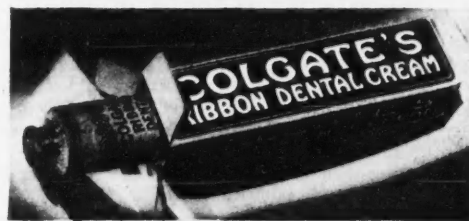
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This youthful writer then proceeds to prove the affirmative of the above question. She cites circumstances in which she and her own family stand out conspicuously, and then proceeds to multiply evidence gleaned from her surroundings.

There is much truth mixed up in this young woman's effort, and had she attacked the real causes, that are today working against success in the realm of religious activity, my criticism would have been sympathetic. I have seen the changes in social and religious life during recent years, and am quite familiar with the causes that are today threatening our civilization, but while the Church seems powerless to arrest the downward tendency, it is unfair to place the responsibility on that organization. Regardless of the corrupting influence of great wealth in certain spots, the Church has been and is now the greatest factor in the moral and religious life of civilization.

Recent developments among the youth of the world call for most serious thought on the part of those entrusted with responsibility, and the causes are not within the Church, but on the contrary they are on the outside. A form of agnosticism has crept into the universities and colleges. These modern teachers have practically discarded the old-time interpretation of the Bible, and have eliminated large portions of the Old Testament from the Sacred Writings. These teachers have been sowing the seed, and it is now bearing fruit in the younger generation. This, in conjunction with the heritage left us from the Great War, gives us the fundamental causes for the abnormal condition of today. Environment has been destructive of morals, and has left its mark on civilization. Experimental religion, as accepted and professed in the past, no longer functions among the people, only in spots. But instead we have with us a form of materialism that places emphasis on the development of the human and intellectual faculties. Sports of every kind, anything that gives a new thrill, and every facility

is employed to this end. The facilities for worship under a materialistic conception have never been more favorable. Degeneration is proceeding along the line of natural law, as the environment is destructive. It will, if not checked, end in spiritual death.—J. Scott Craig, Toronto.

Unfair Criticism

Is the Church deserting youth? As a church-going, church-loving young woman I was much interested in the article in June *Chatelaine*. I do not agree that the Church is to blame that so many young people are living without its influence.

It is the popular pastime today to shirk one's responsibilities on the plea that they do not meet one's needs. And the Church is a responsibility. You cannot serve God and Mammon; neither can you give the Sabbath Day over to pleasure and, at the same time, hope to receive spiritual blessing from a neglected Church. The writer admits that she and her family do not go to church—"do not even think of going." How then do they expect the Church to mean anything in their lives? It is hardly fair to criticize something one hasn't tried.

I realize, of course, that this writer's views are shared by thousands of young people. She says, "yet we want religion, thousands of us want it badly." I wonder? Only recently I heard a modern young woman say of another lovely girl, "Jean is a nice girl—it's too bad that she's 'got' religion." The same girl remarked that certain girls took an active interest in the Church because they "had nothing else to do."

I'm inclined to think that the whole trouble lies in the fact that youth resents restrictions, and the Church necessarily restricts. Not until young people realize that the Church, like all worth-while things, requires sacrifice, will the Church have an opportunity of influencing their lives.

Like all other organizations the Church has its imperfections. But as someone has said, "Don't stay away because the Church isn't perfect—think how lonesome you would feel in a perfect Church."—A Church Worker.

A Balanced Life

My answer to that question is "no." The Church is not deserting youth, but the middle-age are deserting the Church and taking youth with them.

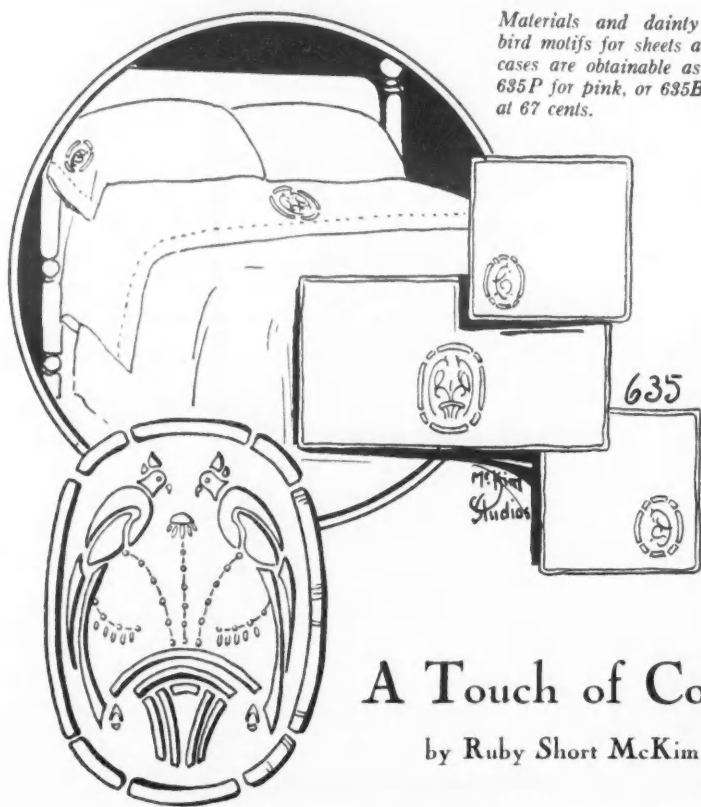
Why are they deserting it? Because of ignorance of the contents of the Guide Book of Life.

"Thou shalt have no other gods before Me"—thus we read in the Guide Book. It doesn't say self should come first, nor pleasure nor relaxation nor anything, but God. When God comes first, we want to be where He wants us to be.

Intellectual laziness is another reason for absence from church. Look how quietly, effectively and surely God works in Nature. So does He work through His human agents. Therefore, if we are intellectually lazy, we do not study the needs of humanity, we do not read what is trying to be accomplished; eyes have we but we see not, ears have we but we hear not. We even fail to see in those around us what is being done for God. They work quietly.

One of the greatest organizations in the world is inside the Church. The very best literature to be found is printed by organizations inside the Church. The most uplifting messages that come to us by radio are sent out through the Church. But if we are going to neglect entirely the building of the spiritual side of our life, not one of these things will meet with our approval.

What we get from the Church is according to what we give—our gifts of love, thoughts, prayers, talents, time, strength and substance.—Isabelle C. McGirr, Durham, Ontario.



Materials and dainty stamped bird motifs for sheets and pillow cases are obtainable as Number 635P for pink, or 635B for blue, at 67 cents.

A Touch of Color

by Ruby Short McKim

SKILFULLY chosen colors, deftly placed, add very much to the charm and beauty of any modern home. Sometimes we design for you rugs to hook, quilts to piece, or ambitious draperies to embroider in crewels—but not at this time of the year. All of our August offerings have the season in mind; they are small articles, easily picked up and quickly done.

And how these green gingham-trimmed table linens, will be appreciated in use. Please do not judge their smartness or quality by the smallness of the price. The muslin is of the heaviest, even weave, the floss is boilproof, and the 1930 favorite gingham is of guaranteed steadfastness also.

The tablecloth, Order Number 614, is full fifty-four inches square of large check green gingham, cut to exact checks, with green floss to stitch it in place. Price complete, \$1.68.

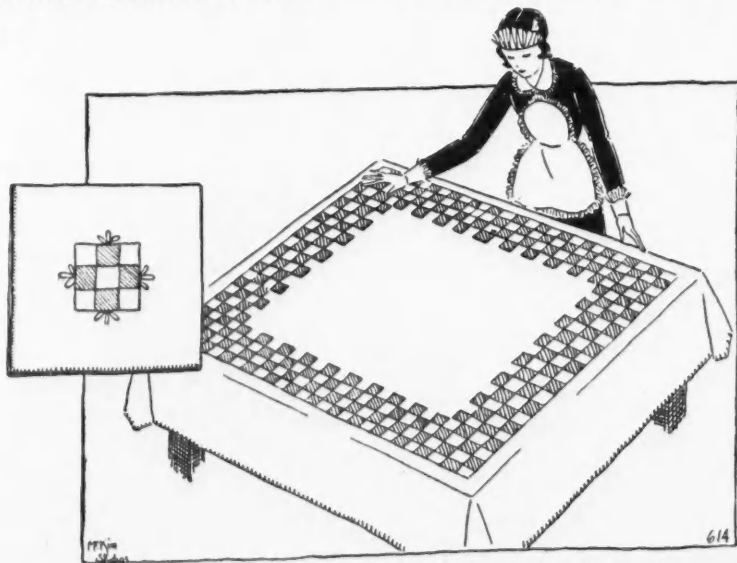
No printed pattern is necessary, but a chart telling where to do lazy daisies, blanket stitch, or long running stitches accompanies each order.

A bridge or small lunch cloth, thirty-six inches square, on the same plan and of the same quality materials, may be ordered, as Order Number 615 at 80 cents complete. Napkins are torn about thirteen and a half inches square. They also have appliqué plaid with green thread to finish. Order them as Order Number 616 at 14 cents.

SHEETS and pillow cases are considered ordinary enough things to make, but our new matching cuff and cameo sets make them something different again. The idea is this: We furnish three stamped medallions, one about six inches tall, the others about four inches, on either pink or blue sheeting with a four-inch band or the eighty-one-inch width for sheet and three-inch bands of the same for applying to a set of your own white pillow cases. The colored strips may be used as a top facing, or they may be finished with the tint underneath and rolled back like a cuff, which is a new wrinkle in making up a bed. If this idea is being followed, the embroidered medallions should be placed three or four inches farther from the hem than would otherwise be the case.

Either plan is charming. The set of hem materials and dainty stamped bird motifs may be ordered as Number 635P, for pink, or 635B for blue, at 67 cents. Wax pattern to stamp directly to your own materials is Number 636 at 25 cents. It contains two sets; that is, two large and four small ovals so a matching vanity set or scarf could be made. This design is formal enough to be used to excellent advantage on chair backs and arm linens.

Handicrafts described in this article may be ordered from the Handicraft Department, The Chatelaine, 153 University Avenue, Toronto.



Green gingham-trimmed table linens are effectively smart. Number 614, a tablecloth, is \$1.68; Number 615, a bridge or lunch cloth, is 80 cents, and Number 616, napkins, are 14 cents each.



You will find lasting protection in the new fitted, softer Kotex

Kotex deodorizes; Kotex is softer, more absorbent, and thus adds both daintiness and comfort to sanitary protection.

hospitals give. And it costs so little that home-made cotton and cheesecloth substitutes, far from being an economy, are actually an extravagance.

Kotex is disposable

And don't forget that Kotex is easily disposable. That alone has changed the hygienic habits of women all over the world. Once you try it, you, too, will change to this newer, smarter sanitary method. Kotex Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

YOU want a feeling of security and safety in sanitary protection. But you want even more than that, and Kotex gives you more.

First of all, it deodorizes, keeps you dainty, fresh, immaculate at times when that is doubly important. It is fashioned to fit securely. Under the closest fitting gown it is inconspicuous—a fact smart women are quick to appreciate.

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Kotex is so soft, so comfortable after hours of wear. Many pads may seem comfortable at first, but they soon become stiff and chafing. Kotex stays soft, because it is made of a most unusual substance, known as Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding. This is the very same absorbent used by most of our great hospitals today. It is not cotton, but a cellulose substance which, for sanitary purposes, performs the same function as the softest cotton—with five times the absorbency.

When you think it over, the fact that great hospitals use Kotex is your most important assurance that it is best for personal use. Hospitals—with their high medical standards—are careful to use only the best, the most comfort-giving, the most hygienic protection for patients. By choosing Kotex you assure yourself the same care that leading

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Mail coupon now for
THREE samples of Kotex and
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hygiene... FREE.

Summer Fruits for Winter Use

Continued from page 25

The term "cold pack," as applied to this method, does not mean that canning is done without heat. The prepared fruit is placed in clean, sterilized jars, syrup is added, the jars partially sealed and placed an inch or so apart on a rack in a clean wash boiler or similar container. Warm water is poured into the boiler until it covers the jars. The water is then heated and allowed to boil until the fruit is cooked and sterilized. Count the time stated in the recipe after the water begins to boil. Jars are removed one at a time, and the sealing is completed.

There are certain preliminary steps necessary when you are canning by this method. Care in selection of the fruit is important. Choose those which are firm and sound but not overripe. Freshness is very much to be desired from the standpoint of flavor and keeping quality. The fruit should be graded according to its size, shape and color in order to secure a uniformly attractive appearance. It should be washed carefully; stems, stones, or pits removed, and freed of all bruises or imperfections. Fresh fruit, such as peaches or apricots, should be blanched to loosen the skins. Put the fruit in a piece of cheesecloth or in a wire basket, and immerse in boiling water for a period varying with the product. It should then be plunged into cold water for four or five seconds. This is often spoken of as the

"cold dip" and is a part of the blanching process. It is advisable to blanch small quantities of fruit at a time so as to avoid cooling the water more than a few degrees below boiling point. Besides loosening the skins of some fruit, blanching is often done to shrink or reduce the bulk of such foods as spinach, to preserve the color of such vegetables as peas, or to lessen the pronounced flavor of others, cauliflower for example. Blanching also helps to ensure perfect cleanliness. Berries, however, should never be treated in this way, as some of the juice is extracted in the water.

After blanching, the fruit is packed in jars which have been thoroughly washed, rinsed, and sterilized by placing on a rack in a large kettle or boiler, covered with cold or lukewarm water, heated to boiling point and kept at that temperature for fifteen minutes. They should be filled with the fruit as soon as they are removed from the heat.

In filling the jars, pack the fruit carefully and as closely as possible without crushing the fruit. Pour in the hot syrup which has been previously prepared, adjust the rubber, the glass cover, and partially seal them. If a jar with a clamp top is used, pull the upper clamp over the lid, but do not snap the lower clamp into position. If a jar with a screw metal ring is used, turn it until it

catches hold but is not tightly adjusted. Place the jar on the rack in the hot water bath, allowing the warm water to rise about two inches over the top of the jar. Heat the water, and allow it to boil for the required length of time. Remove at once, and complete the sealing of the jars; invert them, and allow them to cool. Avoid placing them in a draught, as the cool air may crack the jars. Keep the jars at room temperature for ten days and examine occasionally to detect any signs of leakage or spoilage. They should then be kept in a cool dry place without strong light, as such fruits as strawberries, raspberries and others fade considerably. This may be prevented by wrapping the jars in brown paper, or they can be kept in the cartons in which the jars are purchased.

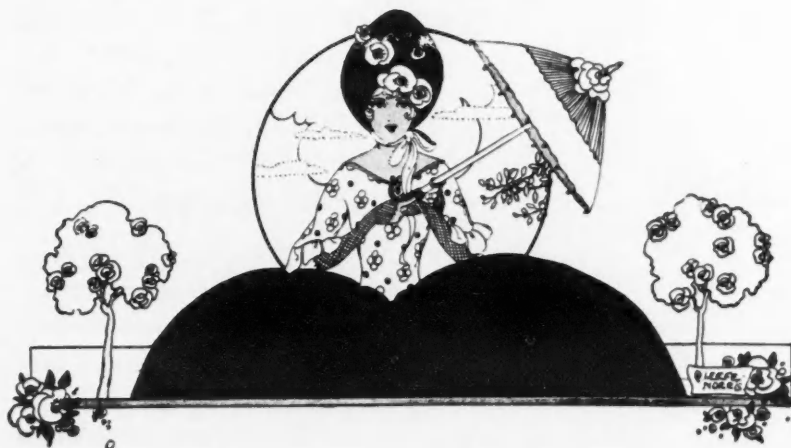
Syrups for Canning

For sweet fruits like raspberries, pears and peaches, use a thin syrup made by boiling together for five minutes, one cupful of sugar and two cupfuls of water.

For more acid fruits such as rhubarb or cherries, use a medium syrup made in the same way with one cupful of sugar and one cupful of water.

A thick syrup of two cupfuls of sugar to one cupful of water is used for strawberries and plums.

Fruit	Method	Sterilization
Blackberries	Wash, stem and pack in the sterilized jars. Use a medium syrup and fill the jars when the syrup is boiling hot.	20 minutes
Blueberries	Stem and pit, proceed as above.	
Currants	Wash the berries and stem carefully. Pack in sterilized jars and fill with boiling thick syrup.	16 minutes
Loganberries	Wash and pick the berries. Pack closely in sterilized jars and fill with boiling thick syrup.	16 minutes
Cherries	Blanch by immersing in boiling water for two minutes. Dip in cold water, pare, pit and cut in half. Pack the peaches into sterilized jars and fill with boiling thin syrup.	20 minutes
Strawberries	Wash the plums and prick the skins. Pack in sterilized jars and cover with thick syrup.	20 minutes
Gooseberry	Pare, halve, and to prevent discoloration drop into water to which a little salt has been added. Pack in jars and fill with boiling thin syrup.	30 minutes
Peaches	Wash, and cut in pieces one inch long. Blanch by immersing in hot water for one minute. Dip in cold water and pack in sterilized jars. Cover with boiling medium syrup.	20 minutes
Plums	Pare and remove the eyes. Cut in small pieces of uniform size and pack in sterilized jars. Cover with boiling thin syrup.	30 minutes
Pears	Crush the fruit and heat slowly. Strain and pour into sterilized jars. Method 1—Wash and stem the berries. Pack in sterilized jars and fill with boiling thin syrup.	30 minutes
Rhubarb	Method 2—Pack the berries into hot sterilized jars and cover with boiling syrup. Seal tightly. Place the jars in a washtub and pour in boiling water until it rises two or three inches over the tops of the jars. Cover with a thick blanket. Let stand overnight. Remove the jars and tighten the tops.	16 minutes
Pineapple		
Fruit Juice		
Raspberries		



We Entertain at Luncheon

Continued from page 24

served with the other. The guests are then served in the same way, beginning with the person on the right of the hostess. If preferred, the fruit cup in compots on a small plate may be placed on the service plate, and the napkin at the right. The comport and glass plate are removed from the left, but the service plate remains in place. Soup is served in the same manner, and after this course the service plate is removed. The baked ham and pineapple are arranged on warm plates in the kitchen and served to each guest. Vegetables are passed at the left, the vegetable dishes being held conveniently for the guests to help themselves. This course is removed and the salad served. The hot buttered biscuits, arranged on a plate or roll tray, are passed by the waitresses. After removal of the salad plates, the salt and peppers, radish and celery dishes, the dessert forks and spoons are placed at the right and the dessert is set in place. Coffee may be served then, or later in the drawing room. Remove the dessert plates and silver, place the finger bowls, and set on the table bonbon dishes containing mints colored to carry out the color scheme.

Plan of Preparation

The Day Previous

Lettuce and celery washed, and placed in hydrator. It may be put in a covered bowl or rolled in a piece of damp linen and placed in the refrigerator.

Radishes washed and cut, placed in ice water to crisp and curl.
Soup made and clarified.
Peas shelled and placed in hydrator.
Salads molded. Liquid poured over the shredded lettuce and pimento, and put in the refrigerator to "set."
Salad dressing made.
Strawberries hulled and crushed.
Syrup for frozen strawberries boiled and cooled.
Mints made.
Maraschino cherries, red and green, molded in ice cubes.
Salts and peppers filled.

The Day of the Luncheon

Sponge cake made; when cool, cut in suitable sized portions and hollow out.
Dining room dusted and aired.
Syrup and strawberries combined and frozen. Ice cream freezer packed and the ice allowed to stand until time of service.
Melons seeded, balls scooped out carefully and chilled.
Table set with place doilies, china, glass, silver, salts and peppers, and serviettes. Flowers arranged.
Place cards arranged. Be sure to use judgment in the seating of your guests. The place of honor for a gentleman is at the right of the hostess; for a lady at the right of the host.

Salads unmolded, arranged on lettuce leaves, and stored in the refrigerator.
Potatoes peeled.
Parsley shredded and meat prepared.
Ham put to bake with pineapple juice and slices.
Peas and potatoes cooked.
Tea biscuits baked.
Cream whipped.
Salad dressing thinned with cream.

Last Minute Preparations

Radishes and celery dishes filled and placed on the table.
Melon balls arranged in compots and placed on glass plates with lace paper doilies.
Soup cups, plates and vegetable dishes placed in warmer.
Dessert silver arranged conveniently for placing on the table with the dessert course.
Ice cubes placed in water glasses. The glasses filled with cold water. Pitcher of ice water placed on serving table for the prompt refilling of glasses.

Menu

Cantaloupe and Water Melon Balls
Radishes Celery
Bouillon
Baked Ham with Pineapple Slices
Green Peas Parsley Potatoes
Green Lettuce Mold Hot Tea Biscuits
Frozen Strawberries in Sponge Cake
Coffee Baskets Mints

Marketing Order

(For Party of Eight)

- 2 Cantaloupes
- 1 Thick slice of water melon
- 2 Pounds of veal
- ½ pound of beef
- 1 Can of tomatoes
- Carrots (1 bunch)
- Onions
- 1 Large head of celery
- 1 Head of iceberg lettuce
- 1 Bunch of leaf lettuce
- 1 Bunch of parsley
- ½ Dozen lemons
- 2 Bunches of radishes
- 3 Boxes of strawberries
- 1 Pound of butter
- ½ Dozen eggs
- ½ Pint of whipping cream
- ½ Pint of table cream
- 3 Slices of ham three-quarters of an inch thick
- 1 Can of sliced pineapple
- 3 Quarts of green peas
- 1 Small can of pimento
- 1 Small bottle of maraschino
- Cherries
- Potatoes
- Mint

Note: This does not include staples such as sugar, flour, baking powder, gelatine, or seasonings and flavorings.

The World's Most Popular Child

Continued from page 5

fully prepared bath and a meticulously measured bottle.

Sometimes, too, she just lay upon her back amid the soft whiteness of her cot, and gazed tranquilly at whatever swam into her line of vision. Faces came and went, and gave place to other faces, and they all had upon them the expression of every grown-up face that looks down at a tiny baby. They all smiled, and Princess Elizabeth gazed at them all equally with that great blue gaze of babyhood that seems often to be looking not only at one, but beyond.

The nursery where Princess Elizabeth lay was not a very large room, and it was up at the top of the house in Bruton Street. Its windows looked out, not over Bruton Street, where little knots of women continued to gather day after day, and to linger optimistically, hoping vaguely to gain a closer association with historic happenings by catching a glimpse of the Queen as a visitor, or of the Duke of York, or even perhaps of the newest member of the royal family, or her nurse. The nursery windows looked out toward Grafton Street, a typical London view, roofs and more roofs. Not very splendid, but views didn't matter, for the cosy nursery was intimate and peaceful and just above the Duchess's own bedroom, and it contained all that Princess Elizabeth wanted for her immediate comfort. There was a cot which was neither ostentatious nor elaborate, but soft as down and white as a snowdrift; a quantity of fairy baby garments delicately wrought, the perfection of simplicity and fine as gossamer. There was her nurse who spoke to her soothingly; and, since her windows faced the south, sunshine.

To this first nest of Princess Elizabeth came visitors—the Countess of Strathmore very often, and the Queen often too. The Queen had, of course, her two little grandsons, but this was her first granddaughter, and she was enchanted. Queen Mary has always had the most loving admiration for her son's charming wife, and on one of her very early visits to the nursery in Bruton Street, she said, looking down tenderly at the baby princess, "I do wish you were more like your little mother!" This remark might have been interpreted by the princess as being not exactly a compliment, but she paid no attention to it—perhaps she knew, in that mysterious way in which the truth is revealed unto babes, that she had brought with her into this house in Bruton Street an amazing quantity of love. Certain it is she knew that everyone round her loved her, and that, for a very little baby, is all-sufficient.

Visitors came to see her, conversations were carried on over her head; surmises were made as to the eventual color of her hair, and the final shade of her large blue eyes. Sometimes she cried a very little which was her only comment, screwing up her small face, for even the tears wouldn't come yet; but more often she smiled, thus creating the very definite impression, which nothing has subsequently altered, that she was a very adorable and a very good little baby indeed.

Even on the day when the important question of her names was decided upon, she remained tranquil. Elizabeth Alexandra Mary, after her mother, her great-grandmother, and her grandmother; or, as the imaginative might prefer to think of it, after three great queens. By a coincidence the little princess's initials were to be the same as her mother's initials, only in a different order, the Duchess's names being Elizabeth Marguerite Angela. It was settled that the royal baby was to be called Elizabeth; everyone in the royal circle was agreed about this, and she herself was well content.

No one, not even a princess, could have chosen a better time for a birthday than did Princess Elizabeth—the month of April, the month of young love, young lambs, and daffodils. And though there were no lambs

in London, young love was there budding in human hearts, and daffodils were there blossoming—in baskets. They were displayed at the street corners in buxom bunches, and in the more select shop windows in tapering sheaves, and they danced in bright battalions all the way up the grass where Hyde Park borders on Park Lane. For this was spring and all summer lay ahead. The spring was early in 1926, so that when Princess Elizabeth went out for her first walk, there were gay toilettes everywhere, and motors flashing past, and riders in the Row, and dozens of fashionable babies displaying the latest juvenile modes in Hyde Park.

But Princess Elizabeth on this first occasion did not go to the Park. She was carried, a white wisp, in her nurse's arms, carefully and decorously around the quiet precincts of Berkeley Square, where the small carpet of grass showed an amazing green, and the tree buds were beginning to throw a lace-work like a veil over the sooty bark of the branches.

AN ADMIRER of Princess Elizabeth who saw her when she was six or seven weeks old, has written of the occasion: "We were taken right upstairs to the nursery at the top of the house. It was a most beautiful late afternoon, and the little Princess had only just come in from her after-

noon walk. She is a most darling baby, with fine limbs, and I should think perhaps she will be tall. She has big blue eyes and tiny ears set close to her head, and the whitest skin in the world. I held her and soothed her for quite a little while when her nurse was busy about the room, and she only cried in a mildly protesting whimper, though it was past her bath time and I'm sure she was wanting her bottle. Nurse says she is always good."

When Princess Elizabeth was scarcely more than three months old she went on her first long journey. In the first days of August each year, at the end of the London season, the Duke and Duchess travel north to stay with the Earl and Countess of Strathmore at Glamis Castle. They usually leave King's Cross at night, arriving early next morning, but a day journey was considered best for the baby, who therefore went up the day before. She slept a good part of the way, and was quite unaffected by the journey, so that when the Duke and Duchess and their golden retriever "Glen" arrived at the castle from the wayside station of Glamis, there was the Princess smiling in her nurse's arms to greet them.

The arrival of the Duchess of York's baby brought the greatest joy and satisfaction to the County of Forfarshire and to the small township of Glamis. Only those southerners who know something of

Scottish history, and of the centuries-old lordship which the Lyons of the Great Strath have held over this whole stretch of the country, can understand the fine proud loyalty which the people in the villages, for miles around, feel for the Lords of Strathmore. It is not a tradition of today, nor even of yesterday. There has always, it seems, been the moor and the moss, the fishings and the forest, and at the foot of the valley, the great Castle of Glamis. And in the Castle, since the days of the White Lyon who married a King's daughter, there has always been a Lyon, Lord of Strathmore.

Thus it was that when Princess Elizabeth of York, at three months old, came with her mother for the first time to the Castle of Glamis, it was in a very real sense of the word that she was coming home.

It was wonderful what progress Princess Elizabeth began to make in the magical air of Glamis. She grew more beautiful daily, and she had no lack of admirers who loved to tell her so. She had passed that moment, when many a baby seems for a space to hesitate, doubting, upon the threshold of life. Princess Elizabeth was filled with a sense of comfort and well-being and serene courage—she was going forward. So around her during those August days, the quiet summer life of a great country house went pleasantly on. Princess Elizabeth herself took no great part in it, though she touched on it at times, as when, for instance, after breakfast, she would be carried to the Morning Room, or into the Oak Room after tea, where she would gaze at the glinting silver of the tea service, or hold tightly in small fingers some shiny seal or trinket from her grandmother's writing table.

Princess Elizabeth slept a great deal, perhaps for one reason, because at Glamis there is such a charming spot for sleep—the Dutch Garden, designed long ago by the little Princess's grandmother.

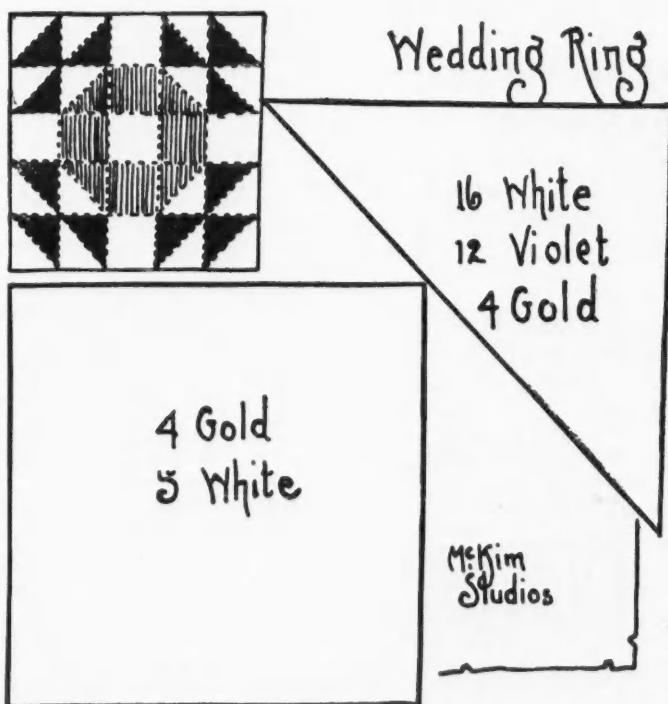
Imagine a garden all walled about with close-clipped hedges, a formal dark-green frame for grey stone terraces, and mossy banks and intimate benches, and a delicate jewel of a fountain, where Cupid from a pedestal pours water into a shallow pool, a pool completely tiled with a mosaic work of brightest turquoise blue. On either side of the fountain stretches a herbaceous border, a border which day after day unfolds a miracle of beauty, paid court to by a multitude of bees.

Here, then, Princess Elizabeth would be wheeled each morning, and here in her capacious perambulator she would sleep to the rhythmic sound of tennis balls on a hard court, or the song of overlaid bees. When she awoke it was to smile at her father and mother as they started off on some fishing expedition, or to take a polite interest in any of her grandmother's guests, who came to gather round her perambulator between a set of tennis or a round of golf.

The nursery at Glamis where Princess Elizabeth now lived, is an old nursery. It must in the past have echoed to the sound of many small voices, to the patter of many tiny feet. It is not in the main keep of the Castle, but has wandered away by itself, so to speak, into a long, low rambling wing. It is old, and like the very old—and the very young too, for that matter—it loves to be made much of, to be thought important, busy, useful. So, when the preparations were being made to welcome Lady Elizabeth's daughter, the Glamis nursery glowed; its oak boards beamed under their patina of fresh beeswax, and its diamond panes winked under their fresh frills. Then, on the first night of her arrival, when this new baby was fast asleep in her cot, the Glamis nursery felt like a lilac or a laurel bush, used every year by parent birds to build their nest—forgotten for a season, neglected—then re-discovered, chosen once more as home and shelter for little baby birds.

To be continued.

The Chatelaine's Patchwork



The Wedding Ring

There is another entirely different and quite complicated patchwork pattern called by this same name, but the quilt-making authorities insist this one is "wedding ring" too, so at the risk of two wedding rings being—well—superfluous, we submit this colorful little design. It is much too charming to omit from our old time quilt blocks.

Other colors of course may be used: rose centre with green or light with white and dark blue, for instance. Patterns do not allow for seams, but the finished sizes of the cutting units are here given. They make a block twelve and one-half inches square. This is a good size and design for a boxed patchwork pillow or quilted chair seat.

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by
MAB



Care of the feet

The Promise of Beauty

MADAM will you walk and talk with me?" is the refrain of an old song. But madam cannot walk and madam is not likely to talk engagingly if her feet are uncomfortably housed—are, so to speak, "distressing stories bound in leather."

Foot specialists tell us that eighty per cent of their business comes from women. When I asked one of these specialists who has been very successful in curing many cases of suffering feet, what he considered to be the main reasons for what the negroes call "misery ob de feet" he promptly answered, "ignorance and vanity."

Middle-aged women, he claims, are the greatest sufferers from foot trouble, and are themselves to blame for most of it. A large number of the pains and penalties supposed to be the peculiar heritage of women, such as headache and backache, and many of the cases of so-called "chronic rheumatism," are due almost wholly to sins against the feet caused for the most part by badly constructed and ill-fitting shoes.

For all these unfortunate conditions, however, it is possible to find relief. This specialist tells me that he has had patients of sixty and seventy years of age who were practically crippled as a result of fallen arches or other foot ailments, but who by using the exercises for the feet, which are

given below, by watching their diet to prevent deposits in the joints which stiffen and age them, and by wearing shoes that support but do not contract, are able to walk again with enjoyment.

It is possible nowadays to buy shoes that are correctly made and are comfortable and smart. These shoes permit the great toe to point straight ahead, and, if properly fitted, allow for the expansion of the feet lengthwise and crosswise.

For aggravated cases of flat feet and like maladies it is best to consult a specialist and have him fit and adjust the necessary support for the fallen arches and modify these as the correction progresses. But in addition to this, the following exercises will help enormously and should be practised by everyone every day to ensure elasticity and freedom of locomotion.

1. Stand with the feet parallel and rise on the toes. Hold this position while counting ten, then come down slowly to the former position. Repeat this until the muscles are tired.

2. Repeat the above exercise and take about ten steps on tiptoe.

3. Try to pick up a small object with the toes. This will cure the ache in the ball of the foot which indicates that the muscles of the arch need strengthening. Practise this with each foot at least ten times.

4. This exercise can be taken in bed and will introduce you to many new muscles in your legs and feet. Thrust the legs out and draw the toes up toward the knee bending the toes as if to touch the front of the leg. Then slowly bend them back the other way until the knee, ankle and toe are in a straight line. This exercise will tend to keep the ankles slim.

5. Another exercise that can be taken in bed is to lie or sit with the right leg crossed over the left one, and work the foot clockwise using the ankle as a pivot. Do this exercise slowly making a complete circle each time. Then cross the legs with the left one on top and carry on the exercises with the other foot. This will wake up the joints, reduce swelling and strengthen the ankles.

6. Stand on a step with the toes over the edge. Bend them up as far as you can and then bend them down over the edge. Do this at least ten times.

7. Stand with the feet a little apart and slowly bend the ankles outward until the soles of the feet face each other. Repeat many times.

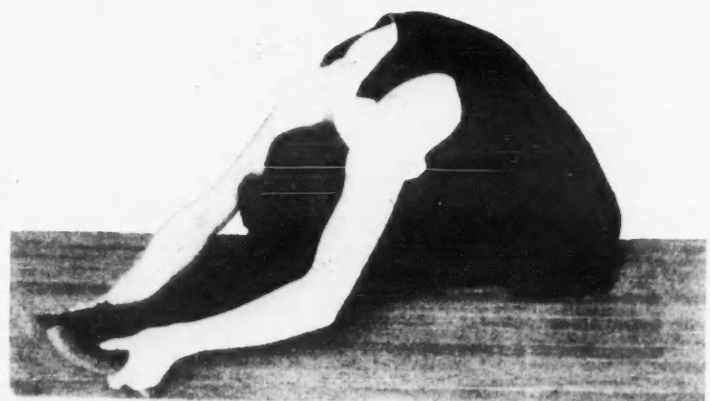
A method of massage for the feet which dancers practise assiduously, is to place a small rubber ball under the instep and roll it along the floor keeping it in that position, first under one foot then under the other.

The Chatelaine's EXERCISE A MONTH

The second in a series of particularly good exercises to be mastered, one by one every month. Posed for The Chatelaine by the Margaret Eaton School.

Trunk Movement

Take a long, sitting position, i.e., with legs extended in front. The movement is performed by bending forward to grasp ankles and raising to a good sitting position in rhythm. The knees must be kept straight throughout.



my recitation." John kept looking at him, and the gaze of neither fell. "It takes a pretty mangy dog to do a thing like that. You like to kick a man when he's down, don't you?" A smile of contempt crept to the corners of John's mouth, but he said nothing. I suppose he figured that he was away ahead and that for the present words wouldn't get him any farther. "I wouldn't do a thing like that to a skunk," Carey went on; and John couldn't resist three words: "Neither would I," he said and turned away to his desk.

Carey looked daggers at his back. "Some one of these days something's going to land on you, smart guy," he said, "and it's going to knock your teeth down your throat."

Without turning, John said: "Well, it won't be you that lands it, then; because if you land on me, it'll be when my back is turned."

"That so? Well, if I ever land on you when your back is turned, it'll be because you're running away."

"It'll be a cold day when I run away from you," John retorted.

"Cold days are coming," asserted Carey.

"So is a heap of trouble for you if you keep on looking for it."

"Seems as if I got it in class without looking for it."

John laughed, a hard laugh. "Anyone dumb enough to handle a case the way you did, Mr. Justice of the Supreme Court, is looking for more than you got."

"All right, Birkenhead, you fool. Just remember what I said."

"You never said anything worth remembering."

"You'll remember a good punch in the nose, and you'll get it one of these fine days."

"That so? And you'll do your remembering in the infirmary."

"With you making a big smell on the danger list," Carey retorted.

"Talk is cheap," John said.

"None cheaper than calling a man a thief without reason."

"Without reason!" John sneered. "Your face gave you away. You wouldn't empty your pockets. What more reason would I want?"

"I didn't steal your blasted chain!" Carey snapped.

"That so? Well, I don't believe you. What's more, I think you're carrying it now."

"I know you do," Carey replied. "You've been cheap enough to go through my desk to make certain it wasn't there. Anyone who'd do that would think anything."

"Then empty your pockets and prove you haven't got it."

"I'll empty nothing," Carey told him.

"Of course you won't. You'd give yourself away. You're a common thief."

Carey's finger shot out.

"Don't call me that!" he said. "I'll kill you if you call me that."

"You wouldn't kill anybody," John came back. "You're a cowardly, common thief."

That finished it. Carey went for his throat like a madman. He slammed John up against the wall before he knew what hit him; and the next instant John sent Carey flying across the room before a return onslaught. They crashed again in the centre of the room, then stood away toe to toe and rocked each other with terrific blows. They fought back and forth across the room. They rushed into one cruel clinch after another, tearing and clawing without mercy.

They wanted to kill each other, if ever friends did. They rolled on the floor, with Carey now on top, and now John, slamming terrific blows to the face and body. Once John got Carey sprawled back across a desk on his back and nearly had him out, but Carey got a foot lodged in John's chest and shot him across the room to the wall, where he struck and sank to the floor with nearly all his wind knocked out; but he got up and wrestled Carey into a clinch and hung on till his wind came back.

Neither had any science to speak of, but evidently John had some idea of a flying mare, for he suddenly slipped into position for it, jamming his shoulder under Carey's

arm and catching the wrist and shoulder and bringing him up over his back and down on to the floor with a terrible crash.

Ellery and I broke in just as Carey let the stein go. It was a big stein, decorated with fat, mustached Germans smoking long pipes and drinking long beers, and underneath them all it said in German, "For Friendship's Sake." It had been knocked to the floor during the battle and lay at Carey's fingertips as he sprawled there on the floor.

We saw him let it fly from a half-prostrate position. It caught John on the point of the chin with stunning force. John was pretty groggy anyhow and that finished him. He wilted and sat down on the floor, and there they were, both of them, nearly out and scarcely knowing what had happened.

"Hey, you boobs!" Ellery cried and got between them. He helped John to his feet and I did the same for Carey. Blood was streaming from John's chin and the wound needed a doctor's attention.

"I guess I'll take this one up to the infirmary," Ellery said, and helped the dazed John out to his car with a towel to stop the flow of blood.

Carey was more exhausted than injured, though he had several cuts and bruises and one remarkable black eye. I got him into bed without saying much, but I did say as I painted his cuts with iodine: "Isn't it about time you two fellows came to your senses?"

He was sullen and white, wincing under the sharp stab of the iodine.

"This place isn't big enough for him and me," he said.

"Well, I'll tell you what you can do. You come across the hall and room with me, and Ellery will come here with John. I've talked it over with Ellery and it's all right."

He shook his head. "I'll never move out for that snake. If anybody's going to do any clearing out, he's the one."

On the way to the infirmary Ellery put the same thing up to John and got the same reply. They kept John at the infirmary for a day and a half, and when he got back to the rooms, hard-eyed and white-lipped, the silent siege of hatred set in.

What enemies friends can become! That dull hatred burned into them deeper and deeper. Neither made any move to disturb the other in their rooms. They moved like ghosts, avoiding each other, walking on opposite sides of the room, their eyes never meeting.

John plunged into his work with a fierce, unquenchable vigor. He grew paler and thinner and his lips were constantly set in a hard line and kept that way by unbroken application to his work. He simply crucified himself on that hatred. Before, he had always known a limit to the amount time books should take. Now he did not. He was at work early and seldom in bed before three or four, and Morris the policeman told me of many nights when he didn't go to bed at all.

No one went to their rooms any more. It is not pleasant to be where the air of feud hangs like a threat.

WHAT happened next was due to Betty Barrett. It was at the Gamma party at the Union. Ellery and I went stag, as did John, Carey and Matherson. We were standing there in the stag line, looking over the likely stock of women floating out there on the floor when Betty came in with some undergraduate. Betty was the good-looking stenographer over in Scanlan's Secretarial Service. A lot of us used to have briefs and reports done there, and we all knew Betty.

Spying Matherson Kemp, she spoke to her escort and they headed over in our direction. She greeted all of us with a smile and went up to Matherson.

"Oh, Mr. Kemp," she said, "I've been wanting to see you about this for such a long time. I'm sorry to have let it go for so long, but it slipped my mind, and you haven't been in the office."

Matherson evidently didn't know what she was talking about until she reached up to her throat and began to remove a fine

Do These Three Important Things to have strong, healthy teeth

1 Follow the diet below



From one to three eggs, depending on age of individual.

Raw fruit and fresh vegetables you like.



Head lettuce, cabbage or celery.



½ lemon mixed with orange juice to make 1 pint.



One quart of milk every day.

2 Use Pepsodent twice a day



3 See your dentist twice a year



Eat the proper food; use Pepsodent twice daily; see your dentist twice a year. That is the ultimate as modern science sees it.

A PROMINENT professor of a large university finds that the natural resistance to decay and gum disorders can be greatly built up by the proper diet. The most common ages of tooth decay are during the period of growth. Here is the diet he recommends for you and your family, depending upon age for the quantity.

Every day one quart of milk; eggs; head lettuce, cabbage or celery; lemon juice mixed with orange juice, and as much raw or fresh vegetables as you like.

And use Pepsodent

Every day, too, you must remove from your teeth a cloudy film that coats them. Film is that slippery coating you can feel with your tongue. It sticks like glue and ordinary brushing fails to remove it effectively. Film absorbs the stains from food and smoking. It turns teeth dull and dingy.

Your dentist will tell you that when Pepsodent removes film from teeth it plays an important part in the prevention of decay and other troubles.

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Pepsodent

Pepsodent, the tooth paste featured in the Amos 'n' Andy Radio Program

The Cat's-Paw

Continued from page 11

Instinctively, for had she thought she wouldn't have moved, Lalage looked at the speaker.

"Ah!" he said, in a tone of admiring satisfaction. "Accept my congratulations, Lefarge. You have indeed an eye! But admirable, admirable. Not one of those others whom we mentioned this morning, ladies whom we know would help us—for a price—has one-half of these attractions. Moreover they are altogether of the wrong type. But madame here—or is it mademoiselle?—is ravishing, as well as having all the other necessary qualifications. But—do you suppose she has friends who might—interfere?"

"Unlikely," Lefarge opined. "Ladies who stay with the nuns are usually friendless. Besides, this one is English, I fancy."

"Indeed? Ah, how that simplifies matters! Well, now let us seek to learn a little more about our guest. Mademoiselle," he wheeled on Lalage, "it is mademoiselle, is it not?"

"Mademoiselle! Ah, the lady sulks, is it not?" He took a swift stride across to her chair, and stood there immobile, looking down at her. Slowly and unwillingly she lifted her eyes. There was something that she couldn't resist about this man's steely gaze; he compelled attention, obedience. Like a frightened bird before a snake, she had to look at him; and like the bird, she realized too late the power of the eyes she looked into.

FOR this man, she knew in the depths of her, was evil. His silky caressing voice, his suave, polished manner, were only camouflage to hide the innate cruelty, the inflexible determination of what lay beneath. He wanted, she felt, her soul, and nothing less would satisfy him.

"Mademoiselle," he said again, "suppose we endeavor to be sensible. Let us converse for a moment, review the situation calmly. Believe me, I understand your feelings. You have killed a man and you are afraid. But naturally! You have said to yourself, in effect, 'I have committed a crime. I am in a foreign country, a stranger among strangers, and I cannot tell what to do for the best.'"

"An Englishwoman in France, you have argued with yourself, has no chance. Therefore you run away. Again, most natural. My friend here, seeing your plight and your distress, offers, as you think, to help you in your flight. You accept this offer, and you find yourself here, my unwilling guest, among those whom you believe to be enemies. Indeed, mademoiselle, I am not in the least surprised that you are afraid, but that is where your mistake lies. There is not the slightest need for fear; we are not your enemies but your friends.

"Figure to yourself, mademoiselle, the situation in which my friend finds himself. You have killed a man and he and the chauffeur are the only witnesses of your crime. They are men of chivalrous instincts; they do not ask what was your quarrel with this man, or why you killed him. No! All they have thoughts for, is that here is a lady in distress and danger. They will rush to her help. They are not certain what to do for the best, and so, having, my friend and my servant, a most exaggerated idea of my capabilities, they believe that I shall know better than they how best to assist you. And they bring you to my house that I may give you shelter and comfort while we decide what is the wisest way to act."

He paused, and Lalage took a moment for thought. How plausible it sounded, this explanation of his, given in that kindly, considerate manner. Yet instinct warned her that there was some hidden menace in all this apparent good will and helpfulness.

He was speaking again. "Now, mademoiselle, will you not tell us a little more about yourself? Your grudge against this man, for instance? Your name? Your business here? If you have any friends who might be of service to you?"

She was determined not to answer him, sure she mustn't commit herself in any way until she had found out what was his true object in all this, so she maintained a sullen silence.

"Come, come, my dear young lady." His voice was a little impatient when he spoke again. "Can you not see the foolishness of your attitude? I am all anxiety to help and you give me nothing but hindrance. A few facts I must have before I can see how best to assist you. Do I pray you, be sensible and give me the information I seek."

Still silence from Lalage. She was longing to speak, to explain, but terrified of saying too much.

The Vicomte shrugged. "*Hélas*, then, you have brought it on yourself. Lefarge, the lady's bag if you will be so kind."

BEFORE she had guessed what he was going to do, Lefarge had seized the precious case that lay on her knees, and given it to the Vicomte. She rose to protest, to fight for her treasure, but it was too late, and anyway, what strength she had was useless against that of the man who held her back.

Leisurely, the Vicomte strolled over to a table a little way off, sat down and fingered the locks of the bag he laid on it. At least, she thought, he hasn't got the key, and gained a little hope thereby. But it was soon ended, for he didn't seem to bother about that, but took from his pocket a little instrument of some kind, which opened the locks as easily as did the key which was hidden inside her dress.

Shuddering, she watched him take out one by one, her precious papers and look them over deliberately. Then came her passport, then some letters from her mother. He missed nothing, overlooked nothing, and when finally he had examined everything the case contained, he closed it again, laughing softly.

"Almost too easy, my dear Lefarge," he commented. "So simple that it resembles what the English call 'cradle-snatching.' A most satisfactory state of affairs." He walked over to Lalage again and spoke to her, and this time his voice was not quite so silken.

"I think we can do business now, mademoiselle," he said decidedly. "Speak or be silent as you wish, it makes no difference. Listen, I will put my cards on the table." He drew up a chair by her side and sat down. "I will be frank with you. Let me begin by introducing myself. Miss Lalage Hayle allow me to present to you the Vicomte De—well, De Chateauloin, I call myself at present. My castle is indeed far off. A little family history on my side may not come amiss. I am of the *ancienne noblesse*, but alas, impoverished, and circumstances compel me to earn my living in these hard times, as best I may. Gone are the days when a French nobleman could scorn to soil his hands by trade. I have become a tradesman and I achieve my bread and butter, at present, by the sale of various commodities which cannot be disposed of in the market places of the world.

"I trust these details do not bore you, mademoiselle? I will make them as short as may be. *Alors*, at present I have for sale a very precious treasure—of how it came into my hands we will not speak. In Geneva is a prospective buyer, one of your compatriots, a gentleman of the most wealthy and distinguished, who collects just such things as I wish to sell. The question has arisen as to how to introduce this treasure to this gentleman. Alas, it is no longer possible for me to make the introduction. I am not *persona grata* in official circles at present, nor do I wish to bring myself to the notice of those in authority—on the contrary.

Therefore, it is necessary, in order to bring together the article for sale and the prospective buyer, for me to have an agent whose credentials are above suspicion. You

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But years of experience at the chair had shown Dr. Forhan that the healthy mouth needs sound gums as well as sound teeth. In fact, he became known throughout the dental profession for a preparation he devised and used as an aid in the treatment of gums.

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pyorrhea and at forty
the odds are

4 out of 5





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gold chain. She held it out in the palm of her hand.

"There. You dropped it the last time you were in. Sorry I didn't get it back to you sooner."

The expression on Matherson's face as he took the little heap of gossamer gold between his fingers was a peculiar one. He muttered some kind of thanks to Betty, who smiled and started away in the arms of her undergraduate.

Then Matherson walked out of the stag line and across that corner of the floor to the door. As he went out, Ellery nudged me. "Take a look at John," he said.

John was staring after Matherson. Then he turned and his eyes met Carey's for an instant. Carey looked away and thrust his hands into his pockets, then moved off along the edge of the stag line, deeper into the ballroom, and I couldn't see his face. The next moment John went after Matherson. "Fireworks," said Ellery. "Let's go."

We spotted them in the clearing behind the Union, in the weak light of a distant street lamp. John was just catching up with Matherson and we saw him grab Matherson by the arm and spin him around.

John said something in an undertone and Matherson knocked down John's hand and said something in return; then John hit him. Matherson staggered back, then came rushing in. John got in another lucky punch and stopped the rush just as we reached them.

Ellery went for Matherson and I grabbed John.

"Wait a minute," said Ellery. "Calm down. Calm down."

Instantly there came the sound of official footsteps hastening in our direction. Ellery let go of Matherson and turned to face Morris.

"Hey, you!" said Morris. "What's goin' on here? What's goin' on?"

Ellery blocked his way. Morris shone the light in Ellery's face and would have shone it past him to see what was what, but Ellery put his hand over the light.

"What's goin' on here, Mr. Smith?" Morris demanded of Ellery.

Ellery laughed. "Meeting of the Committee on what a college policeman shouldn't know," he said.

Morris made a serious face. "All right," he replied. "But I won't stand for murder nor none of your trouble, mind."

"There will be neither," Ellery assured him.

"I'll take your word," said Morris and he drifted away, tucking Ellery's cigar into his pocket.

"Well," demanded Ellery, turning. "what's the song and dance? You're getting to be a wildcat, John."

Matherson moved forward.

"He didn't give me a chance," he protested. "I wanted to explain, but he wouldn't have it."

"There's nothing to explain," John growled.

"Oh, yes, there is," Matherson came back. "There's plenty to explain, and I'm just beginning to see it now. You think that chain Betty Barrett handed me is yours. Well, it isn't. It's the one Henriette sent to me. I lost it. And I thought you found it when I saw you with one exactly like it the day we went to the dean's office."

about that note. I—I took it out of your book there in the office. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to take what was yours. Here."

From his outstretched fingers dangled a gold strand, catching light from the street lamp.

"She sent you one, too?" John asked slowly in a bewildered way.

Matherson was nodding.

"Of course," affirmed a cool voice behind us. "She sent me one, too." We turned. There in the entrance to the clearing stood Carey, hands in his pockets, half a smile on his face. "Along with a nice little love note asking me never, never to tell either of you—or anybody. She would love me forever, though from afar. A dark secret. A jolly dark secret."

"Oh," said John in that bewildered way. "The little wench!" declared Matherson.

"Why didn't you say so?" John demanded of Carey.

"Aw," said Carey with a mild shrug of his shoulders. "you were too far gone, guy. You were balmer over her than I was. I just thought I'd let you have your good time. Why not?"

"But I've been an awfully dirty dog," said John, coming forward hesitantly like a child seeking forgiveness.

"Sure," said Carey with unmistakable affection. "Everybody gets that way now and then."

"Well, what do you know about that?" said Ellery to me. "Henriette—the little witch!"

I THINK that the finest thing that Ellery and I saw in months was the silhouette of those three. Matherson, John and Carey, marching ahead of us back to the ballroom, arm in arm. I am always glad for quick intellects that can discard hard feelings in an instant. Here were three.

It was a merry ball for us from then on. To this day Betty Barrett must wonder why five stags from the legal department of the university showered so much attention on her that night, and her undergraduate friend must have hated the sight of us.

When the party broke up, we went home across the yard in high spirits. We were singing a little boisterously. There was no mention of Henriette. There never has been that I know of. Henriette perished that night. Friendship was reborn. That, as Ellery said, was worth the perishing of six Henriettes.

Morris, the cop, stood at the edge of the curb outside as we emerged. He would have commanded us to be less noisy, but his attention was distracted by the broad gesture that Matherson made with his arm, especially as, when the gesture was done, some magic had created a golden chain in the horny palm of Morris, who put the light of his lamp upon it and stared and said that his old lady would like this, and thanks.

John threw his unsentimentally into the wastebasket. Heaven knows where it is now.

And as for Carey—well, I am not sure of this, but, you know, Carey had a sense of humor. I think he kept his chain. I think that he always will.



Delegates to the annual convention of the Woman's Institutes of Quebec held June 11, 12 and 13, at Macdonald College, Quebec.

Inevitably her mind turned to thoughts of escape. Was there a way out of this *impasse* she had got into? There might be, but if there were, could she take it? Everything, she realized, hinged on that, and the answer that came instinctively was no! No, not though escape from this house were easy, not though a way opened itself at this minute, she couldn't, mustn't escape without those papers that she had seen locked away in that safe downstairs.

Besides, she argued with herself, supposing she were to find a way of getting out of this house, if she were cowardly enough to leave those papers behind, what then? How far would she be able to get? Home to England? Assuredly not. Her passport was with her return ticket in M. le Vicomte's safe and she'd never reach England without them. True, her money, what was left of it, was in her own keeping, some of it in her handbag and the rest in the pocket under her clothes, but how far would that take her? Again, not as far as England. There wasn't enough to buy another ticket; and even if there were, that missing passport would bar her way, and she lacked the means of getting another now. She couldn't, as wiser folk could have done, go to a British consul somewhere and explain what had happened, borrow money, ask for a new passport. That dead man by the roadside away beyond Gex put all that out of the question. The last thing she could afford to do now was to court investigation of any kind. The inside of a French prison might easily prove to be worse than the place she was in now, and hope of escape, with or without her papers, even slighter.

Her thoughts went back to that dead man. She supposed it was very horrible of her, callous, but she couldn't somehow feel the terrible remorse she ought to have done at the thought that she had killed a man. She couldn't realize it as a fact, and when she tried to analyze her feelings about it, she couldn't even feel responsible. Surely she couldn't be a murderess, she shuddered, without intent to kill, and she certainly hadn't any. She hadn't done anything except to get away from the man who attacked her. In England they'd have recognized that, and believed her when she told the police exactly what had happened. But here in France, with that horrible Vicomte trying to twist her story round, to make out she'd done it on purpose, and had some awful, hidden reason for wanting to kill, she'd have no chance. No, whichever way she looked at it, she couldn't make herself feel guilty, and she didn't want to. She'd got enough to bear without deliberately adding to her own sufferings like that.

She rose up and wandered restlessly round the room. It was large, well lit, and comfortably furnished; the kind of bedroom you'd expect to find in a good country house. She knew she'd been locked in, had heard the key turn in the door when she was left alone. She drew the heavy velvet curtains aside and looked at the windows: they were shuttered on the outside. She opened one of them and tried the shutters, but they wouldn't move. She couldn't even see where or how they were fastened. She pushed and pulled, all to no purpose. No bars were visible, and yet they were as rigid as if they'd been made of steel. There wasn't a crack or a chink anywhere.

This was horrible, this feeling of being utterly shut in. She rushed to the door and tried that; twisted the handle, beat against the wood. For a second, panic had her in its grasp, blind unreasoning terror. She could not get out. Well, then, no one should get in!

With strength she hadn't known she possessed, she dragged a heavy chest of drawers in front of the door, chairs in front of that, and then stopped abruptly, surveying her handiwork.

"That," she said aloud, slowly, "is the way to go mad!" And deliberately she made herself undo what she had done. Then with a kind of grim determination she undressed and got into the bed, a typically French one, heavily upholstered but very comfortable. A pair of pyjamas had been provided for her by someone, elegant silk things—far too

long, of course, and obviously a man's, but they were welcome. Yet sleep wouldn't come, because though her weary, aching body found relief and comfort, there was none for her mind. Morning was getting nearer every minute—morning when she'd have to give her answer to the Vicomte and face the consequences of whatever that answer might be.

However often she turned the problem over in her mind, from whatever different angles she looked at it, she could only see one answer: she must agree to his proposals. She must do whatever he asked, because in that way only could she get back her papers and buy her release.

It was utterly impossible that she should go back to England empty-handed, even were the chance allowed her. How could she go home and face her parents who were waiting so anxiously for her, and tell them that she had once had in her possession everything they had sent her to get, but had come home without it?

That would be signing her mother's death warrant, robbing her father of the last remnants of hope he was clinging to, besides branding herself forever as a coward and a failure.

IT HAD been such a very short time ago that hope had come to the Hayles, and yet they had managed to make so many plans in that short time. If they were to be disappointed now, through her failure, they'd never get over it.

Before the war, David Hayle, her father, was a prosperous man, living in France with the wife he had married there, and his daughter, Lalage. They had more or less of everything they wanted, and were contented and happy. Then came the war, bringing ruin and misery in its train. There had been nothing left when the Germans had overrun their corner of France, and before the devastation was complete the Hayles had managed somehow to escape to England. He joined up at once, and Mrs. Hayle took her daughter to her husband's native Cornwall where living was cheap. But she had wilted in that alien atmosphere and the seeds were sown of that disease which yearly robbed her of her vitality and strength, a disease for which only money could buy the cure.

Then David Hayle had come back, and things were worse, if anything, instead of better, for he had lost a leg, one arm was useless and his spirit was broken.

Still, they hadn't been altogether unhappy down there together in Nancarrow. They might even have been happy in spite of their poverty if the shadow hadn't come yearly closer to Félice Hayle. They all three cared very much about one another, and although Lalage's official education had ended in 1914, her mind had by no means stood still when her lessons ceased. Her mental life was by no means cramped.

They were desperately poor: they had his pension and very little else, but somehow they just managed. Sometimes, as she grew older, Lalage had wondered if she shouldn't go out into the world beyond and earn her own living, relieve her parents of the cost of her keep, and bring a very little perhaps, but something, into the family exchequer. But she had to give up the idea. Beyond an irreproachable French accent she had nothing that would sell in the market place. Anyway, if she went, someone would have to be paid to look after her parents, and no one on earth could give for money what she gave them for love.

So she stayed, and if occasionally she regretted bitterly the uneventful years that were stealing her youth from her unfulfilled, she wasn't too unhappy and she had her compensations.

Then at last, a couple of months ago, came the marvellous news that had sent her hot-foot to France.

Some far distant relative of her mother's had died and Félice Hayle became heiress to his fortune, if she could prove her relationship. There lay the crux of the matter.

It wasn't a thing which could be done in England. Someone must go to France and Switzerland, go from place to place, search-



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follow me? You, mademoiselle, are the one, I feel, best fitted to act as that agent."

Slowly, very slowly, it dawned on Lalage why she had been brought here. She was still so benumbed by all she had gone through that her brain refused to function properly, but she was beginning a little to wake up now, and at last she dared to speak.

"Would you explain yourself a little further, monsieur?" she asked.

"Ah, we are becoming more reasonable!" the Vicomte exclaimed. "We are beginning to see on which side our bread is buttered, as they say in England. Indeed I will explain, mademoiselle, if explanation be necessary. The situation in short is this. You have committed a crime of which my friends were the only witnesses. They removed you from the scene of that crime and covered your traces. Unless they speak, no one will connect you, mademoiselle, with that dead man by the roadside. No one will ask what grudge you had against him that made you murder him—"

Lalage couldn't endure that. She sat upright and broke into hot denial. "He attacked me, monsieur, tried to rob me. I had never seen him before, and have no idea who he is."

"Was," corrected the Vicomte suavely. "But, of course, mademoiselle, that was the story I had expected you to tell, and it will pass very nicely between friends; but the police would not be satisfied with such an invention, I assure you. They would seek the truth. They . . . No, I beg of you," as she was about to protest again, "do not trouble to repeat yourself. I accept your story . . . I . . . but for the police, it is another matter."

"However, let us continue. You have, in this case here, papers which are most evidently of considerable value to you and to your family. You are anxious to take them home to England. You will not be able to do that, mademoiselle, if the police put you in prison, will you? Therefore I am going to suggest that we make a bargain you and I. I, and my friends—I vouch for them as for myself—will keep silence as to this . . . this murder by the roadside—forgive me if I use the cruder methods of speech. It is as well that things should for once be called by their right names, and in return, you on your part will render me a slight service. That is all; most simple and easy, is it not? For the present, I will keep your papers safely; at the end of a week at the most, I will return them to you, if your task is successfully accomplished. We will say farewell, and you will return to England with all your treasure-trove, and possibly probably I may say, a little . . . er . . . memento—commission, shall we call it?—on the business you have transacted for me. Well, mademoiselle?"

At her wits' end, Lalage played for time. "And this service you require of me, monsieur, what is it?"

"You see reason at last?" he asked. "It is most gratifying."

"It is but the most trifling task I would set you, my dear young lady. Simple, easy, even pleasant. Nothing that you could possibly object to in any way: merely to dine once or twice in a certain restaurant in Geneva, permit yourself to make the acquaintance of a certain Englishman whom you will meet there, make yourself agreeable to him—oh! but in the most proper and decorous way—and persuade him eventually to buy that commodity which I have for sale and which you will lead him to believe belongs to you. That is entirely all."

"And if I refuse?" Lalage asked slowly.

"But you would never be so foolish, mademoiselle," he assured her, "for if you should refuse, my friends here would feel themselves forced to go to the police with their story and I, regretful though I should be, would feel forced to put those papers from that case there into the fire and watch them burn."

There was a long, long silence while she fought for sanity, struggled against the sense of desperation that was overcoming her.

SHE couldn't decide with her mind whirling and reeling like this. She must have time, must see if there were no way of escape before she committed herself.

She spoke at last, desperately. "Monsieur, I cannot answer," she cried. "You must give me time to think before I can say what I will do."

He laughed. "But that is reasonable, dear lady. That I appreciate; that I agree to, though, believe me, I know what your answer will be, what it must be, however long you have to think it over. But I am only too anxious to be accommodating and obliging. Never could I resist the pleadings of beauty in distress. So I will give you till the morning. Tonight you shall pass in comfort under my roof, an honored guest. Tomorrow you shall tell me what rôle you have decided to play for the future, that of my ally, my agent, my assistant, or that of a murderess about to be handed over to the police."

If, before, she had had any doubts as to what manner of man this was, they were dissipated now. His voice, as he said that one word "murderess," left no room for question. Indeed there seemed no way out, but she wasn't going to give in yet, with the promise of this night's respite before her.

"Then I agree, monsieur," she answered. "Let me have a night's rest, and I will tell you in the morning what I have decided."

"How wise," he purred; "how sensible! Come, then, we will be friends for tonight, is it not? You will accept my hospitality. Lefarge, would you ring the bell? No, stay; perhaps you would go and ask Madame Mirabeau to prepare a room for this lady. You know which one I mean. Would you see yourself that everything there is satisfactory?"

Lefarge left the room with a smile, an unpleasant smile, Lalage thought, and the Vicomte turned to her again.

"And now," he said suavely, "we will put your so precious papers in a place of safety. I think I should like you to assure yourself, mademoiselle, that they will indeed be well looked after until you permit me to return them to you."

He crossed the room, and she saw for the first time a huge steel safe in one corner.

"This," he explained as he unlocked it, "is not where I keep my own treasures but it is none the less secure. See, the keys I keep myself here on this chain. When I go to bed they go with me. Assure yourself, mademoiselle, there is no chance"—he stressed the words—"no chance whatever of anyone but myself opening this safe. Even were . . . someone . . . to steal the keys—which would be almost impossible—he, or she, would be ignorant of the combination that opens the lock. There!" He put her dispatch case inside and locked the door again, ostentatiously returning the chained keys to his pocket. "That is done, so shall I conduct you upstairs, mademoiselle, my guest? You must be weary and in need of sleep. Come, then. *La nuit porte conseil!*"

AT LAST she was alone. A newly kindled fire was burning brightly in the bedroom to which she had been taken, and in front of it, on a small table, coffee and rolls invited her.

She crouched over the fire, wondering for a moment if she dare eat and drink, vague thoughts of being drugged drifting through her head. Soon, however, she managed to see that she was behaving stupidly. What earthly object would the sinister Vicomte have in drugging her? He wanted her awake, and in her senses, to play the part he had planned for her, not comatose or stupid. Besides she was utterly exhausted in mind and body, and she knew that without food and sleep she could never hope to recover.

So she pulled off hat and coat, and poured herself out a cup of steaming coffee, drank it gratefully and then tried to eat. She was surprised to find how hungry she was. Almost too soon the rolls were finished and there was only half a cup of coffee left. Thank goodness they had left her her handbag.

Warm and physically more comfortable, she lay back in her chair to think.

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was forced to use all her will power to keep her new resolutions. Never had she felt less cheerful, and the departure of an apparently friendly human being made her feel utterly friendless and forlorn.

However, determination did a good deal and breakfast helped. Soon, having made herself as presentable as was possible, she waited to be conducted downstairs. It needed all her sang-froid to face the ordeal before her. The memory of the Vicomte was unpleasantly vivid in her mind. Dazed and bewildered though she had been last night, his personality had impressed itself on her strongly and she absolutely dreaded the idea of meeting him again. However, that was not a very helpful attitude to take up, and she resolutely turned her thoughts elsewhere. One thing was abundantly clear in all this muddle. If she were to keep her sanity she must be cheerful whatever might befall, and above all things she must never let herself give way again, as she had done last night, to that awful sense of being trapped.

Every woman knows how utterly hateful it is to have to meet some crisis which involves encountering other people, when she is aware of not being properly dressed for the occasion. Lalage was no exception to this rule. Brought up in the west of England she might have been, but she knew very well what she ought to have been wearing now—and wasn't. But there was no remedy; she must make the best of this, too. Of course, she had the comfort of knowing that she had inherited a good deal from two quite unusually good-looking parents—country or not. There had been men in Nancarrow to tell her that, if her mirror hadn't, and, of course, the knowledge helped. Her hair was the color of a chestnut newly fallen from its prickly case, with gleams of gold to light it. Brows and lashes were completely dark, as a setting for steady, blue eyes that knew how to gleam with laughter at need. She was very fair to look upon, and tall and slender.

She had not been long dressed when she heard the key in the lock again, and once more Madame Mirabeau peered round the door. "Ah! Mademoiselle is dressing," she exclaimed. "It is well, for M. le Vicomte awaits her, and he does not like to be kept waiting, that one. A good master, but of an impatience that is incredible. Come, then, we will descend ourselves. Follow me, if you please, mademoiselle."

She would have hated to admit it to anyone, but Lalage's knees were shaking more than a little as she followed the old crone down a broad, shallow staircase, heavily carpeted, into the room in which she had last night spent the most horrible moments of her life.

She glanced round as she entered. It was big and long and narrow, but in its own un-English way, very beautiful, well appointed, perfectly furnished and adorned with superb pictures on the walls.

THE pale wintry sun shone in through many high narrow windows on to the man who stood, as he had done last night when she first saw him, in front of the fireplace. She steeled herself to look at him for a moment—yes, she had been right in her first impressions; the memory that had stayed with her all night was absolutely correct. He was just as menacing, just as sinister in daylight as by night; and just as suave and polished.

He came forward as she entered, greeting her with a deep, impressive bow. "You have slept, mademoiselle, I trust?" he asked.

"Very well, I thank you."

"And the night has brought counsel?"

"I think so." In spite of herself she half hesitated.

"That is well. But oh, how I hope, mademoiselle, that it is wise counsel; that the decision I know you have made is the sensible one. Tell me at once, I beg of you, what you have decided. Let me know, immediately in what capacity you are here, how I am to treat you—as friend or criminal; as my ally or one whom I must deliver up to justice?"

Still that maddening hesitation held her, that idiotic tendency to stammer just when she wanted to be most self-assured.

She bit back the first words that came rushing to her, and impatience with her own weakness gave her a spurt of confidence and courage.

"You have left me no alternative, M. le Vicomte," she answered bravely. "As you told me last night, I am among strangers and you have taken advantage of my friendlessness. I suppose it is useless to ask you to befriend me, to remember that I am a woman alone in a foreign country, to appeal to your chivalry?"

De Châteauloin assumed an admirable air of surprised and hurt innocence.

"But what else am I endeavoring to do, mademoiselle?" he asked plaintively. "My only wish is to befriend you to the utmost extent of my ability, to shield you from the consequences of your own rash actions. If that is not friendliness, not chivalry, I cannot think what is. And if in return I ask you for a small service, as I said, so very small and even agreeable, can you be surprised? One is but human; one must regard oneself in this world; one must live."

"I see." Lalage completely realized now the futility of further argument. You mean that, put brutally, what you said last night holds good: that it's no use my asking you to let me go at once with my papers: that, in short, I'm utterly in your power and must do as you wish in order to save my skin and my property?"

"A trifle crudely put, mademoiselle," he concurred, "but allowing for that, you have summed up the situation accurately."

"Very well, then; seeing you leave me no alternative, I must agree. I am your ally, then, M. le Vicomte, unwilling, protestant, but I must do as you wish."

"Ah! That is very well." His voice became suave and bland again. "You are wise, mademoiselle. I cannot express to you how wise. But you will be wiser still, I hope; you will rule out those words, 'protestant,' 'unwilling,' and you will substitute 'cheerful,' 'helpful.' It will be so much better for us both, will it not, if we work together in agreement and amity? Believe me, this little enterprise for which I am enlisting your aid, can be, if you will allow it, an amusing adventure for you. You can enjoy it if you will permit yourself. Think, then, how mistaken it will be of you to adopt an attitude of antagonism both to me and to what lies ahead. Let me urge you, my dear young lady. Make up your mind to treat all this as a game which is to be played, from which you will extract the utmost amount of enjoyment. That is the English attitude, is it not? When it is over, you can please yourself in what spirit you look back on it, but while it is in progress play the game whole-heartedly, I implore you. Indeed I urge it strongly, mademoiselle, it will be so much better for you if you do."

It was quite easy for Lalage to recognize the threat in those last words. This gentleman left her with no illusions.

"Yes, I can see the force of your argument," she answered at last. "I agree, Vicomte. As I said before, I have no alternative. And now perhaps you will tell me what you want of me? You can understand that I have only one wish now, to get this over as quickly as possible, to regain possession of that case of mine you have taken from me, and to go home."

"Oh, but how you relieve my mind, mademoiselle!" he exclaimed. "So young, so charming, and so sensible. How rare a combination! Let us then review the situation briefly, shall we?"

"A short time ago, there came into my possession an object of some considerable value, for which I have at present no use myself—or rather, shall we say more truly, one which in these times of adverse fortune, I cannot afford to keep. It grieves me to let a work of art of such beauty go out of my hands, but, alas, I have no choice. One must live, and in order to do so, I am become, in fact, a tradesman. Alas, there is staying at present in Geneva a young Englishman who is an amateur of the arts, a collector of just such things as this one I



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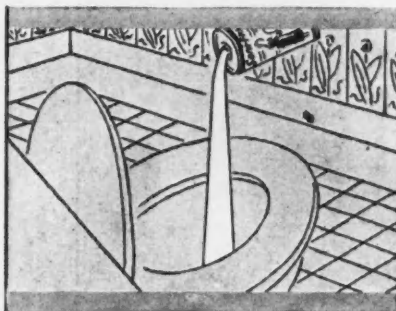
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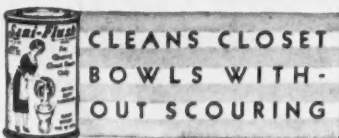


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ing records, finding birth certificates, verifying evidence until all was in order.

Of course, a lawyer could have done it, but that would have cost far more money than the Hayles could afford. That would have meant unlimited expenses as well as fees, and put the matter out of the question. So quite obviously Lalage was the one for the job. Yet they had worried about her going. The elder Hayle hadn't in the least realized that she was a woman now, not a child any longer, and imagined all sorts of difficulties for her. Lalage smiled to herself as she tossed uneasily, thinking how little was the worst they had visualized compared with her present situation!

There had been inevitable delays, and the money for the undertaking was raised with infinite trouble. But somehow at last it was all arranged and Lalage Hayle set off with barely enough to cover expenses in her purse, her passport, some of her mother's papers, boundless hope and unconfessed timidity.

That timidity, unconfessed even to herself, was one of her charms, or rather an addition to them. Many a girl as lovely as she was, would have been unable to resist a touch of arrogance in her manner. But Lalage had escaped that utterly, and that little shyness, reserve—call it what you will—made her strangely appealing to everyone who was older or stronger. She wasn't a coward or a weakling, but she had that little air of unconsciously seeming to enlist aid and sympathy that made people ready to help her.

Not that she was un-selfreliant or useless. The very way in which she shouldered her burdens and had come through them all smiling, proved the contrary. Her happy gift of laughter and her sense of fun had brought her through troubles that would have quenched the spirit of a girl without those gifts. Those, and her way of adapting herself to circumstances and making the best of them had kept her gay and unspoiled in difficulties and trials that might well have soured her temper.

So she'd been more than a little frightened at setting out alone on this quest of hers—of adventuring by strange ways among unknown people. But she held on to her courage and her laughter, had come safely through till now, and found and made friends for herself wherever she went. In her years of exile, Félice Hayle hadn't altogether got out of touch with her earlier friends, and the result of many letters gave Lalage many a helping hand, many a night's free lodging, without which she could never have achieved her object on the tiny sum of money her parents were able to provide. That was why she had been staying at Gex for these last nights of her mission, which was ending in Geneva. The Mother Superior at the convent at Gex was giving her hospitality, saving her the cost of a hotel bill in Geneva, making it well worth the journey to and from the city.

Only today had Lalage's task been ended. This very evening—how many countless hours ago it seemed—she had left the friendly notary there, with his assurance

that her proofs were complete in every detail, that in her dispatch case was every necessary paper to substantiate her mother's claim. Had things not gone now so grimly awry, she would have been on her way home tomorrow; which meant life and health for her mother, comfort and freedom from care for her father and for herself—all those things which a girl of her age feels she has a right to expect from life.

And now? Lalage turned again on her pillow. Yes, even now she would take those papers home. Her mind was made up; whatever price he might ask of her, she'd buy her treasure back from that grim man downstairs. She'd serve him as he wished, do what he demanded. Whatever it cost her, she'd not go home empty-handed, kill all hope for those two she had left in England. No, she'd go through with this now, in spite of everything, and somehow at last she'd get home again with her treasure safe.

Then she slept: her fight was fought, her decision taken, and peace came at last.

The night's respite, alas, was a short one. She did not realize that it had been well after three in the morning before she went to sleep. However, her mind was made up, so she awoke comparatively at ease, as much as she could hope to be in the circumstances.

WHAT awakened her was the opening of the bedroom door, and the entrance of the funniest-looking old woman. It's somehow a contradictory description, but she looked like a fat witch! She was plump and buxom, with round shining cheeks, and yet her hooked nose and her pointed chin nearly met. She radiated cleanliness and cheerfulness and Lalage was heartily glad to see anything so comfortable looking in this sinister house.

"Me, I am Madame Mirabeau," this apparition announced as soon as she was well inside the door, "and I have brought mademoiselle's breakfast."

As an earnest of good faith she deposited a large, well-filled tray on the bed. She drew back the velvet curtains, opened the long thin windows and with a key which she produced from somewhere about her person, unlocked the shutters and flung them wide. Daylight streaming in showed that the windows were barred on the outside.

"Abandon hope all ye who enter here," Lalage murmured to herself.

"Pardon?" asked Madame Mirabeau. "Mademoiselle said—?"

"Mademoiselle was talking to herself," Lalage replied smiling. She'd taken a quick resolution to be cheerful at all costs, lest despondency get a grip on her, and to make friends wherever she could.

In some miraculous way the old woman coaxed a blaze from the embers of last night's fire.

"It is cold this morning," she announced heartily, "but two minutes and the fire will arrange itself. If mademoiselle will dress when she has finished her breakfast, I will conduct her downstairs where M. le Vicomte awaits her in the salon."

With that she left the room and Lalage

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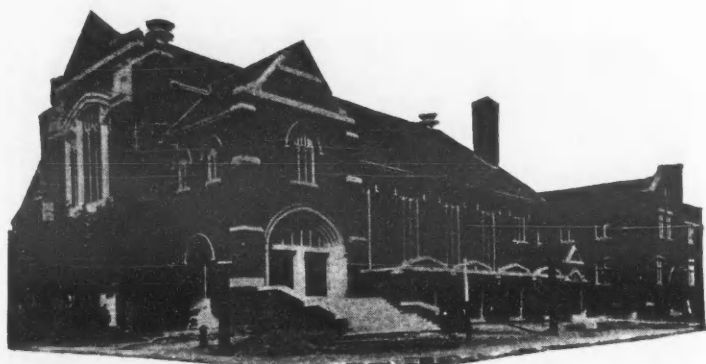


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have to sell—Miles Keston, his name is. It is of no import how I heard of him, and learned of his hobby. Suffice it to say that I have become aware that he would probably give a large sum of money to acquire this treasure of mine, and money, as you have already found, I expect, mademoiselle, even in your few years, is the most important thing in life. Very well, then, as I told you last night, circumstances prevent my undertaking this transaction in person. In fact, I doubt if the gentleman would buy from me, even were I able to do so. The person who sells to him must have a plausible story to tell as to how this thing comes to be for sale. In fact, I decided after much thought that a young and attractive woman, one who was obviously well-born, *bien élevée*, was the only person who could tell this so plausible story which I have invented, with an air which would carry conviction. Hence my delight at your advent last night. Do you follow me?"

"I think so," she said slowly. "You mean I am to meet this man, this—"

"Miles Keston," he interpolated.

"Miles Keston; tell him some sort of a tale as to how this treasure came into my possession and give him reasons he can believe why I must sell it; persuade him to buy it and hand the money over to you."

"A model of conciseness," exclaimed De Châteauloin. "Long before you were up this morning, it was all provisionally arranged. Tonight you will go into Geneva with Lefarge; for the time being he will be your uncle—how I envy him! You will dine with him there in a certain restaurant where M. Keston will also be dining. The rest will arrange itself. For tonight, I do not wish you to do more than make his acquaintance, rouse his interest in you—that should be easy for you, mademoiselle—and arrange for a further meeting at no very distant date. The details I must, of course, leave to circumstances and your discretion. All you will need to use is your intelligence and your own charm; the rest will follow. Remember that beauty in distress is your rôle—it should come naturally, *n'est ce pas?*" he laughed. "Am I understood? I think so. Ah, one thing more. I should explain that I propose to give you your instructions as the need arises. You see, I do not know you very well as yet, Miss Lalage Hayle, and I trust no one. I can only

advise you not to attempt to play me false; it will not pay you. Undoubtedly you would regret it, were you to do so. It is possible that you might manage to escape from here somehow, but you would do so without those papers of yours, and you would never, never see them again. I do hope I have said enough."

There was a long pause. Lalage broke it at last.

"Your warning is noted, M. le Vicomte," she said. "I think you needn't worry. I quite understand the situation, unfortunately, and I'm not likely to underestimate your capacities. Now, are you going to tell me this story I have to repeat to this M. Keston?"

"No, no, dear lady. One step at a time, one step at a time. Hasten slowly. Your instructions, I said, will be given you as need arises. For tonight there is no need of this; for tonight your rôle is 'poor but proud,' impoverished but 'making the best of it,' as one says in England. And now, the next question is clothes."

Possibly Lalage looked the interest she felt, for De Châteauloin smiled benevolently.

"That strikes a responsive note, mademoiselle?" he queried. "You see why I said this little enterprise of ours might prove to be pleasant? Yes, we have now to provide you with an outfit suitable for your rôle. Everything must be simple, I think, almost *ingénue*, but very, very correct, and of the latest."

He walked swiftly to the door. "Lefarge!" he called. "Lefarge!" Lalage's captor of last night came into the room.

"Good morning, mademoiselle," he murmured, and turned to De Châteauloin. "You wanted me, Vicomte?"

"Ah, yes, Lefarge, we want your advice. Mademoiselle, you will be glad to hear, has decided to join our little band for the time being. So wise of her, is it not? However, the point is, at the moment, that she should be suitably dressed for the part—that of your niece, *cher ami*. I do hope you will prove an amiable uncle. Now, can you recollect by any happy chance which of the Paris firms has an agency in Geneva at present? Where can we obtain clothes that will be a real setting for your niece's beauty?" [To be continued]



"I Feel Sorry for Beautiful Women"

Continued from page 19

nothing is too good for them, partly because radiant health is an essential of beauty and people in radiant health never know fear either of tomorrow or anything else. As a rule it is the timid who save money. That explains why in her old age we are asked to buy tickets for a matinee in aid of Miss Smith, the once lovely and celebrated actress, who ran through thousands of pounds in her time and is now elderly and in want.

THESE are some of the reasons why I feel sorry for beautiful women, because though age is grievous to all, in their case it means tragedy. More accurately, I am sorry for beautiful women of the past, since up till now the beautiful woman has been rather foolish, living by and for sex appeal alone, and ignoring every other *motif* in life. She was a genius in her own line, and apart from that she didn't exist. From laziness or pride she said in effect: "Look at me!" and let it go at that. It may be that in a less subtle age she got by. The modern beauty has no illusions, and uses her beauty to reinforce the power of her brain. We live now in the period of the intelligently beautiful woman.

Today, when every chorus girl needs far more talent, versatility and education than a leading lady of twenty years ago, women realize that beauty alone is not enough, that brains and charm will make rings

round it every time. Therefore, those lucky enough to be born beautiful employ their beauty in addition to, not as a substitute for, brains and charm, thus bringing a triple armament into action against the world.

For me this is one of today's most interesting phenomena. I cannot recall any instance of it from history. Previously the only sideline of a beauty with brains has been a more or less backstairs influence in politics. My favorite heroine, Queen Elizabeth, is perhaps the only beautiful woman of the past who combined beauty with a career, and she did it purely through the accident of royal birth. Nowadays, the beautiful woman without a career is the exception.

In some ways she is less handicapped than her forerunners because what garages call "maintenance" is not so difficult for the modern beauty as it used to be for her grandmother. Women lead much healthier lives, and science has stepped down from the laboratory and graciously entered into the beauty-treatment salon.

Anyhow here they are all around us, these polished, glittering, entrancing, efficient creatures, driving racing cars, piloting airplanes, specializing in interior decorating, exploring uncharted deserts, starring in plays and films, and incidentally fitting in somehow a husband and a child or two.

They know far more about the relativity of time and space than ever Einstein could tell them, finding leisure as they do, for so many things in the space of a lifetime. Nerves, vapors, tears and tantrums seldom distress them. They step in mid-Atlantic from the foundering airplane to the rescuing liner with a nonchalant gesture.

And yet my heart bleeds for them and I find myself wiping away a furtive tear. It is, no doubt, because sentimentally I am a hundred years out of date and my spiritual home is among Watteau's shepherdesses, or with Marie Antoinette as she enquires prettily: "If the people have no bread why can't they eat cake?" or words to that effect. I never tire of Tennyson's moving description, put in the mouth of Cleopatra, which tells how she sat waiting—just waiting, you understand—till Antony came back from the wars and leapt into her arms without even pausing to remove his armor. Those draped symbolic ladies on Holborn Viaduct, or the one who represents Liberty in New York harbor, for ever holding aloft her lamp and gazing out to sea, fill me with chastened joy. I like the idea of a beautiful woman being a reward and a rest cure, a recreation and a retreat for some deserving man. Never mind if he deceives her eventually; she should then become misty and regretful, introducing faint touches of pale green or hyacinth into her flowing robes. I see her just like that, always the perfect lady who never shows her knees, and might very well

enquire in the limpid accents of a county court judge: "What is a cocktail?"

Therefore I remain and shall continue to be unrepentantly sorry for beautiful women—an act of supreme altruism because they will never be sorry for me. At one time they lived for love and the admiration of men and grew old and stout and unhappy. Now they add to the exactions of romance the brilliant clashing imposed by a career and there is much glory for them but no calm. The fatal spur of beauty goads them into the world's arena where they must excel or perish. They never know the peace of the plain but honest housewife who sits quietly knitting with one eye on the baby, another on the joint in the oven and a third on the clock, waiting for the breadwinner to come home tired and crusty with the remark that it must be nice to be a woman and have nothing to do; and recreates his vitality with a cut from the joint and two vegetables, and a little loving prattle about how tiresomely the boiler behaved all day.

No! Peace and contentment for women lie not in the possession of unearthly beauty but in the day-to-day struggle against dirt and the rapacity of the grocer and the butcher in a million inconveniently planned homes. That is why the beautiful ones enjoy, whether they like it or not, my respectful sympathy. Nevertheless, I hope they will continue to be born beautiful because that kind is so much more attractive to take out to dinner.

Cheap but Nourishing

by Ethyl Darke

OF COURSE, grilled steak with butter, pepper and salt is delicious, second only to a large slice from a really big roast of beef. But these meals cost money and after all there is probably not any more food value in the expensive cuts than in the cheaper ones, if the latter are properly cooked. As William of Avon said, "There's the rub."

Sometime when the allowance is running down, why not try some of the following methods of cooking the less expensive cuts of meat?

There's the good old North of England dish known as hot-pot, and if it is properly made there is nothing more delightful. The best meat for this dish is neck of lamb, but be careful not to buy it too fat. The other ingredients are potatoes and onions. It should really be cooked in a dish from which it can be served. A deep earthenware jar with a lid is the best utensil to use. Cut the meat into nice sized pieces, leaving some on the bones; pare and slice the potatoes into fairly thick slices, treating the onions the same way. Then place a slice of potatoes on the bottom of the dish, and alternately onions, meat and potatoes until the dish is full, arranging it so that the top layer consists of potatoes. Season well with pepper and salt and add sufficient water to cook—possibly half fill the dish. Cover with the lid and place in a medium-heated oven for about one and one-half to two hours, dependent on the quantity. A little while before serving take off the lid and allow the top layer of potatoes to brown. There you have a dish fit for a king.

Many people do not seem to know how delicious the modest brisket can be if properly cooked and served cold. So many dislike this particular cut because at some time it has been served hot, when it is altogether too rich. The great secret here again is slow and careful cooking. Place the meat in a deep dish, barely cover with water, and cook half an hour for each pound in a slow oven. If your family like spiced meats, this can be made very delicious by adding cloves, the outside stalks and green of a stick of celery, two sliced onions, a carrot and a turnip. When it is cooked—and be sure that it is tender—

allow to cool in the liquid in which it has been cooked, then take it out and press it. It can then be served for any meal from breakfast on, and will be found tasty and acceptable to the most jaded appetites.

ROUND steak can be made very delicious if treated in the following way: Get your butcher to cut the quantity required in one piece. Take a tin of tomatoes and about one cupful of boiled rice, strain liquid from tomatoes, then lay tomatoes and rice on meat and roll up, fasten with skewers. Put the meat into a deep dish and pour over the liquid from the tomatoes, adding a little water if necessary. Cook very slowly and before serving thicken the gravy a little. Or again, round steak is very delicious if instead of the tomatoes and rice an ordinary forcemeat filling, such as is made for chicken, is used. When using this for steak, the addition of onion is desirable.

The ever homely and useful Hamburger quickly breeds contempt if continually served in fat, sodden balls, burned black on the outside and raw inside—but try it this way. Take the quantity of Hamburger required for the meal, stew it slowly in a small quantity of water, salt and pepper. When cooked, strain. Make some very short paste, roll into thin squares, place on each square a nice portion of meat and then roll up. Cook in a quick oven and serve hot. The liquid saved from the stewed meat can be made into gravy and served with the rolls if desired.

Or again, buy Hamburger and use it in a shepherd's pie. This is probably too well known to need any description, but this is a good way to make a shepherd's pie. Boil and mash the potatoes, add a little milk, a large lump of butter, and one egg beaten up well. Beat this mixture well together, then line the pie dish and after stewing the Hamburger for a little while, drain and place in a pie dish and cover with potatoes. Cook in a slow oven and brown the potatoes well before serving. The spare liquid can be used for gravy. When buying Hamburger it is always well to insist on having the meat freshly chopped.

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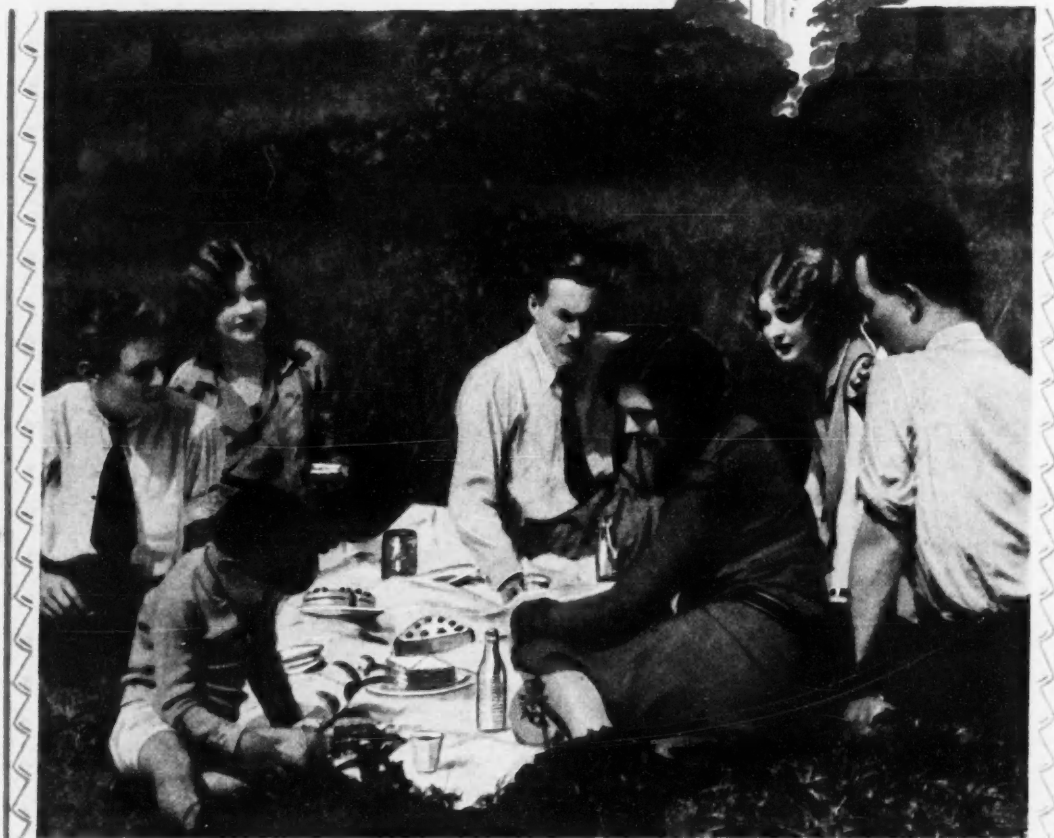


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Do You Give Your Cleaner a Square Deal?

Continued from page 23

the modern method of living seeks to eliminate as much dust as possible—with our hardwood floors, steam, hot water, oil or electric heat, chemically treated dry mops and dusting cloths, and so forth; and yet a very few lingering germs may cause a great deal of trouble.

Physicians are now telling us that the eight sinus cavities of the human head are, much more frequently than we have realized, the seat of infection and the cause of various ailments. Germ-laden dust is a likely source of infection, and once this condition occurs even to a slight degree, and the poison enters the blood stream, any abrasion or point of weakness in the whole body may become the seat of trouble—a cold sore inside the nose, a scratch on the finger, or a blister on the heel.

We know that the danger of infection from the outside is ever present, but it is well to appreciate also that we must beware of infection from the inside. We have generally thought of this internal infection as being dependent on contagion, auto-intoxication, or the development of some disease in the system. This is true, but it is not the whole truth. There are other dangers, and the person suffering from a cold, or the one who is debilitated, is a logical prospect for dust germs.

AN EFFICIENT cleaner, regularly and thoroughly used in the home, is a very important factor in health and happiness, and the intelligent selection of the cleaner is well worth care and forethought. Comparisons and tests, and a comprehensive grasp of the principles of what and how a good cleaner should perform, are obligations the homemaker should not sidestep.

The price of the equipment should be looked upon as an investment and not an expense, an investment in cleanliness, in health, in home attractiveness, and in convenience and the labor-saving element.

Not long ago the writer was in a home where the housewife said proudly: "I simply will not have my cleaner used any oftener than I can help, because I think it scrubs out the carpets and wears them unnecessarily."

She was wrong. A good cleaner will not wear out the carpets. It will add greatly to the length of their use by removing the grit and preventing the nap and surface threads from becoming matted so as to afford a lodging place for dust and germs. A good cleaner should be used thoroughly and often.

After having selected an efficient type of cleaner, we should be willing to give it a square deal by the right kind of care. A vacuum cleaner of any kind should not be

stored in a damp, dusty place; neither should it be put away leaning against a radiator or standing on a register. It is a piece of mechanism, the working parts of which should be cared for with good judgment.

Adequate lubrication is necessary, and if the machine is one which calls for so many drops of oil per month, this should not be forgotten. Read your book of directions. Keep it at hand where it can be consulted, and follow its instructions. This will ensure the best results and prolong the life of the apparatus.

Oil should be put into the machine at the end of the cleaning period instead of at the beginning. At that time the motor and other parts are warm, and the oil will have a chance to work through into the bearings and parts which should be lubricated to prevent friction. To put the oil in at the beginning does not work out so well, as the rapid rotation of the parts throws the oil. Sometimes it goes out on the carpet, and in any event it does not have a chance to work through where it should.

See that the brush is kept free from threads, hair and string. Empty the dust bag after each cleaning. Yes, this is important. A cleaner which does part of its work through the power of suction, depends upon pulling the dust and litter into the dust bag. If there were not some chance for the air to escape through the dust bag, it would blow up like a balloon and burst. The more dirt there is in the bag, the more this suction is obstructed and the more likelihood of some of the dust being thrown back into the room. Not only should the bag be emptied, but from time to time it should be thoroughly shaken and brushed out on the inside.

Some of the cleaners are so-called self-lubricating; that is, the friction parts are packed in grease. But even at that, at stated periods—say, once a year, or perhaps if the cleaner is not used overmuch, once in two years—it should be packed, just as we draw off the oil in our cars and replace it periodically.

At the same time, the cleaner should be gone over by the service man. We would not think of running our automobiles indefinitely without cleaning the carbon, grinding the valves, and giving any other attention needed. It is just as poor judgment to run a sweeper indefinitely, for grit which works its way into the recesses of the sweeper, can injure it as well as carpets. Take advantage of regular servicing as you would for a car or in the care of your teeth.

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Church

How to make the cut-outs

To make the interior of this farmhouse as it is shown in the sketch on pages 14 and 15, you will need an empty shoe box and lid in good condition, some smooth brown wrapping paper, some bristol board, a pot of paste, one empty spool, and one small cork about three quarters of an inch long.

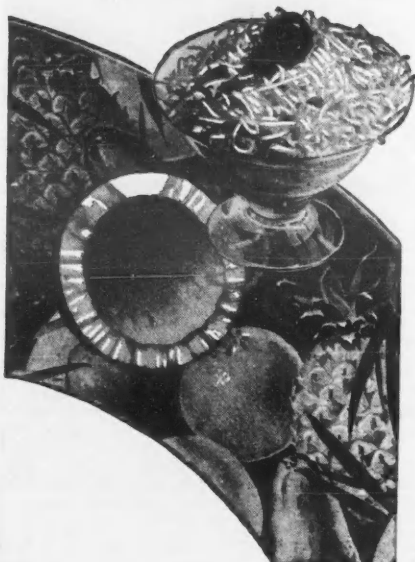
Take the shoe box, and lay it on one side with the open part facing you. Then from the uppermost side, about three inches from each end, cut two diagonals each running into the corner on its own side, as shown by dotted lines in diagram number 1. Bend the two diagonals thus formed upward, as shown in diagram number 2. The uneven side now remaining may be cut away level to the edge of the bottom of the box.

Next cover the inside of the box with brown paper sufficiently strong to hold the upturned corners in a firm upright position, as they are to support the roof. Place the lid of the box right side up on the box so

that it rests on the slanting sides, and forms a slanting roof. It may be held firmly in place with the aid of glue or strong paper fasteners.

Now you are ready to paste in position the fireplace, windows, cupboards, pictures and hearth rug. Paste the table top and stool on brown paper before cutting them out. Paste the figures of Olaf and his father and mother and the cat, on medium weight cardboard, one inch longer than the drawing in each case. This extra length is for a stand. Do not paste the stands together. Cut around the outlines of the drawing. Bend the cardboard stand backward, and the paper on which the figure is already standing forward. Then the figures will stand firmly in place.

Now you are ready to put Olaf and his father and mother into their cosy little home.



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YOU know the time and trouble spent opening and shredding your own coconut. Well, here's the tastiest coconut you've ever had—packed so that it will always be most deliciously fresh whenever you want to use it.

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JAVA CREAM

1 can Baker's Southern Style Coconut (or ¼ lb. pkg. Baker's Shred Coconut). 1 quart milk. 2 heaping tablespoons minute tapioca. 2 eggs. ½ cup sugar. ½ teaspoon salt. 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Warm the milk. Stir in the tapioca and salt and cook together in a double boiler for 15 minutes, stirring frequently. Beat the yolks of the eggs, add the sugar and beat until light. At the end of 15 minutes stir into milk and tapioca and cook all together until it begins to thicken like custard. Remove from fire and whip in the well-beaten egg whites, coconut, and flavouring. Pour into sherbet glasses. Serve very cold.

BAKER'S COCONUT



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General Foods,
Limited, Sterling
Tower, Toronto.

A5-30M

Putting "Punch" in the Summer Menu

Continued from page 22

larity as a hostess, be prepared to concoct one of these delicious beverages on short notice for the unexpected caller who drops in for a few moments pleasant conversation. Add a fruit punch or other cooling drink to the menu for an informal summer afternoon or evening party. They offer many opportunities to make your hospitality distinctive and interest-provoking.

Cocoa Syrup

- ½ Cupful of cocoa
- 1½ Cupfuls of sugar
- 2 Cupfuls of boiling water
- 1 Tablespoonful of vanilla

Mix together the cocoa and sugar. Stir into this the boiling water and cook for six to eight minutes. Cool and add the vanilla. This may be put in a jar and kept in a cool place until required. Dilute with milk and serve ice cold.

Fruit Syrup

- 2 Cupfuls of sugar
- 2 Cupfuls of water
- 1 Cupful of fruit juice
- Juice of one lemon

Boil together the sugar and the water for five minutes. Cool and combine with the fruit juice and lemon juice. Dilute with ice water or carbonated water.

Fruit Punch

- 1 Cupful of orange juice
- ½ Cupful of lemon juice
- Grated rind of one lemon
- ½ Tablespoonful of grated orange rind
- ¾ to 1 Cupful of sugar
- 1 Quart of boiling water

Boil the sugar, water and fruit rind for five minutes. Cool, add the fruit juices, strain and chill. Dilute with chopped ice and ice water or carbonated water.

Sparkling Punch

- 1 Quart of fruit juice
(Grapes, raspberries or cherries)
- 2 Quarts of ginger ale

Mix the fruit juice and the ginger ale, and serve with ice.

Fruit Punch With Tea

- 1 Cupful of sugar
- ½ Tablespoonful of lemon rind
- ½ Tablespoonful of orange rind
- 1 Cupful of orange juice
- ½ Cupful of lemon juice
- 1 Cupful of strong tea infusion
- 1 Quart of boiling water

To the boiling water add the sugar and the grated fruit rind. Boil for five minutes, and then cool. Add the fruit juices and the tea infusion. Chill and serve with ice.

Punch Delicious

- 1 Quart of water
- 1 Quart of sugar
- ½ Cupful of strong black tea infusion
- 1 Cupful of ginger ale
- Juice of 4 oranges
- Juice of 4 lemons
- ½ Cupful of pineapple juice—raw or canned
- ¾ Cupful of grape juice

Boil the water and sugar together for eight minutes. Add the tea, juice of oranges, lemons, pineapple, ginger ale and grape or other fruit juice.

Grape-Ade

- 2 Cupfuls of grape juice
- 2 Cupfuls of grapefruit juice
- 2 Cupfuls of water

Combine the fruit juices and add either plain or charged water. Serve at once ice cold.

Ginger Milk

- 1 Cupful of milk
- 1 Cupful of ginger ale
- Sugar if desired

Mix the milk and ginger ale; sweeten to taste and serve cold.

Raspberry Vinegar

- 1 Quart of vinegar
- 2 Quarts of raspberries
- 2 Quarts of raspberries
- Sugar

Cover two quarts of the berries with the vinegar and let stand for two days in a cool place. Crush the berries and strain through a cheese cloth. Pour this juice over the other two quarts of berries and let stand for two days. Strain, measure, and heat slowly, adding two cupfuls of sugar to each pint of juice. Boil for twenty minutes, skimming when necessary. Bottle. When serving, put about two tablespoonfuls of the raspberry vinegar in a glass and fill with water.

Rhubarb Punch

- 4 Pounds of rhubarb
- 1 Quart of water
- 1 Small bay leaf
- Ginger ale
- 2 Cupfuls of orange juice
- 1 Cupful of lemon juice
- ½ Cupful of ginger syrup—from preserved ginger
- 2½ Cupfuls of sugar

Wash, drain and cut the rhubarb into one-inch pieces. Add the water and bay leaf, and cook for twenty minutes. Strain through a double cheese cloth. Add the fruit juices, ginger syrup and sugar. Cook for five minutes. Strain again. Chill and dilute with ginger ale or water. When the ginger ale is used, the ginger syrup may be omitted. Serve with cracked ice.

Fruit Punch for Fifty

- 4 Teaspoonfuls of tea
- 2 Quarts of boiling water
- 2 Cupfuls of sugar
- 2 Cupfuls of orange juice
- 1 Cupful of lemon juice
- 1 Quart of grape juice
- 2 Quarts of water

Pour the boiling water over the tea and let stand three minutes. Strain, add the sugar and cool. Add the fruit juices and the water. Place a block of ice in a punch bowl and pour the punch over it, or serve in glasses with cracked ice.

Cranberry Cordial

Cover one quart of cranberries with water. Cook until quite tender. Strain through a bag. When cold add to one quart of apple juice or sweet cider. Sweeten to taste and chill.

Orange Cocoa

- 4 Tablespoonfuls of cocoa
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
- 1½ Cupfuls of water
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Cupfuls of milk
- 1 Cupful of water
- 1 Cupful of orange juice
- 1 Tablespoonful of grated orange rind

Mix the cocoa, sugar, salt and half the water and cook for five minutes. Cool and add the milk, remaining water, orange juice and rind. Pour over cracked ice and top with a spoonful of whipped cream.



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out of Peggy's room quickly. But at dinner none was gayer or more cheerful or more sparkling or more witty than the Sporting Killeen who had added one more new trail to the Dark Continent of Africa.

The orchestra wailed the dreamiest of waltzes, while Peggy up in the huggery was listening to Montague, listening to something she hoped he would say.

"Peggy, I love you. Will you marry me?"

Little visions swam before her. Visions of Nona, of Theresa, of Eileen—girls whom she had bridesmaided and almost envied. The sheen of white satin. The heavy scent of orange blossom and lilies. The haunting melody of the Wedding March. And then . . . the other side of the picture. Eileen, Theresa, Nona . . . unhappy wives . . . tied in bonds of unholy matrimony . . . unable to free themselves. Three little separate hells, Peggy thought of.

"Peggy, darling, I know I'm not good enough for you, but . . ." Montague looked so terribly in earnest. She must put him out of suspense at once.

She opened her mouth to say "no," and give Montague a harsh awakening from

love's young dream. It had been a pretty little seaside romance, a holiday affair that must come to an end. It had to be, although Peggy would miss him terribly. But matrimony was too fearsome a risk to face.

And then it seemed that Aunt Hilary was at her shoulder, whispering in her ear like a temptress.

"In with ye, Pegeen. Never say that a Killeen was a quitter. I travel to try to get away from myself. Even black babies can make me cry."

"Peggy," beseeched Montague.

"To try to get away from mistakes and blunders and a misspent youth." Every word of Aunt Hilary's rang in her ears. "To try to wipe out memories of a love that needn't have been a memory but a wonderful golden reality."

"Peggy, darling, I love you. Will you marry me?"

Still she hesitated on the edge of the springboard. One step backward would mean safety . . . for life.

"In with ye, Peggy. In with ye, my little Sporting Killeen."

And Peggy found that in matters of love also, she preferred to . . . dive.

When the Clock Chuckled

Continued from page 13

just now. She's really most original. I asked her to come in this morning and meet you."

"I don't think I care for Miss Ballister's designs very much. I was thinking of a plain grey with possibly Devereux's head of me in dark blue line."

The young man frowned. He talked forcibly and at length on the necessity of a "snappy jacket this time." He dismissed Devereux's head with a rather doubtful shrug. He ended with, "You must certainly let Miss Ballister give you an idea of what she can do for you. And her portrait sketches are stunning, too."

He glanced at the handsome photograph over the mantel, and suddenly Levering yielded, remembering the sensation of relief that had seemed so inexplicably precious a few moments before.

He heard an order given: "Send Miss Ballister in."

POMPOM BALLISTER was like an exclamation point as she entered, and like an interrogation point as she perched herself on the high window seat. Her slim legs were clothed in dark silken dust color. She was in black, slim and silken, with a carved pendant of scarlet wood that matched her upward curving lips.

She said directly, "They want me to do a jacket for your new book."

"*Fantasies In A Thicket*," murmured the publisher.

"What kind of a thicket is it?"

Levering hesitated an instant while the publisher cleared his throat.

"Well, I mean—who's caught in it?"

Levering gave some names.

"I see." She was thoughtful.

"I could do a stunning thing for that but . . ." then she rushed on, "Bright red . . . all brambles, tangles of shiny black berries and then bits of the rhyme caught in bars of music with the notes like spikey black thorns; insets . . . enough to suggest the whole rhyme and your man jumping out in a bright green coat . . ."

"Oh, I say, Miss Ballister," broke in the publisher, his face flushed, but she nodded at him and chanted rapidly:

"There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous wise,
He jumped into a bramble bush
And scratched out both his eyes . . ."

She flashed around toward Levering. "But why didn't you stick to your title *Bramble Bush*? That was crisp."

"Oh"—the publisher bounded in his seat—"this is Mr. Levering, Miss Ballister. You

are thinking of Mr. Elder's book, *Bramble Bush*." There was an embarrassed silence. Then Pompom Ballister began to laugh. She laughed like a child, a gleeful, gurgling chuckle.

"Good heavens, so I am! I'm so sorry. But look here. It only proves what I said yesterday, Mr. Levering. I'm not for the likes of you. I couldn't do you a beautiful, stately coat like you ought to have. 'Make it snappy,' his lordship here says. Well"—she shrugged her shoulders—"I'm not doing any more 'snappys' that are misfits. That's all. Once I had to, but now I don't."

The interview was not prolonged. As she was shown out, Levering caught a low-toned query.

"Eleven tomorrow Pompom—with Elder?"

And a brusque answer:

"All right, I'll be here."

When Levering came out she was standing on the steps.

"Will you come to lunch with me, Mr. Levering? My apartment is only a couple of blocks over. Do; I like you. And it's not my fault if you're classic and I'm just—jazz. We were both born so."

To his own surprise he went with her. She was entirely irresistible, apart from his curiosity. She had a hint of the great lady about her impishness. Herrick's Julia slid inexplicably into his brain. "Her feet beneath her petticoat, like little mice stole in and out, but oh she dances such a way . . ." He grinned—petticoats!

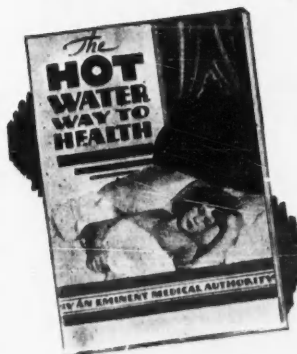
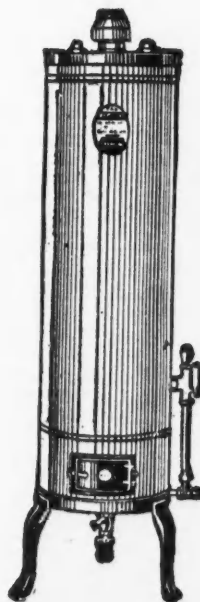
She led him to the entrance of a slim white building climbing endlessly into space. A lift designed for skeletons whirled them up. A small black door opened precipitately into a bare room, tiny and cream-white. It held a huge scarlet couch and a big black table covered with drawing materials. There was also a small black piano, and a towering black bookcase obviously designed to fit into a skyscraper and carry out that theme.

As they entered, a cuckoo clock struck with a loud, pleased chuckle that seemed the echo of Pompom's laugh. Levering was left alone. He sat looking at a very fine carved Buddha of dark wood. Beside it a tall scarlet flower in wax gave a note of defiant meaning that baffled him.

Pompom returned in a bare-backed evening frock of sea blue. She was ridiculously like a child dressing up, her head turned over her shoulder to watch slinky points of velvet trailing behind her.

"My new dress. I just had to try it on. These long skirts certainly do make one act high hat. You must remember when they were in before, don't you? Oh, you

Continued on page 59



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Peggy Preferred to Paddle

Continued from page 9

Aunt Hilary opened her mouth to speak and received a generous draught of sea water. By the time she had recovered from this, her world-acquired wisdom prompted her not to speak. But she was a little more thoughtful than usual as they lay on the beach sunning themselves.

After lunch, when Peggy was playing her deferred set of tennis with Montague, Aunt Hilary sought out Peggy's mother.

"Look here, Honor," she cried, "what have you been doing to Peggy?"

"Doing?" repeated Peggy's mother, looking up from her knitting with that puzzled babyish expression that Peggy's father had fallen for nearly thirty years ago.

"The child can swim like a fish," stated Aunt Hilary, "and she wastes the best part of the morning dabbling her toes in the waves as if she'd just seen the sea for the first time."

Peggy's mother sighed, bit her lip, thought a moment, and then told the whole desperate truth about Peggy and the Atlantic.

Aunt Hilary listened in silence. At the end of the recital she muttered, "Young Dennis! The terror! I'd like to have my hands on him this minute."

"No, you wouldn't," said her sister-in-law. "The poor boy was as frightened as Peggy; more so, in fact. I'll never forget the way he looked when he told me about it; all trembling and sobbing."

"Bah!" exclaimed Aunt Hilary, and went out of the room abruptly.

AT ELEVEN o'clock next morning Aunt Hilary bore down upon Peggy who was looking over her golf clubs, and cried, "Paddling time, child. Are you coming with me?"

"What about a round of golf?" enquired Peggy.

"After lunch," stated Aunt Hilary, emphatically.

"After lunch I'm driving with Montague," answered Peggy, just as emphatically.

"There are other seasons for golf," said Aunt Hilary, "but the sea is warm for such a little time it's a sin not to use it when we can. Into that eye-aching wrap of yours, Peggy, and meet me by the seventh wave in five minutes' time."

They paddled together this morning. Aunt Hilary's bare, brown, bony knees by the side of Peggy's soft, white, dimpled ones. It was pleasant standing there, but after a time Aunt Hilary looked up as though a sudden thought had occurred.

"Peggy," she said, "there's high diving from the pier this morning. Do you know, I have a great mind to go and watch it. Come with me, dear. They'll let us on in these wraps, won't they?"

"I dare say," said Peggy, following her reluctantly. She had kept away from the diving crowd up till now, even though Montague was one of them. But where Aunt Hilary led she would follow.

Up the long pier they padded in their rubber bathing shoes, until they came to the end where all the swimming people were gathered with their white-belted suits and their red diving helmets.

"Hallo, Peggy!" cried Montague. "Good morning, Miss Killeen. Come to join us?"

"No, only to look on," said Peggy. "That's a pity," replied Montague, and then turned to watch Miss Collier who was poised at the end of the springboard like a piece of Grecian statuary. Peggy, for no reason whatever, suddenly hated Miss Collier. Splash! Miss Collier was in, and her place had been taken by little Lucille Vaughan, barely sixteen. Splash! And now Mrs. Murray, who was a wonderful diver in spite of her weight. Splash! Miss Crawford, whose diving at her best could not come up to Peggy's worst. Splash!

And all the time Montague was looking on and laughing and applauding and talking away to those mermaids. Montague might keep his afternoons and evenings for

Peggy, but his mornings belonged exclusively to Miss Collier and Miss Crawford and Mrs. Murray and the little Vaughan child, not to mention a host of others who had met him in the joyous camaraderie of the sea.

The springboard was empty for one moment. Peggy looked wistfully at Montague. He would be hurtling through the air now, to join that happy throng below. She would lose him—until lunch time. He didn't want her on the pier. He was far more interested in those diving girls.

And then Aunt Hilary was at her shoulder, whispering into her ear like a temptress. "Take it, Pegeen, take it, darlin'. Show them how you can dive. Show those other women that you, too, know the feel of a springboard under your toes."

"I . . . I . . . I can't," wailed Peggy.

"Jump to it, darlin'! Arms straight and body straight. Take it as you used to take it. Don't be a jibber. When I'm gone, darlin', you'll have to be the Sporting Killeen. Don't let them ever say a Killeen was a quitter. Don't let them ever say a Killeen was . . . yellow."

Step by step, Aunt Hilary was guiding her to the springboard. "In with ye, girl." In moments of excitement Aunt Hilary lapsed into brogue. "Straight down to the waters like a gull, dear. Show them how you can dive. Show them that you are a true Killeen."

Peggy shuddered and closed her eyes to keep out the vision of that treacherous green sea so very far below.

"In with ye, Peggy," Aunt Hilary's whisper prompted her. "In with ye, my little Sporting Killeen!"

Peggy raised her arms, drew a deep breath, and launched herself off that springboard mechanically. For one second she wanted to scream, "I've forgotten how to!" But the old actions came back to her.

Cleaving the air like an arrow, cleaving the waters like a sword, went Peggy, while Aunt Hilary, half delirious with joy, rocked to and fro in her excitement.

When Peggy's blue-capped head topped water, Montague was by her side. "Well done, Peggy," he cried. "I had no idea you could swim, let alone dive. What about coming round the pier with me?"

They swam slowly because she was out of practice, but, "I'm coming in again, tomorrow," cried Peggy joyfully, when she climbed out at last.

"Darling, I can't thank you enough," cried Peggy to Aunt Hilary, when they were back at the hotel. "I'm going to scrap my blue costume, and buy one of those real swimming suits, and just show them what I can do."

"You've shown some pluck this morning, Peggy," responded Aunt Hilary. "I'm proud of you."

"Oh, Aunt Hilary, I'm not nearly so plucky as you," said Peggy. "I don't tramp all over the world, and face swamps and snakes and fevers and niggers all alone and single-handed. That's what I call pluck—not merely diving off a pier with a crowd of others."

"Do you know why I tramp all over the world, Pegeen?" asked Aunt Hilary suddenly, taking her niece by the shoulders and looking straight into her eyes.

"No. Why?" asked Peggy, surprised.

"To try to get away from myself," said Aunt Hilary bitterly. "To try to get away from mistakes and blunders and a misspent youth. To try to forget where a woman's true happiness lies. To try to wipe out memories of a love that needn't have been a memory but a wonderful golden reality now, if only I had been a little wiser. And then sometimes, just as I am forgetting, I reach a village and see babies—black babies—sprawling in the sunshine. Yes, even black babies can make me cry, Pegeen. And . . . and . . . then I just tramp on . . . and try to forget."

Aunt Hilary dropped her hands and went



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were looking at my Buddha—beautiful?" She stared at the Buddha. He was conscious of her soft, relaxed breathing. But he suddenly hated her slim hard body, like a provocative exclamation point that dominated her modern world. He thought of Marcia Reveel Cassingden's soft rounded curves, and of Marcia Reveel when he had first loved her in a trailing gown of soft red satin. And now Cassingden was dead and he and Marcia welded into a friendship so restful, so perfect—Marcia was like warm sunshine.

Pompom still stood beside her Buddha, staring upward.

"Like my cardinal flower? Wax; I always wanted a real wax doll like one my grandmother used to read me a story about. 'Memoirs of a Doll,' it was called. I never had any dolls but Raggedy Anns and Bylow babies. Ever find a really true cardinal flower beside an actual brook? I have. In the words of another, 'Ain't Nature wonderful?' But I do mean it. Buddha hears that brook away off there—and makes me hear it sky-scraping, Mr. Levering."

Her eyes were marvellous.

"And yet you say you are only—jazz, Miss Ballister."

"Well, I am, but . . . she smiled at him, "isn't it all funny? They say my room is the last word but some things don't change—colors, now. I heard about a room last week—old, old—once it was all white, black and red like this of mine here—thick red carpet laid to the edges, tall black bookcases, white marble busts of dear departed—'I'd like to jazz that room.'" Her eyes were still soft and dreamy. He started. Marcia Reveel's grandfather's library to a T.

"Come to lunch," said Pompom.

He found himself in a diminutive dining room stuffed with old family silver and blue hyacinths growing robustly in bowls of stones and water. An oil portrait of an acid, lace-trimmed lady watched them severely from a wall. An elderly colored maid served them maternally with an unspeakably fattening and delectable lunch of fried chicken, beaten biscuit, and hot chocolate with whipped cream. She addressed her hostess as "Miss Pom-honey."

"So sorry. I quite forgot about this lunch. I was reducing and went too far. Got to fatten up now," said Pompom imperturbably. "Well, it won't kill you for once." She eyed him critically. "Do have some jelly—but it's bramble."

She kept his mind leaping, exhausted yet pleasantly piqued. She also pricked his senses with an intolerable regularity like the cuckoo clock, which shatteringly marked each fifteen minutes. Apparently Pompom was nerveless. He sat beside her on the scarlet couch in an intimacy that was astounding and untouchable. Petting parties? Wax flowers under glass.

"You write, I'm sure, Miss Ballister?"

He had so often found this a short cut to the heart of Youth.

"Yes, one poem. My first and last. 'Ruminating In A Shoe Cupboard,' it's called. It ends, 'And here's a pair of winged sandals kept immaculate for my soul's vanity.' And that's that, and all you'll ever hear of it, Mr. Levering!"

A bell rang. A telegram was handed in. She read it and stood up. She was transformed. He caught his breath as he looked at her.

"You'll have to go," she said. "I'm sorry, but you see"—she held out the telegram. He read: "Mother meeting me at station two-thirty. Bringing her directly to you. Love untellable. Bob."

"Horrible first interview with my future mother-in-law here in about ten minutes," she said.

The cuckoo clock chuckled. Levering saw Youth incarnate. He went—putting on his overcoat when he found himself in the street.

IT WAS late that afternoon when Conrad Levering made his way across the park from his club where he had been doing some hard thinking. He went up the steps of the Reveels as he had done for so many years, and as usual the bits of red and blue glass

above the door winked at him like eyes. Marcia had wisely never tried to change the exterior of her house with the times. But from under the bits of glass her grandfather had proudly set there, one stepped directly into the weird and changing moods of Marcia competently keeping up with today.

A new maid told him that Mrs. Cassingden was out but would be in at six, and he went up to the library unannounced. There he looked about him and wondered why the room looked so different today. Then he smiled, grimly. Marcia was trying to be Pompom Ballister and had failed. The great stately room with its bare, cream-white walls, black woodwork and scarlet satin was merely a sterile and barren shell. Carpet to the edges—but while Pompom lived and moved and had her being in her skyscraper with her Buddha and her bookcase, her clock, and the memory of a rushing brook and a cardinal flower, poor Marcia merely strained for effect. Why didn't she just bring down the beautiful old treasures stored above stairs and be herself? Oh—women! "Ruminating in a shoe cupboard!" Bramble jelly!

He suddenly became aware of a presence in the room and of a low voice speaking from behind the long scarlet curtains drawn before the bay-window alcove.

"Damn! Oh, damn!" said the voice. There was a silence followed by a small sobbing snuffle and someone behind the curtains very sadly blew her nose.

"Marcia!" exclaimed Levering at length. He had contemplated sliding out, but something held him.

"Good heavens!" said the voice. The curtains were swept aside. Marcia stood there in hyacinth blue, a wet ball of a handkerchief in her hand, her soft charming face flushed and swollen with crying. Coat, hat, and a bunch of violets lay on the floor beside her.

"Conrad!" she said.

"What on earth is the matter, Marcia? They showed me in—my poor child, what is it?"

"Oh Con, I . . . I can't tell you—at least I'll tell you part of it. I've just been at Pompom Ballister's—Pompom—isn't that awful? She's engaged to my Bobby. Oh, you must have heard of her? It's not that she isn't effective . . . and genuine . . . she adores Bobby, and he's quite mad over her and I do half believe they'll be happy, but . . . and she began to weep again.

He had the most amazing sensation of comfort, of power, and of a tenderness that seemed like a red wine pouring through his veins, very hot and sweet and queer.

"Marcia . . . my dear . . . what is it, then?"

She wailed, "Oh, Con, I c-can't bear it. Her queer little room . . . I'm old-fashioned . . . these youngsters. They read me books I can't understand . . . they talk . . . leap . . . fly . . . I've met my Waterloo . . . I can't keep it up any longer . . . I'm so tired." She waved her hands hysterically.

"I know what you mean, Marcia. I've seen the room. I've lunched with—Pompom. You are old-fashioned, my dear. Deliciously, restfully so—at last!"

She choked with anger.

"I . . . I who deliberately stood the family marble busts up and threw books at them . . . and buried things in the back yard when I inherited this house. I've always stood for modernism, always."

"Yes, my dear, but you're afternoon now—ripe golden afternoon; and Pompom's a raw March dawn."

She looked at him. Suddenly he said: "You were not crying about yourself—and Pompom and Bobby, were you Marcia?"

"No, Conrad."

"She told you about Bramble Bush. She told you she didn't want to do my jacket for me, didn't she?"

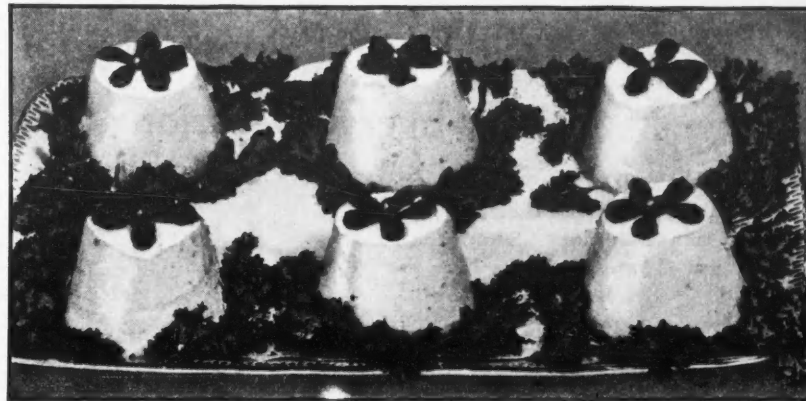
"Yes, Con."

"You see, we are both in the rearguard, Marcia."

She sobbed.

"It won't matter one bit to me if we're there together, Marcia," he said, and took her forcibly, well tried and proved, into his arms.

Serve delicious EGG TIMBALES when entertaining



RECIPE FOR EGG TIMBALES

1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
3 eggs
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Magic Baking Powder
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
Salt and pepper
A few grains of celery salt.

Make a sauce of butter, flour and milk. Beat yolks of eggs until thick, then add to sauce. Add parsley, salt, pepper and celery salt. Beat all together, then add the beaten whites to which has been added $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Magic Baking Powder. Turn the mixture into buttered moulds, place in a pan of water and bake until firm. Serve at once.

NO need to burden yourself with unnecessary worry over menus for your afternoon teas, bridges or luncheons . . .

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Meals of the Month

Thirty-One Menus for August

Compiled by Helen G. Campbell.

BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER
1 Stewed Figs Scrambled Eggs Toast Tea Coffee Jam Cocoa	Jellied Cucumber Salad Peach Custard Graham Date Cookies Iced Cocoa	Fried Lake Trout Baked Tomatoes Celery Blackberry Roly-Poly Tea Coffee	17 Shredded Wheat Blueberries and Cream Bran Muffins Tea Coffee Cocoa	Cottage Cheese Salad Cheese Straws Apricot Pudding Cocoa	Tomato Bouillon Cold Tongue, Celery Shreds Potato Salad Rolls Floating Island Coffee
2 Stewed Red Currants Grape Nuts Toast Tea Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Spinach Mold with Poached Egg Chocolate Cake Fruit Punch with Whipped Cream	Porter House Steak Tomato Salad Lyonnais Potatoes Butter Beans Caramel Pudding with Ice Cream	18 Baked Pears Crisp Bacon Toast Tea Coffee Crabapple Jelly Cocoa	Broiled Tomatoes on Toast Chocolate Cup Cakes Lemonade	Dressed Spare Ribs Red Cabbage Salad Creamed Potatoes Sliced Cucumbers Cantaloupe and Ice Cream Wafers
3 Puffed Wheat with Blackberries Scrambled Eggs with Tomatoes Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Radish and Cucumber Salad Baking Powder Biscuits Grape Jelly Orient Sandwiches Punch	Dressed Mock Duck Baked Potatoes Buttered Carrots and Beans Peppermint Ice Cream Macaroons Coffee	19 Stewed Plums Ham Omelet Tea Coffee Cocoa	Celery and Beet Salad Blueberries Tea Cocoa	Coffee Vegetable Dinner Buttered Spinach, Mashed Potatoes Fried Egg Plant Pineapple Custard Tea Coffee
4 Orange Juice Shredded Wheat Graham Popovers Toast Tea Coffee Currant Jelly Cocoa	Macaroni and Cheese Salted Wafers Cherries and Bananas Nut Bread Ginger Ale	Veal Cutlets Buttered Beets Cream and Green Pepper Salad Red Currant Pie Coffee	20 Cantaloupe Grape Nuts Toast Tea Coffee Jam Cocoa	Cheese and Nut Sandwiches Fruit Salad Cream-filled Biscuits Iced Mint Tea	Roast Chicken Scalloped Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Rolls Honeydew Melon Coffee
5 Diced Water Melon Toast Tea Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Tomatoes in Aspic Celery Whole Wheat Bread Raspberries Lady Fingers Tea Cocoa	Country Sausage Creamed Potatoes Green Peas Sliced Peaches Tea Coffee	21 Orange Cornflakes Crisp Bacon Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Stuffed Peppers Cookies Apple Sauce Iced Cocoa	Lamb Chops Creamed Potatoes Tomato Sauce Summer Squash Pear Salad Cinnamon Buns Tea Coffee
6 Stewed Cherries Crisp Bacon Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Egg Salad Brown Bread and Butter Blackberries Iced Tea	Cream of Celery Soup Fried Chicken Riced Potatoes Sliced Tomatoes Fruit Jelly Tea	22 Peaches Cream of Wheat Toast Tea Coffee Currant Jelly Cocoa	Combination Salad Whole Wheat Bread Orange and Prune Jelly Thin Wafers Tea	Baked Fresh Trout Stewed Tomatoes Creamed Potatoes Beet Salad Rolls Fruit Cup Tea Hermit's Coffee
7 Orange Juice Cream of Wheat and Raisins Poached Egg on Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Stuffed Tomato Salad Radishes and Green Onions Bran Muffins Peach Junket Cocoa	Irish Stew with Dumplings Diced Potatoes Stuffed Celery Rolls Prune Whip Vanilla Wafers Coffee	23 Fresh Grapes Bran Flakes Milk Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Scrambled Eggs Muffins Peach Tapioca Fruit Punch	Ham Baked in Pineapple Juice Candied Sweet Potatoes Carrots and Peas Celery Ice Cream Coffee
8 Fresh Grapes Bran Flakes with Cream Cinnamon Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Spinach on Toast with Grated Cheese Olives Brown Bread Fruit Cup Tea Cocoa	Molded Salmon Tomato Sauce Boiled Potatoes Boiled Cucumber Apple and Celery Salad Lemon Sherbet Coffee	24 Blueberries Wheatena Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Tenderloin with Apple Rings Creamed Potatoes, Mashed Squash Swiss Chard Pineapple and Cottage Cheese Salad Blackberries Coffee	Currant Jelly Waldorf Salad Junket Ginger Ale
9 Bananas Sliced in Orange Juice Cornflakes Toast Tea Coffee Grape Jelly Cocoa	Fried Hash Beet and Carrot Salad Lemon Jello Raisin Bread Tea Cocoa	Cold Tongue Head Lettuce Potato Salad Parkerhouse Rolls Ice Cream with Butterscotch Sauce Tea Coffee	25 Grapefruit Juice Toast Tea Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Corn on the Cob Bread and Butter Grape Nut Ice Cream Tea	Roast Beef Baked Potatoes, Mashed Turnip Pickled Cabbage Blueberry Pie Coffee
10 Cantaloupe Halves Post Toasties Minced Beef on Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Tomato Jelly Asparagus Rolls Peach Whip Water Ice Wafers Iced Tea	Cold Ham with Currant Jelly Lyonnais Potatoes Tomato Salad Grapes Mocha Cakes Coffee	26 Half Peach with Cream Poached Egg Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Pear Salad Crackers Cheese Date Nut Loaf Cocoa	Steak Boiled Potatoes Jellied Beet Salad Creamed Onions Rolls Fruit Trifle Coffee
11 Currant Juice Muffins Tea Coffee Honey Cocoa	Spaghetti and Tomato Sauce Graham Bread Apple Sauce Tea	Baked Ham with Bananas Delmonico Potatoes Buttered Beets Green Pepper Salad Tapioca Cream Tea Coffee	27 Ripe Plums Shredded Wheat Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Stuffed Green Peppers Brown Bread and Butter Cup Custard with Fruit Currant Punch	Iced Consomme Sliced Ham Parsley Potatoes Jellied Vegetable Salad Gooseberry Tart Coffee
12 Baked Bananas Coddled Eggs and Whole Wheat Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Peanut and Apple Salad Bread and Butter Fresh Pears Angel Cake Iced Cocoa	Meat Loaf String Beans, Creamed Potatoes Sliced Cucumber Salad Lemon Foam Tea Coffee	28 Melon Soft Boiled Egg Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Cream Cheese and Jelly Salad Baking Powder Biscuits Apple Sauce Iced Tea	Vegetable Dinner Oyster Plant Baked Potatoes Corn on the Cob Ginger Ice Cream Tea Coffee
13 Watermelon Shredded Wheat Muffins Tea Coffee Cocoa	Minced Ham and Chicken Salad Radishes Rolls Blueberries Ginger Ale	Vegetable Dinner (Spinach, Carrots, Potatoes, Beets, Cauliflower) Chocolate Custard Coffee	29 Orange Bran Flakes Toast Tea Coffee Currant Jelly Cocoa	Jellied Vegetable Salad Brown Bread Rice Ring with Raspberries Punch	Boiled Salmon Creamed Potatoes Buttered Beets Cucumber Salad Fruit Salad Tea Cookies
14 Blueberries and Cream Grapenuts Toast Tea Coffee Jam Cocoa	Club Sandwiches Grapes Date Turnovers Iced Tea Cabbage and Celery Salad	Meat Cakes Parsley Potatoes Creamed Celery Radishes Peach Mousse Tea Coffee	30 Blueberries Poached Egg Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Corn on the Cob Sliced Peaches Gingerbread Tea	Liver and Bacon Boiled Potatoes Creamed Swiss Chard Combination Salad Grape Sponge Tea Coffee
15 Currants and Powdered Sugar Waffles Maple Syrup Coffee	Radishes Bran Muffins Banana Custard Cocoa	Scalloped Salmon Baked Potatoes Lettuce Salad Lemon Snow Tea Gingerbread	31 Cantaloupe Crisp Bacon Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Filet Mignon Sautéed Egg Plant Mashed Potatoes Endive Salad Vanilla Ice Cream Sponge Cake Tea Coffee	Shrimp, Green Pepper and Celery Sandwiches Radishes Nutmeg Bread Blueberries and Cream Iced Tea
16 Orange Sections Bran Flakes Toast Tea Coffee Peach Jam Cocoa	Spanish Rice with Minced Bacon Bread and Butter Applesauce Nut Cookies Cocoa	Baked Sausages Applesauce Boiled Potatoes Bran Muffins Cabbage Salad Baked Bananas Lemon Sauce Tea Coffee			

The Meals of the Month, as compiled by Helen G. Campbell is a regular feature of The Chatelaine every month.

The CHATELAINÉ PATTERNS

Made in Canada
from Paris and New York Styles

Price 25 cents

No. 585—The gently flaring skirt achieves distinction for this frock. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 39-inch material and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 39-inch contrasting.



554

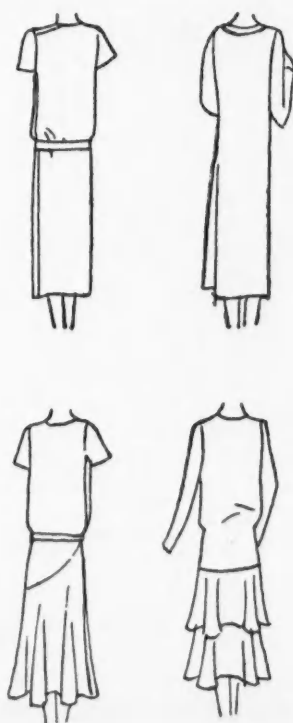
899

No. 554—A frock which is smart for street or sports wear. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 899—A semi-tailored dress with a graceful flare in the skirt. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material.



585

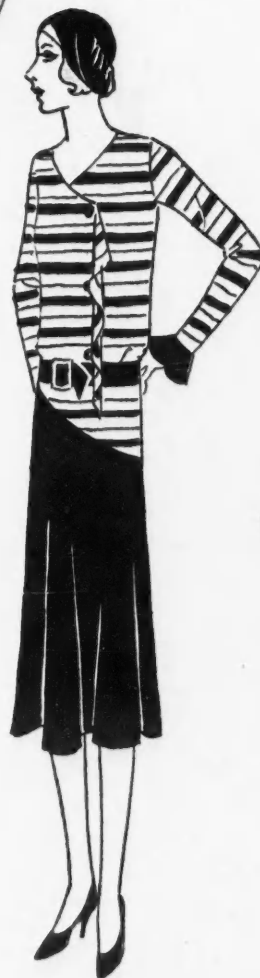


Feminine Frills and
Tailored Simplicity
Unite in the Summer

Mode

No. 263—A very smart dress which is suitable for practically any occasion. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material if made of one material.

No. 502—A slender and graceful frock that makes use of the higher suggestion at the waistline, with a tiered skirt. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 35-inch contrasting.



263



502

The CHATELAINÉ PATTERNS

Made in Canada from Paris and New York Styles

Price 25 cents

Youthful and Appealing for
Every Occasion

No. 393—The bolero drapery is a smart touch on this frock. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires $5\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 297—A frock which is cool and dainty for summer weather. Sizes 12 and 14 years, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust. Size 34 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting



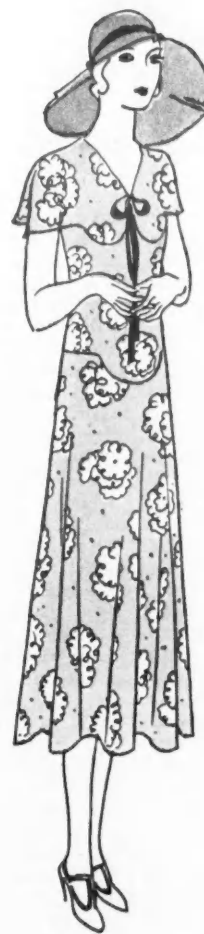
393

679

563

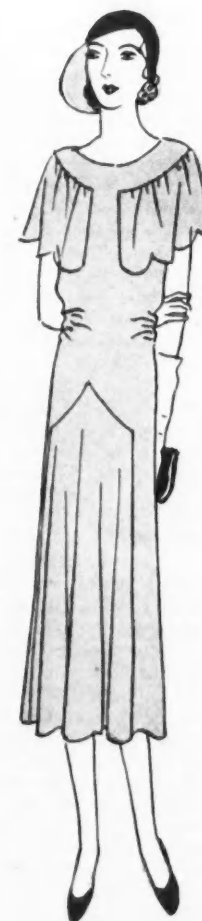
No. 679—The long waisted bodice is slightly fitted at the natural waistline. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 563—An attractive variation of the wrap-around style of dress. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material.



297

No. 426—The Bertha collar effect and tucks on the hipline give grace and slenderness to this frock. Sizes 34, 36, 38 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material.



426



The CHATELAINÉ PATTERNS

Price 25 cents

Smart Designs for Sports, Street
and House Wear



580

468

575



564

No. 564—One of the prettiest ideas for summer is this short-sleeved dress with gaily patterned coat. Sizes 34, 46, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material for dress and $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material for coat.

No. 580—Showing the new cap sleeve and the use of applied bands as trimming. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material.

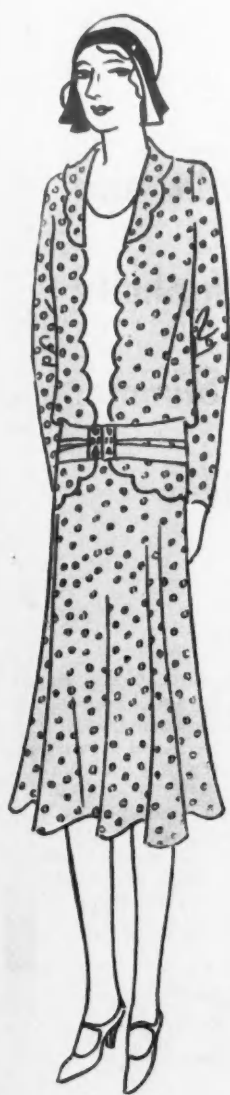
No. 468—Slenderizing lines distinguish this attractive frock with cleverly inserted pleats and gracefully hanging girdle. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 575—A very smartly cut back characterizes this frock. The cuffs, also, are attractively flared. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 27-inch contrasting.

The CHATELAINÉ PATTERNS

Price 25 cents

Refreshing Styles for Summer Days



543



378

No. 543—Polka dots are refreshingly cool-looking. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material with 1 yard of 40-inch contrasting and $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of ribbon.

No. 754—A charming union of the severe and the jaunty is this frock. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 35-inch material.

No. 398—Drooping, diagonal lines give grace to this distinctive design. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 191—An attractive summer frock for the junior miss. Sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 35-inch material.

No. 110—A dainty little dress with becoming peplum. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 35-inch contrasting.

No. 102—Charming for run-about wear is this small dress with matching bloomers. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material.



110



754



191



102



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The Chatelaine Patterns

Price 25 cents

Some Attractive
House Dresses
for Workaday Wear

No. 300—A charming little apron dress which might be made of dotted Swiss. Sizes, small, medium and large. Medium size requires 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material.



300

Small
Medium
Large



34 to 46

560

No. 560—A practical and smart house dress with reversible front closing. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material.



750

34 to 50

No. 750—Cool, and ideal for house wear is this frock with inset vestee, attached collar and jabot. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

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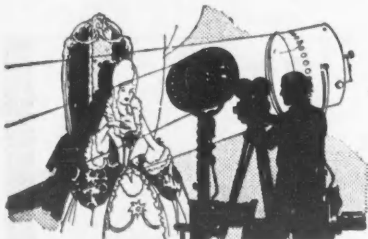
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17

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KEEPS BABY WELL



567

No. 567—Dance set consisting of bandeau shirred at centre-front and closing at back; abbreviated shorts with pointed yoke in front and elastic casing at back, reinforced at legs and trimmed with applied legbands. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 39-inch contrasting, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch all plain material.



462

The Chatelaine Patterns

Price 25 cents

Dainty Accessories
to
the Wardrobe



34 to 42

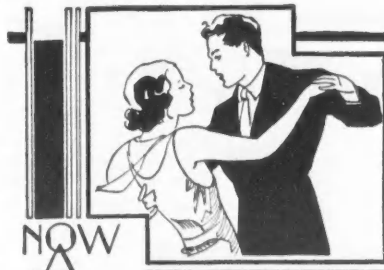
408

No. 408—This blouse is designed for either long or short sleeves. Bows at shoulder and hip lend a smart touch. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 462—Shirring at centre-front of neck and lower edges under the trimming adds distinction to this attractive blouse. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material.

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The Chatelaine, August, 1930



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A

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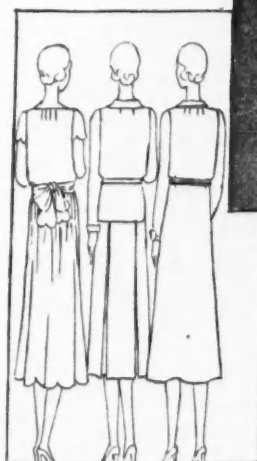
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The Season's
Mode



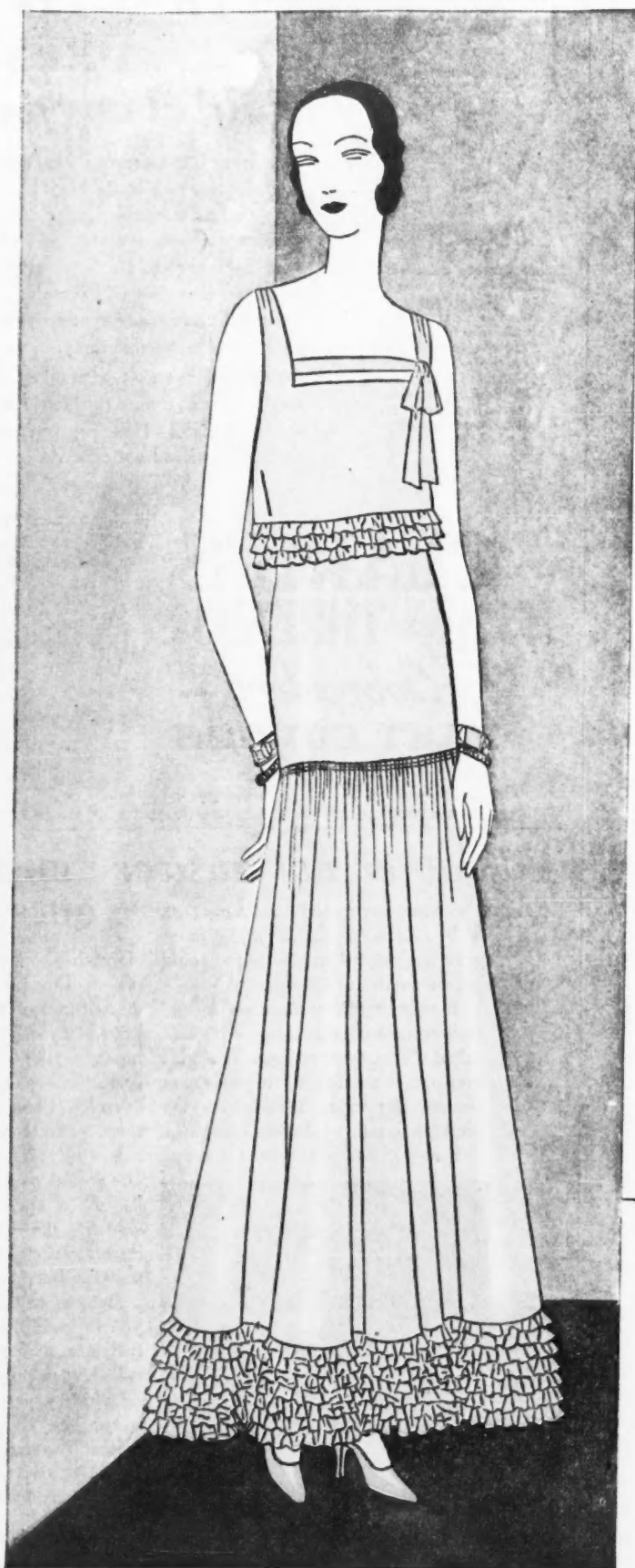
Frock No. 5312—The edges of this voile frock are bound in white, achieving a cool, summery effect. The bow at the neck-line and the tucks below the girdle are charming details. Sizes 14 to 20. Price, 50 cents

Frock No. 5299—For leisurely or industrious hours at home, a frock of printed cotton is a smart choice. This one uses a printed cotton and novelty bias binding trims the unusual collar. Sizes 32 to 46. Price, 50 cents

Frock No. 5324—This dress of printed cotton is an excellent choice for work in the garden or for quiet hours on the porch. Bias binding trims the lingerie collar and cuffs. Sizes 13, 14, 16, 19, 20. Price, 50 cents

The New Cotton Frocks Play a Colorful Rôle

A SLIMLY DIFFERENT FROCK



VOGUE PATTERNS

The Bolero and a Flared Skirt Give Smart Young Lines

FASHION again recognizes the charm of the natural lines of the body and presents frocks that do not obscure them. The dress illustrated on this page is a triumph of youthfulness, its long lines emphasizing height and slenderness. The bolero is a fashion that is likely to continue to be chic for some time, since it has so many flattering variations for the day and the evening modes. Net, in both the fine and coarser meshes and in silk or cotton, is used for some of the loveliest of evening dresses, often—as in this instance trimmed with little ruffles. The smart décolletage of this model, effecting wide shoulder straps, is particularly in keeping with the lines of the dress, and the little bow at the left corner adds a piquant touch to its square-cut severity.



Evening Frock No. 5297
—Net is used in many charming ways this season, in soft pastel colorings. This one-piece evening dress of net has the straight flare that is so smart and youthful, formed by joining a gathered flounce to the fitted bodice, over which a bolero is worn. The edges of the bolero and skirt are trimmed with narrow Valenciennes lace, and the skirt has the even, all-round ankle length that is so smart for dancing. The back décolletage may be either high or low. Sizes 13, 14, 16, 18, and 20.
Price, 50 cents

NET AND VALENCIENNES LACE

Built for Many Thousands of Miles



THE NEW FORD SPORT COUPE

THE new Ford has been designed and built to give you many thousands of miles of faithful, economical service. Beneath its flashing beauty of line and color—in those vital mechanical parts which you may never see—is a high quality of material and accuracy in manufacturing. The reliability and capable performance of the car, in all weather and under all conditions, make it a particularly good choice for long, constant use. It stands up under the added strain of bad roads and hard daily service in a way that has always been characteristic of the Ford car. The experience of the passing months will increase your satisfaction in its performance and confirm your first impression that it is a value far above the price.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY  OF CANADA, LIMITED

"THE CANADIAN CAR"



IN THIS issue, Mr. Henry Spencer introduces one of the biggest campaigns *The Chatelaine* has undertaken, "For a Healthy Canada." Mr. Spencer was born near Alcester, England, but early came to Canada and took up farming in the west. He is a member of Parliament for Battle River, Alberta, and is well known in government circles for his keen interest in the health matters of Canada. For this article he has developed some astonishing figures that will probably startle you all into a realization of the real need for an educational health campaign and a preparation for organized health units.

E. J. Dinsmore, who has designed the striking illustration for this article, is a Canadian artist who has lived for many years in Toronto.



PEGGY Preferred to Paddle" was written for you thousands of miles away, for the author, Doris Amy Ibbotson, is an English girl whose work is appearing in leading magazines on both sides of the water.



ANNE RING, who wrote the biography of Princess Elizabeth, beginning in this issue, was formerly attached to Her Royal Highness's household. In this capacity, she was in constant contact with the little Princess. That is how all the intimate details of a royal child's life are so faithfully recorded.



LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN, author of "When the Clock Chuckled," hails from Westmount, Quebec, where she writes the fascinatingly "different" stories that are finding widespread popularity on both sides of the border.

The Chatelaine for August

H. NAPIER MOORE
Editorial Director

GEORGE H. TYNDALL, Business Manager

BYRNE HOPE SANDERS
Editor

VOL. III

AUGUST, 1930

No. 8

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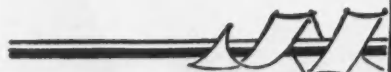
YOU will have noticed the reproduction of "The Tiff" by Florence Carlyle, A.R.C.A., O.S.A., in this issue. Miss Carlyle was one of the finest artists Canada has known, and this painting is considered by many to be her best. She was born at Galt, Ontario, in 1865, but a great deal of her life was spent in Europe, where she studied and exhibited at the Paris Salon and the Royal Academy.



EVERY reader of *The Chatelaine* who has been following Frances Lily Johnson's articles on child training, will be interested to hear that she has received her M.A. degree this June from the University of Toronto. Mrs. Johnson has always made a hobby of child study, and for the past few years has been assistant superintendent of the parent education department, at the St. George's School for Child Study, Toronto. In this issue we have prevailed upon her to tell something of her experiences during this past year, when she managed her home and looked after her two boys, lectured at the St. George's School, wrote for *The Chatelaine*, and studied for her M.A. degree—four jobs in one.



WHEN Xavier Baillet's manuscript arrived in the editorial office, it seemed to a city-tired imagination, to bring the scent of the pine woods with it—for it was written at Murray Bay, Quebec, where *The Chatelaine's* bridge expert is summing. In between bridge lectures which he is conducting at the Manoir Richelieu, Mr. Baillet writes that he is "playing a lot of golf and otherwise" amid some of the most glorious scenery in eastern Canada.



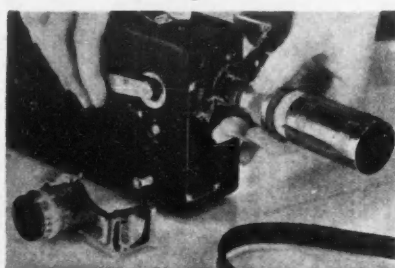
A Wonderful New Movie Camera

THAT TAKES BLACK AND WHITE,
KODACOLOR AND TELEPHOTO MOVIES



Weights only
3 lbs. 11½ ozs.

Interchangeable Lenses—



It's a matter of seconds to slip one lens off and another on the new Model K Ciné-Kodak. Takes f.3.5, f.1.9, and f.4.5 (long-focus) lenses.

Half Speed—



Pressing a handy button automatically reduces the speed from 16 exposures per second (normal) to 8 per second. This is a big advantage in dull light.



YOU'LL call it marvelous . . . nothing less. Marvelously complete . . . marvelously compact! It's all you can ask any home movie camera to be . . . yet hardly larger than a novel.

It's the new Ciné-Kodak Model K. With it you can make black and white movies, telephoto movies, and Kodacolor—movies in full color.

Two features of the new Model K give it this wide range of use . . . interchangeability of lenses, and half-speed operation at the press of a button.

For ordinary use, the f.3.5 lens is completely satisfactory. But instantly interchangeable with the f.3.5 is the faster, more versatile, f.1.9 lens. The f.1.9 is required for Kodacolor.

Still a third lens, fitting the Model K, is the f.4.5 long-focus for telephoto effects.

The half-speed feature gives each picture a longer exposure, a great help in overcoming poor light.

The capacity of the Model K is 100 feet, though 50-foot reels may be used. Its spring motor is crank-wound and will run as long as a half minute at one winding.

The Model K is richly finished in beautiful leathers—black, brown, blue and grey—and is sold in a combination carrying case with room for Ciné-Kodak Filter Outfit and long-focus lens. Equipped with f.1.9 lens, the Model K camera weighs only 3 pounds, 11½ ounces.

For Distance—Telephoto Effect



Use of the f.4.5 long-focus lens gives a telephoto effect by enlarging the size of the image on the film to three times the width and height the other lenses permit.

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Model K with f.1.9 lens takes movies in Kodacolor—full, natural color—when used with Kodacolor Filter and Kodacolor Film. As easy to make as black and white.

Your Ciné-Kodak dealer is now showing, in addition to the Model K, the new Model M Ciné-Kodak. A 100-foot capacity camera equipped with f.3.5 lens only. The lightest camera taking 100 feet of 16 mm. film. It is finished in black only and sold with carrying case to match.

Model K with f.3.5 lens is \$125 with case . . . with f.1.9 lens, \$165 with case. Long-focus lens for telephoto effect and Kodacolor Filter are sold as accessories. Model M, with case, is priced at only \$85.

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MODEL K